

















CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

# THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

NOV.

1915



ROBERT MARTIN

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW  
CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL  
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# The Cambridge Review

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Cambridge, Massachusetts, November, 1915

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1915-16

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REVIEW EDITORS AND REPORTERS







### The Coming School Year

We have every reason to expect that school activities of every kind will turn out highly successful this year. We are sure that the Senior Class will this season be a well organized and co-ordinating body, filled with the right kind of school spirit, and willing to do its very best to make this year a success. Everything depends upon the Seniors. They are the natural leaders and models for the school at large, and their leadership and example is followed by the under-classmen. It is up to them to make their example a good one.

The work of the football team has been commendable and the results highly satisfactory. We are surely justified in expecting the season to turn out a success.

In the school we have some good material for the other teams to pick from. This is especially true in respect to tennis.

Debating, too, has a bright future before it, we are sure. From all parts of the state letters have come in asking us for debates, and a fine schedule has been arranged.

With plenty of enthusiasm and co-operation, Miss Hartigan is sure to give us some fine dramatics.

The interest that has been shown in the musical activities has been astonishing, and Mr. Whoriskey predicts that the Boys' and

the Girls' Glee Clubs will be heard from before long.

Great enthusiasm has been shown by members of the G. A. A. this year and its membership will probably be large.

Seniors, the facts are with us. Do your very best this year for old C. H. L. S.

---

### A Policy for the Review

The Review Board has deemed it advisable to formulate some definite system for recommending and electing new members to the board, and we have taken the opportunity to make public thus early in the season those plans which we intend to follow.

The candidate must, in the first place, be recommended by the faculty. His standing in respect to his studies must be good. Anyone who is up in his studies and who is recommended is eligible to hold a position. Efficiency will be our motto. The best man for the job. Good work for the Review is necessarily the highest recommendation. Contributions to the Review are open to competition by the whole school, the Review Board taking the liberty to print only those that are considered best. Prizes will probably be offered soon to stimulate competition and reward good, conscientious work.

---

In view of the fact that the School has taken such a marked interest in debating, the Review Board has thought it advisable to elect a Debating Editor this year to represent that branch of school activities.

# MY EXPERIENCES IN EUROPE DURING THE PRESENT WAR

CHARLOTTE BRAND

June 7, 1914, found me in Hungary at the end of a week of pleasure. On that day, war was proclaimed.

As they were needed for transporting soldiers, all passenger trains were stopped. It was extremely interesting for me to go down every day to meet the incoming cars loaded with soldiers. It was a pleasure to give the men cakes and other things to make them happy. Every village woman—no matter how poor she was—gave the last loaf of bread to these brave ones on their way to the front.

I remember that at one time a poor soldier who was weak from starvation and cold, fainted in front of our house. We carried him in; and when he revived, he told us that he had lost his regiment and had wandered about trying to find it. As his horse was starving, he had been obliged to kill it; and the poor man had wandered on until his feet were so swollen that he was obliged to take off his shoes. After resting with us for two days and receiving food and clothing, he started on his way.

Not many months later, as the Russians were getting nearer, most of the German-Austrian army was obliged to encamp in the village. Every house was thrown wide open. In ours, there were fifteen officers, some of whom had to sleep on the floor. However, they were glad to have even that as they had been obliged during the past months to sleep in the open air on the wet grass. These soldiers had with them about a dozen cannons, and several stoves, which were carried on little wagons drawn by oxen. Their chief food was hard tack and sweet chocolate, of which they had quantities. While they remained in our village, two men and five horses died. The men were buried, but the horses were left on the fields; and it is supposed that this is why cholera estab-

lished itself in the village. What became of the officers and their army I do not know, because just as the cholera began to spread we packed our trunks and left the place.

While travelling, I witnessed the most horrible sight of my whole trip. At a special station, we had to get off from our car as one of the soldiers was found to have cholera. While changing from one train to another, I was obliged to step over dead soldiers who had been thrown carelessly upon the platform. Many of the men were covered with blood where the bullet had hit them; some had only one leg, others none.

During the next two days while travelling home, I saw Russian prisoners working on the roads. Some of them said that they would rather be prisoners, because they were well fed and cared for by the Hungarians.

As the money which my father had sent us had been side tracked to Belgium, we were obliged to borrow from the American Consul in Genoa. Just as we were about to step on the boat to return to America, we received a telegram stating that my father had obtained a special passport from Secretary Bryan to come over and get us. If the message had been an hour late, we should have passed each other on the ocean. My father came over on the Rotterdam.

Meanwhile we visited different places among which were Pompei, and the Kings' Palace in Genoa.

During our voyage on the Rotterdam, which was a Dutch boat, we were stopped by a French and English warship. The boat was searched for contrabands of War: but finding none they let us pass,—not however, until two French runaway soldiers had been taken off our boat.

A few days after this, we arrived home safely. I am sure nothing would induce me to return; that is, until the war is over.



## THE SIZE OF THE NICKEL

By KOE, '18

I remember, several years ago, how my whole viewpoint of the world was changed by the possession of a nickel. My people had, the year before, moved to Philadelphia from a small upstate town. I was then ten years old and, on the day before my first Christmas in a large town, I was wandering down Market Street, with nothing but my hands in my pockets, and an inordinate desire to spend.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, but it seemed like night, for the lights were already glowing in the vividly decorated store windows. As I glanced upward, I noticed that the gigantic tower of the City Hall, surmounted by the statue of "Billy" Penn, was almost obscured by the falling snowflakes. Rather vaguely I wondered what old "Billy" would have done when he was a boy, if nobody gave him a nickel, on the day before Christmas.

My mind always ran in nickels then. A boy spent so many nickels, or a thing cost so many nickels. I caught myself laughing out loud at this point. Fancy old Billy a boy! No, it couldn't be done. Billy would always have to remain in my thoughts as a robust, kindly, figure, beaming down upon the inhabitants of the City of Brotherly Love. Just like the picture of the man on the cover of Quaker Oats. Gee Whiz---now I wonder!

Just then I stopped wondering, for I received a pretty sharp thump in the back, and a gruff "What er you doing down here?" I looked up and saw my eldest brother. His face looked grim but kindly in the half-dusk of the wintry afternoon. The result of our conversation was that I left him with a nickel, an unexpected nickel, and therefore, a nickel of enchanted value.

Hurrying to a store with great plate glass windows, and gold letters on a red background above the door, I entered. How many things might I get with my nickel that

I had longed for all that day. Now I had wished for candy, but now I had the nickel, strangely enough, I did not want candy. I thought I would save my nickel a while. Then there were the toys. Toys from Germany, toys from Hungary, toys from Switzerland, toys from Russia, and, it seemed, toys from everywhere but the United States. I could get a Russian clockwork beetle, or a Noah's Ark from the Tyrol, or a line of soldiers from Bavaria. O hundreds of toys. Toys that laughed, toys that danced, toys that ran, toys that did nothing, or toys that just stood serene and smiled at one. No! They were not the thing.

Though for many weeks in the past I had stood and longed for those self-same toys, now that I found myself able to get them, curiously I didn't care to buy them. I had the means of getting any of them, therefore they were vassals under me and inferior, instead of the condescending Gods of before.

Obviously I had changed from a few minutes ago, and this great change in the universe was all brought about by a nickel. I had a queer feeling, just like one gets when listening to an atheist for the first time. Jack-with-five-cents was logically more powerful than Jack with nothing. Jack-plus-five-cents was a monarch, and an absolute monarch at that, for he had only to put his finger on the most disdainful and haughtiest of the toys, and it was his. His, to have, to hold, and to pull the insides out.

This, in some odd form, worked itself out in my childish brain, but I also saw that if I spent the precious nickel, although I might become the possessor of one of the vassals, I should at the same stroke turn myself into Jack-with-nothing, who could but wish, and sigh, look and sigh again. The nickel was my sceptre, it was my crown by which I ruled, therefore, I must keep it.

All the rest of the afternoon, and part of the evening, I looked in windows and stores,



saying to each toy that bore the magic price, "5 cents" on it, "If I wanted you I could have you, therefore you are as good as mine, and you, and you, and any of you, or the best of you are mine."

Suddenly the wind blew chillier, and I looked up at the clock under the Penn Statue. The hour was late, time for bed undoubtedly, so I buttoned my coat against the wind, and turned my face homeward, feeling glad in my new-found power.

I remember waking at twelve that night, and hearing the bells pealing wildly to each other across the snowy streets. Entrancedly, I sat up to listen, and clenched my hands

about a round metal disk, hot and sticky from being clutched tightly for hours. It was the nickel, the symbol of power that had made me feel the absolute monarch of all five-cent toys in the city, that had given me the joy of being able to buy if I had wished, and not just long and look. And then, I still had the nickel.

Truly, I thought, the bee has the power to sting anyone, but after one sting, it goes away and dies; so that the best enjoyment that I ever got out of a nickel was not what I bought with it, but the possession of it; all the power that goes with it, and the knowledge of what that possession was worth.

## THE MYSTERY

By ED.

### PART 1. THE OBLONG CHEST

I was about nineteen years old when I left Oxford, a young enthusiastic undergraduate eager for adventure. I had not applied myself to my course, but nevertheless I had acquired considerable knowledge in a wide range of subjects. I had become intensely interested in criminalology and had made quite a reputation among my fellow students as a detective.

I had also taken quite an interest in Oriental tongues in which I had acquired some degree of perfection. From the time I had been a mere boy I had been passionately fond of the sea, and in one way or another I had managed to get a fair sea training and a good knowledge of navigation.

It was with this curious medley of acquirements that I left college, rather well off financially, and determined to go to sea.

Thanks to the influence of one of my father's friends I had obtained a berth on an East Indian liner and made several voyages to those parts. At various times I had obtained rather prolonged shore leave and had in this way polished up my knowledge of the dialects.

After about four years of this life I chanced to meet with an exceedingly strange adventure. My ship had returned to Eng-

land after a three months' voyage, and I chanced to be lounging along watching the shipping when I was attracted by overhearing a conversation in one of the Angalese dialects. The speakers were two of those agile islanders dressed in the uniform of the East Indian Steam Ship Liners.

As they had not taken notice of me, I decided to listen to their conversation, more to test my ability to understand the dialect than any desire to overhear what they were saying.

For a few seconds I could not understand the trend of what they were saying; then suddenly I caught a few words that filled me with amazement. They were discussing some plot to kidnap some influential person who, as far as I could make out, was to take passage to Ceylon. These natives were undoubtedly members of some secret order and were serving as sailors on the vessel. Here, indeed, was a chance for some excitement.

I followed the natives to their ship gathering more and more information as I went along, yet failing to discover who they were plotting against, or when or where the kidnapping was to take place. I did learn, however, that the victim was to be carried to a native temple in the wild interior of the is-

land of Ceylon. The natives then boarded their ship, so I was unable to follow them any farther. I had, however, made up my mind to solve the mystery.

Influenced by the fact that I had an uncle who was quite influential in Ceylon, I decided to apply for a berth on the same ship as the natives. Partly through family influence I was fortunate enough to secure a mate's berth, which happened to be vacant at that time. My uncle, who was one of the few surviving members of our family, had often urged me to go out and see him, promising me plenty of wild adventures. I felt, therefore, that my voyage would not be regarded as a mere whim.

At the end of the week our ship sailed. After locating the natives I set about to unravel the plot by listening to their conversation. I hoped to accomplish this easily, as one of them was on duty during my watch; yet try as hard as I might, I was unable to get a single clue.

Shortly after the ship sailed I chanced to make the acquaintance of a very beautiful young lady, who was traveling to those parts, and who proved later to be the granddaughter of the viceroy of India.

Many an evening, when I was off duty, she would walk the deck with me listening to college yarns or wild adventures which I told for her amusement. I told her that I was going to secure my discharge at the end of the voyage and spend some time at Ceylon. I was delighted to hear that she, too, was going to stay there for several months with relatives. We soon made plans to see the sights and seek adventures while together on the island. I very prudently kept secret the object of my voyage and the fact that I spoke the native languages. I made it a point to keep these two matters an absolute secret.

Together we were able to while away the long hours very pleasantly, and, indeed, the long voyage seemed to draw to a close quite rapidly. The fact is that we two were fast forming an attachment for each other. In-

deed, any man might fall in love with such a beauty as she. Her dark brown eyes and rich golden-brown hair and rosy complexion made her really startlingly beautiful. As I failed to secure any more news concerning my mystery, I began to lose interest in that, as my interest in Ruby, for that was her name, increased.

During the voyage I had made a point of becoming acquainted with the Lascar member of my watch. He spoke English quite fluently, which surprised me very much. He told me that he was a Cingalese, and I learned that he came from a family ranking high among the natives. He had little to say about himself personally except that he had gone to sea on a mere whim. Our conversations were usually narrations of adventures.

Thus the time passed and the voyage drew toward a close. It was the night before we landed that a strange thing happened that was to prove of considerable importance later on. Two of the natives chanced to pass by me on the deck carrying a dark, oblong chest about six feet in length, which they took to the hold. I took no notice of it, thinking that it was an empty provision chest. However, my attention was attracted by a strange odor that was blown to me from this box and the peculiar way that I was affected by it. I became so desperately sleepy that I could hardly keep awake until relieved. I failed to notice that Ruby did not come out on deck at her usual hour.

The next morning upon awakening I was greeted with the strangest news imaginable. Ruby had disappeared the night before and absolutely no trace of her had been found. One of her maids had missed her at about eleven o'clock and had made a search for her all over the ship. Failing to find her, she told the other maids and Ruby's traveling companion, and a general search was made, but without success.

I had already turned in by that time, but they sent to me to see if I could give them any information, but strangely enough, the



officer who was sent to me couldn't wake me, try hard as he might. I lay in a stupor from which even the ship's doctor could not arouse me. He detected, however, the odor of some strange drug on my breath, which he could not place, but which he was sure was the cause of my unnatural sleep.

This strange and terrible news greatly disturbed me. I could hardly realize all that had happened. My fever increased, and I became drowsy and soon fell into unconsciousness again, in which state I continued for many hours. A steward was kept constantly at my bedside to bathe my head with cold solutions.

It was night time when I finally regained consciousness. By the aid of bright artificial lights gangs of coolies were unloading the ship. Although still very weak, I dressed as quickly as possible and inquired after Ruby, learning that there was absolutely no news concerning her. Her relatives were horrified, as it was generally believed that she had fallen overboard and drowned. I learned, much to my disappointment, that

the Cingalese sailors had secured their discharge and left the ship the day before.

I decided that the only thing for me to do was to go straight to my uncle and tell him the whole story and get his advice. He lived on a large estate not far from the harbor, so that I had little difficulty in finding him. My reception at his home was exceedingly cordial. He made me feel at home instantly and treated me like a son. My story interested him very much and on learning that I had been suffering from a fever he insisted that I should go to bed and get a good rest. Fevers, he explained, are very dangerous in such a hot climate. He told me that he would have a native detective of his for me when I woke up whom he declared could trace almost any mystery to its source. Rather doubtful, I retired to the sleeping room he assigned me and soon fell into a deep sleep.

(To be continued.)

[Editor's Note.—Part Two of the "Mystery," entitled "The Search," will appear in the December issue.]

## IT'S WORSE THAN PULLING TEETH

"Hey! Come here a minute. I want to say something to you, Charlie."

"Hello, Jerry. What do you want of me now? Is it money for a foot-ball ticket, a subscription to the Review, or a fund for giving a sweater to the water-boy on the foot-ball team?"

"I don't want anything special if that's the way you feel about it. However, I was going to ask whether you had subscribed to the Review, or not. Have you?"

"No."

"Aren't you going to?"

"No!"

"Well, you don't have to get huffy. Why not?"

"Oh, because."

"Come on! That's a woman's reason."

"Really, Jerry, I can't; I haven't seen

fifty cents since school began."

"Why not? Because you bought a season ticket. Exactly. You ought to show loyalty to the Review just as much as to the foot-ball team. You go to the foot-ball games partly out of loyalty to the school; therefore, show your remarkable loyalty by subscribing to the school paper. Five issues, fifty cents."

"That's enough! Stop! Don't you think that you can convince me that I ought to subscribe to the Review. So long!"

"Hello, Gus. Have you subscribed yet?"

"Yes! for the tenth time! You ought to give us labels to stick all over ourselves: HANDS OFF—I HAVE SUBSCRIBED."

"Marion, did you bring me the fifty cents to-day?"

"No, Jerry. I'm sorry. I'll bring it some



time or other. I hope you get enough subscriptions."

"Kid, (a-hem) I mean, young man, do you know what the Review is?"

"Yup; whatderyer want?"

"Have you subscribed?"

"Naw! n' I'm not goin' to, either. I don't want yer old paper. What good 'ill it ever do? Boston American's good enough to suit me."

"You don't understand the situation, young man. Now you are a Freshman and have four years before you; therefore you ought to take a keen interest in the affairs of the school. Now by subscribing to the Review, you will be able to keep up with all the school affairs. Moreover——"

"Oh keep still!--Come on Jack. Don't mind him; he's only one of those high-flown Seniors."

"Sid, may I venture to ask if you are going to subscribe to the Review?"

"Nope! I bought a season ticket."

"Dick. what excuse have you got for not subscribing to the Review?"

"Ah, a good one. Fat Boyer subscribes and he says I can read his."

"Oh, gee! Shall I ever get anyone to subscribe? I'm sick of it!--Still, I might as well try Miss Bradbury. Are you going to subscribe to the Review?"

"Why, yes, Jay; I guess I will. Fifty cents, is it?—Oh dear! I forgot my purse. It's too bad; you will have to wait until some other day."

"I say, Jay, I've got some more subscription blanks. Do you want some?" (This is from Tutin, our enterprising young business manager)

"Oh-h-h-h-h! Never, never, never, never, NEVER! Don't ever again force me to say: "SUBSCRIBE TO THE REVIEW."

[Editor's Note—This is no exaggeration; the enrollment of the school is now twenty-three hundred and yet at present we have only five hundred subscriptions. Are you responsible for this state of affairs? Can You Help Out?]

## MUSIC NOTES

There is more evident interest in the musical organizations of the school than ever before. The orchestra, the choral classes, and the Harmony class each show an increase of one hundred per cent in membership.

There are between sixty and seventy in the orchestra, over 850 in the choruses, and thirty-five in the Harmony class.

Beside these, we now have two new organizations, a Senior Girls' Glee club, and a Boys' Glee club made up of members from various classes.

The girls were very fortunate in securing time within school hours for practice. It happened that nearly all the girls had elected chorus, and also had signed the petition circulated by Inez Churchill for the formation of a glee club. When this became evident the few girls who did not sign, and who were in the senior choral class, signified their wish to do so, whereupon Mr. Whoriskey announced that the first period Thursday would be given over to the Girls' Glee club.

Charles Boyd, who circulated the petition for a Boys' Glee club, secured about fifty names, and at the first meeting twenty others entered. They have already had two rehearsals on Thursdays after school. The boys are giving their time willingly in the hope that, by showing Mr. Cleveland their intention of making it a permanent feature of school life, he may be prevailed upon to arrange for it in the regular course.

Some of the members of the orchestra played at the inspection of the new Haggerty school the evening of Oct. 14. The orchestra appeared at the reception of the Teachers club to the visiting Mexican teachers, in Latin hall, the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 26, and will play at the Teachers' Convention also.

Mr. Whoriskey has announced that if the Boys' Glee Club continues to show its present school spirit a song contest with Rindge Glee Club may be one of the possibilities of the winter.

The Intermediate Choral Class, composed

of Juniors and Sophomores, is studying Cowen's "The Rose Maiden." In past years the study of a cantata has generally meant a public presentation of the work. If this is done the Glee Clubs may have a prominent part in the evening's program,, both as individual clubs and together. It is expected that individual soloists may be developed also.

At the request of the manager of the Review, the Director of Music has named Inez Churchill to write notes on music in behalf of the Girls' Glee Club and Charles Boyd in behalf of the boys' organization.

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### ALUMNI NOTES

The Cambridge Latin School Club of Harvard, composed of the graduates of Latin School at Harvard, met this fall and elected two officers from the Freshman class. Stanley Coleman was elected secretary and Merrill Darling was elected a member of the executive committee.

Our alumni seem to be doing especially well this year in athletics. We have several men on the Harvard team including the crew, and the alumni at other colleges seem to be doing well.

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### PERSONALS

R. R. Cowen, C. L. S. '12, is now playing guard on the Harvard Varsity. Cowen played two years ago but was unable to play last year on account of studies.

Dave Green, C. L. S. '12, is on the varsity second at Harvard.

Benjamin Willis, C. L. S. '12, was also chosen for the Harvard Varsity eleven.

Kenneth Wright, C. L. S. '14, is now attending Huntington School.

Edwin Whittemore, C. L. S. '15, and Stanley Coleman, '15, are rowing on their hall crews this fall.

Sherburne Eaton, C. L. S. '15, is playing on the first Freshman football team.

Parker Ellis, C. L. S. '14, is on the baseball team this fall at Harvard.

Jessie Macgregor-Norman, C. L. S. '15, a

members of last year's orchestra, is playing first violin on the Radcliffe Glee Club.

C. Wyche, C. L. S. '13, is playing in the outfield of the "Rovers" at Harvard this year.

Margreve, C. L. S. '15, is out for soccer, and Lawrence Geyer, '14, is out for the Freshmen track team.

Flynn, C. L. S. '14, is rowing on the Standish Hall crew.

Sydney Rogers, C. L. S. '12, a member of the swimming team at Harvard last year, is now on the soccer team.

Wilder Clark, '15, and Parker Ellis, '13, played in the Harvard tennis tournament, Clark staying until the third round.

Fred Whitman, C. L. S. '14, and editor-in-chief of last year's Review, is playing end on the Harvard Freshman second team.

Edward Hubbard, C. L. S. '14, now holds the junior golf record at the Oakley Country Club, doing the course in seventy-six strokes. Hubbard made his record in a tournament in which he received two pigs as a prize.

Mary Edwards is taking a University Extension Course, 1915-1916.

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### RADCLIFFE NOTES

Mary Sands, C. H. L. S. '12, has been elected vice president of the class of Radcliffe, 1916.

The officers of the Cambridge Latin School Club at Radcliffe for 1915-1916 are: Eleanor Sweet, C. H. L. S. '12, president; Sylvia Carter, C. H. L. S. '13, vice president; Margaret Carner, C. H. L. S. '14, secretary; Sylvia Hawes, C. H. L. S. '12, treasurer.

Mary Sands and Sylvia Carter tied for the C. H. L. S. scholarship of one hundred dollars, offered at Radcliffe.

Mary Sands, C. H. L. S. '12, won great applause in the leading part of the opening Idler.

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### QUESTION

Oh where, and Oh where can the German Club be?



## COLLEGE LIFE AND ACTIVITIES BY COLLEGE MEN

## ARTICLE I.

## COLLEGE AND THE WRITER

JOHN MERRIAM GAUS, AMHERST 1915

There is one field of undergraduate activity which binds the man of personal influence to the man who thinks. For the college editor must be first of all a thinker. He must have something worth while saying about the issues of college life, the problems of the undergraduate, and those broader currents of the life without the college walls. And yet he must be not alone a thinker, but a personality as well. For his views will never gain respect unless the campus knows him as a man who holds them honestly.

The college editor, if he is a good editor, possesses a very great amount of responsibility. His ideas on summer baseball, student athletic organization and finance, and other matters are often those which dominate the college body. He represents to both the faculty and alumni the undergraduate point of view. His position is one that rightfully arouses the ambition of his fellows.

In practically every college you will find at least three undergraduate publications. There is first of all the newspaper. Here competition is keen, and the man who would become an editor must first of all be ready to work hard and with endurance.

Gaining a position on the staff is largely a matter of amount of news gathered, although ability to write is a weighty consideration. Such a position is at once one of the most difficult as well as most influential in college.

Then there is the literary magazine. While the newspaper is generally printed daily or semi-weekly this latter magazine is issued monthly in most colleges. Here the prime qualification is real literary talent, and the editors with brilliant exceptions are generally the more advanced students. Anyone, however, with ability should submit

his work; for such publications flourish only when they present the best and most representative thought of the college on matters somewhat more mature and less transitory than those discussed in the newspaper.

Lastly there is the year book, and here various elements enter into the choice of editors. Industry, literary or artistic abilities, as well as every day common sense move those who make the final selection to the election of editors.

Much of the work here is clerical, the gathering of data. Much, too, must be really clever unless the whole book is a failure. This is particularly true in the case of "grinds" on various men and events.

Aside from these there sometimes are humorous magazines, where cleverness and wit are requisite, and general illustrated magazines. Neither of these cases, however, refutes our first statement that the primary essentials are thought and character. Upon these two elements in a man's nature the size of the group finally reached and its respect depend.

## ARTICLE II.

## EARNING ONE'S WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

CLARENCE P. SHED, CLARK UNIVERSITY

It is my privilege to visit frequently many of our important schools and colleges and I am constantly asked whether it is possible in these days for an ambitious student to work his way through college. My answer is always an emphatic YES.

The opportunities for self help might be classified as follows: (1) Work in return for board and lodging. (2) Work in return for cash. (3) Summer Vacation work. (4) Scholarships and Loans.



### (1) WORK IN RETURN FOR BOARD AND LODGING.

Under this heading come waiting on table, taking care of steam and hot water heaters and odd jobs about a home. No work pays better for the time invested because board and lodging constitute the major part of one's college expenses.

### (2) WORK IN RETURN FOR CASH.

The following are just a few of the opportunities - clerking in stores, running automobiles, clerical work for the college and local business concerns, stenography and typewriting, agencies for laundry, gents' furnishings, college banners and other souvenirs, shoveling sidewalks, trimming lawns, driving delivery wagons, reporting for newspapers, work in college laboratories, college dining hall and, for fraternity men, work about fraternity houses.

Tinker, the Director of the Christian Association at the University of Michigan, said in his last report that their employment bureau had received requests for students to do all sorts of work "from giving baths three times a day to an old maid's sick cat to driving automobiles." Somewhere within the range of opportunities is a job for the college student who needs to assist himself. In most of our colleges at least half of the men are assisting themselves wholly, or in part, by outside work.

### (3) SUMMER VACATION WORK.

The student who must make his way through college will seek profitable work for the summer vacations. Thousands of students take up canvassing for different propositions as books, household articles and magazines. The most popular lines seem to be articles of real value to the household as aluminum ware, and brushes. The advantage of such work is that a student with business ability can make unusually large profits. I know of several students who are making from \$300 to \$1000 in summer vacations on such work. The average student with sales-

manship ability can easily make between \$100 and \$200 in a summer of canvassing. Hotel work usually pays about \$100 for the summer - in a few cases more than this. Many shops, stores and farms employ students for the summer.

### (4) SCHOLARSHIPS AND LOANS.

For the really needy student there are in all our colleges scholarship and loan funds. The scholarships in the technical schools like W. P. I. and M. I. T. are quite extensive because of the state aid given these schools. Personal character, scholarship and need for assistance are the points considered by scholarship boards in making their awards.

Many colleges have special loan funds from which students can borrow money in small amounts and at a low rate of interest. Church Boards of Education are usually prepared to give some assistance to worthy students who are studying for the ministry. Some students, wholly dependent on their own resources, taking out life insurance and using their policies as security get loans from friends. While a student must fight against being burdened with debt on his graduation, yet sometimes it is better to borrow two or three hundred dollars than to risk one's health by taking on more work than one can carry.

How does the student go about it to get outside work?

(1) For information concerning scholarships and loan funds write to the Dean of your College. (2) For outside employment write to the President or employed General Secretary of the College Christian Association. The employment bureaus of these Associations annually assist thousands of students. (3) Get to your college town a few days before the registration day and "hustle" for your job.

Finally, you ask how does the rest of the college view the student who works. The best answer is the large number of real leaders in college life who are earning their own way.

The student who must meet most of his own expenses will doubtless have to make many sacrifices but these will be more than compensated for by the development of his will power, initiative, experience in the affairs of the world and the knowledge of real values that comes through the economical use of his time.

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### ARTICLE III.

## ATHLETICS

MURRAY CHISM, CAPTAIN GYM TEAM, YALE

Most high school boys seem to have a false impression of college athletics. Either they think that they are the be-all and end-all of a college course, or, on the other hand, that they are something to be shunned. It may be that the great amount of publicity given to the so-called major sports of the colleges gives rise to both of these impressions. The glowing accounts of college football and baseball games and crew races inspire the minds of boys who are athletically inclined, and the boy who does not indulge in these games, despairing of ever equalling the performances of the experts, turns away from athletics to his books or to other less active pursuits. It is perfectly evident that neither one of these attitudes is wholly correct.

In the first place, the primary aim of a college course is to discipline and train the mind. The boy who devotes all his time to athletics and neglects his studies might as well join a circus or a professional team of some kind; he is wasting his time in college. In fact, college faculties are making it increasingly difficult for such a man to remain in college. They are demanding more and more strictly that their athletes maintain a certain grade in scholarship before they are allowed to play on any team.

Athletics have a very real value in a college man's life because they provide recreation from the mental occupations which take up most of his time, and at the same time they offer him a splendid opportunity to develop himself physically. Everyone recog-

nizes the recreational value of athletics, but too few boys and young men—girls, too, for that matter—realize the chance there is, by some participation in athletic sports, to develop a strong, healthy body. "The full value of athletics is obtained by the individual who achieves a rational all-around development." All too often do college men train severely for athletic events while they are in college and upon graduation settle down at a desk, neglect to exercise and then wonder why they lose their health while still in the prime of life. Anyone who goes out for athletics in college or who exercises regularly during those four years should do so knowing that he will have to continue such exercise afterward if he wishes to preserve his health. In comparison to health and bodily welfare, honors obtained by participation in athletics sink into insignificance.

Most boys need to be restrained and guided in their ardor for athletics along the lines mentioned above, but some boys need to be encouraged to participate in them. Just because a boy cannot knock a home run, drop-kick from the forty-yard line, or run one hundred yards in ten seconds flat, he need not think there is no place for him in the world of athletics. Besides the major sports of football, baseball, track, and crew, nearly all colleges have such minor sports as tennis, golf, swimming, wrestling, gymnastics, soccer, and so on. These minor sports offer the same chance for regular exercise as do the major sports; they develop grit, endurance, good sportsmanship, restraint and other manly qualities to just as great a degree. The chief difference is that they do not receive quite as much notice from the outer world. But even if such sports do not appeal to a boy, there is no reason for failure to develop himself physically. The man who runs around the track a few times every day, even though he may not be out for the team, the man who swims several hundred yards regularly, or who pulls chest weights or works with dumb-bells—the man who does any kind of daily, regular exercise and thus keeps



himself in good condition and in good health deserves the name athlete fully as much as the man who can punt fifty yards.

"Athlete" originally meant a contender for a prize. The real prize of the athlete is health and a well-developed, well-controlled body. This prize the obscure man who never makes a team, but who exercises regularly and wisely can attain as well as the popular athlete whose name is on every tongue.

The ideal athlete is the clean athlete; the athlete who keeps his body clean by right living and right thinking, and whose actions in the stress of competition are always beyond reproach.

Editor's Note—These are the first of a series of articles on College Life by men from various colleges which will be continued in the later issues of the Review.

#### CLASS ELECTIONS

The result of the senior class election at the High and Latin School, held last week, was made known Monday. Alfred H. Tutin, business manager of the Review for the past two years and prominent in debating circles, won out for president over Victor Blakeslee, president of the class last year, member of the football team for the past two years and winner of the football cup, as well as captain of the baseball team.

The other officers elected were: Vice-president, Marion E. Keefe, exchange editor of the Review, and member of last year's pin committee; secretary, Marion E. Carr, member of the business staff of the Review, and member of last year's pin committee; treasurer, Harrington Thurston, last year's treasurer, and one of the prize debaters.

The various committees elected were: Picture, Edna L. Charlton, Helen Keefe, Helen Dorsey, Mary Walsh, Lawrence Henry; reception, Harold Thompson, Sydney C. Stanley, Ruth Lynch, Anna Day, Gladys Walker; drama, Thomas McNamara, Inez Churchill, Kenneth Goepfer, Stuart M. Crocker, John T. Kelly.

#### SCHOOL CALENDAR

Wednesday, September 8, school opens.

Wednesday, September 29, football game with Lawrence at Cambridge.

Wednesday, October 6, G. A. A. meeting.

Friday, October 8, game with St. Mark's at Southboro.

Tuesday, October 12, Columbus Day, game with Somerville at Somerville.

Tuesday, October 19, game with Norwood at Cambridge.

Friday, October 22, game with Boston Latin at Cambridge.

Friday, October 29, game with Rindge at Cambridge.

Friday, November 5, game with Newton at Newton.

Saturday, November 6, G. A. A. entertainment for new members.

Friday, November 12, game with Brookline at Cambridge.

Friday, November 19, Wellesley at Wellesley.

Tuesday, November 23, Thanksgiving recess starts.

Thursday, November 25, Thanksgiving Day, football game at Waltham.

Monday, November 29, school resumes.

Thursday, December 23, Christmas recess commences.

Monday, January 3, 1916, school resumes.

January 14, open.

February 4, debate with Lowell at Cambridge.

March 10, debate with Arlington at Cambridge.

May 26, prize debate.

Debating and hockey schedules to be announced later.



# ATHLETICS

## FOOTBALL

BY THE CAPTAIN

The prospects for a good football team this year were decidedly brightened when Mr. Sullivan, one of the best high school coaches in the state, was elected to supervise our athletics. The school committee also appointed Mr. Hillery, formerly of Rindge and St. Anselm's College, as an assistant to Mr. Sullivan.

The coaches took charge of affairs on a Saturday morning. The following Wednesday we were scheduled to play Lawrence High at Russell Field. As there were but three practice days before the game, the outlook for a victory was very dubious.

Nevertheless, the coaches whipped together a team which held the well-trained Lawrence aggregation, fresh from two victories, to a scoreless tie.

We did not get the breaks at Southboro' and St. Mark's was very fortunate to get away with a victory, although the school is represented this year by one of the best teams in its history.

On Columbus Day we equalled the best that Latin School has ever done in Somerville, by holding that team to a scoreless tie. We out-played that team and, but for a little hard luck, would have carried the ball over for a touchdown in the first half.

The next Monday we defeated the second team of the Harvard Freshman Squad in a practice game at the stadium. Our next game is with Norwood High at Russell Field.

Coaches Sullivan and Hillery are certainly making the best team possible out of the available material, and deserve much credit for what they have done for us already. They have worked up a strong defense, and a

likewise strong offense is rounding into shape under their ceaseless efforts.

Our line is heavy and fast and our backfield is showing more form and speed every day. The coaches are working especially hard in an effort to build up a good scoring machine.

As to the players themselves, I think that they are beginning to feel more confidence in themselves and in each other. They are looking forward with determination to plough victoriously through the more difficult part of the schedule which still remains.

John T. Kelly, Capt.

### The Football Season

One week after school opened, candidates for football were called out for practice by Captain Kelly. On account of the fact that no coaches had been appointed by the school committee for a time the work was hindered. Captain Kelly was in charge of the early season conditioning tests, and was ably assisted by Paul Johnson, last year's captain. The following week after practice had started, the new coaches were appointed, and hard work immediately began. With over fifty men to work with, a goodly number of which were veterans, the prospects for a winning team were the brightest they have been for years. More spirit was shown and Head Coach Sullivan and Coach Hillery wore smiles after their first week with the team. The first game was with Lawrence High who had already been through two preliminary games, and who had shown themselves to be a strong combination. Because of lack of practice, we attempted to cancel the game, but Lawrence refused to postpone it until later. We were minus Crocker, star guard, and to fill this vacancy in the line was a hard task.

The coaches worked hard the day before the game, and the moon was up when practice was finished. Although the team did not know all the football it was capable of learning, it nevertheless showed an eagerness to learn which in time must promise results.

The veterans from last year's team are Capt. Kelly, Bornstein, Gorman, Jenkins, Crocker and Blakeslee, while the other men who have had experience are Adams, Saunders, who played two years ago, Lane, McFadden, Goepper and Cassidy. All of these men have been in one or more high-school games and have shown plenty of drive and scrap.

New men who showed to advantage and who had not been out for the team in previous years were Jones, Coggeshall, Row, Dwyer, and Leary, besides many others who have been developed fast and who are dangerous contenders for positions at all times.

#### The Lawrence Game

Lawrence High came to Cambridge for the first game of our season with the intentions of defeating our team by a large score. They had had the advantage of two weeks start in practice, and expected to show their superiority over us. Their team possessed a good line with a pair of wonderful running backs which it was up to us to stop. The final score was 0-0 with Latin School showing many possibilities of having a strong team. Of course, many weak spots were found and were duly criticized by the coaches. The line play found Captain Kelly doing the brunt of the work and in the back field Adams and Jenkins shone to advantage. The greatest fault was the absence of interference given to runners by the backs. Failure to put ends and opposing halfbacks out of play seemed to be our chief fault; also inability of the ends to put their opponents out of the play, and also their inability to cover kicks. Our defense was very strong, but our offense was terrible. The coaches worked on these many inabilities in order to develop a team which would stop St. Mark's

the following Saturday. The Lawrence game was very evenly played. Neither team possessed good offensive power, but on the contrary were extra strong on defense. The lineup and score of the opening game follow:

C. H. L. S. (0)	Lawrence (0)
Bornstein (Cassidy), l. e.....r. e.,	Dillon
Kelly, l. t.....r. t.,	McCarthy
Goepper, l. g.....r. g.,	Sheriff (Callahan)
Lane, c.....c.,	Geary
Dwyer, r. g.....l. g.,	La Bonte
McFadden, r. t.....l. t.,	Ferguson
Blakeslee, r. e.....l. e.,	Kennedy
Adams, q. b.....q. b.,	Higginson
Saunders, l. h. b.....r. h. b.,	Harte
Malloy, r. h. b.....l. h. b.,	Blair
Jenkins, f. b.....f. b.,	Fleming

Umpire, Kimber; referee, Mallen; linesman, Dee. Time, four nine-minute periods.

#### The St. Mark's Game

On Saturday, October the ninth, our team met our old opponents at Southboro. This team has always been a cause for worry by the Latin School, but this year a victory was looked for by our team.

In the first quarter neither team scored, but in the very last two minutes of play in the second quarter our opponents recovered a blocked-kick and ran the ball down to our one yard line. This made it possible, after being held three downs by our men, to score a touch down and the half ended 7-0 in St. Mark's favor.

The second half opened with Latin School receiving the kick-off. Soon after we kicked, and St. Mark's gradually drew nearer our goal. At this point of the game, our team held strong, and it looked as if we would gain the ball on downs, when all at once Chapin, St. Mark's left half-back broke loose, and with remarkable running, scored another touch down. The game ended with the ball in our possession in the middle of the field.

Although a hard game to loose, it showed the weak points of our team which were to be remedied. As a whole, the team played



well considering the short time it had re-

The lineup was as follows:—

St. Mark's.	Cambridge Latin.
Otis, l. e.	r. e., Blakeslee
Bradley (Cheney, Coxe), l. t.,	r. t., Goepper (Jones)
Stillman, l. g.,	r. g., Dwyer
Caswell (Koenig), c.,	c., Lane
Rodewald, r. g.,	l. g., Crocker
Whitney, r. t.,	l. t., Kelley
Dilworth (Hinkle), r. e.,	
l. e., Bornstein (Gorman, Cassidy)	
Van Rensselaer, q. b.,	q. b., Adams
Chapin, l. h. b.,	
r. h. b., Malloy (Row, Coggeshall)	
Street, r. h. b., l. h. b., Saunders (Johnson)	
Weld (Landon) f. b.,	f. b., Jenkins

Score—St. Mark's, 14; Cambridge Latin, 0. Touchdowns, Weld, 1; Chapin, 1. Goals from touchdowns, Stillman, 2. Umpire, Fritchner; referee, Richards; linesman, Brinley. Time, four nine-minute periods.

### Somerville Game

Following the St. Mark's game, which was another eye-opener for the coaches, came a week's preparation for the annual game with Somerville on Columbus Day. The stands were packed at Recreation Field and Cambridge people filled more than a little space and made themselves conspicuous by good cheering. Somerville had the weakest team she has ever mourned over, and we were looking for our first victory.

In the opening period C. L. S. walked right through the Somerville line and should have scored. But the old jinx of over-confidence kept the team from scoring after carrying the ball the length of the field to Somerville's seven-yard line. The second quarter was a reflection of the first, with everything in Cambridge Latin's favor. But the half ended in a tie score at 0-0, and the second half showed that too much confidence had leaked in. As a result we were outplayed in the second half. The ball was in our territory most of the time, and only the luckiest kind of luck gave us a 0-0 tie as a final score.

St. Angelo starred for Somerville with his long runs and hard tackling. For Cambridge Latin, Crocker and Kelly in the line stopped everything in sight. Saunders proved his worth at breaking up forwards, as did Coggeshall. Adams ran back punts well and ran the open field in great style. The failure of our own ends to get down under punts was still very noticeable, as was the failure of the backs to form interference for the man with the ball. The return of Abe Cohen, last year's inter-scholastic representative from Latin School, was a revelation to the line. His old pepper and fight were the things that kept the rest of the line on the jump, and he should prove a valuable addition to the team as he has in the past.

The lineup follows:

C. H. L. S. (0)	Somerville (0)
Jones (Cassidy), l. e.	r. e., Bradley (St. Angelo)
Kelly, l. t.	
r. t., Gilman (Brosnahan, Danhem)	
Crocker, l. g.....r. g., Baxter	
Lane, c.....c., Hefferman	
Dwyer (Cohen), r. g.....l. g., Ford	
McFadden (Leary)r. t.....l. t., Shepardson	
Blakeslee, r. e. l. e., Johannsen (W. Murphy)	
Adams, q. b. q. b., Scanlon (Mahoney, Eagan)	
Malloy (Rowe), l. h. b.	

r. h. b., Keating (Eagan)
Jenkins, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Giroux
Saunders (Coggeshall, f. b...f. b., Thornton

Umpire, F. S. O'Brien; referee, Reggie Bankhart; head linesman, Charles McCarthy. Time, ten-minute periods.

The team following the game with Somerville scrimmaged with the Harvard Freshmen at Soldier's Field. The coaches tried out every member of the squad and found a few men on the second team who will probably get a chance in future games.

### Norwood Game

A game was arranged for Tuesday, Oct. 19, with Norwood High as a preparation for Boston Latin which came October 22. The game was scheduled in order that we might



try out our offense on a weak team. C. L. S. were returned the winners in a miserable exhibition of play. The game was a farce. Latin School was thinking of how many points she could score and as a result scored but a 14-0 victory. Two touchdowns and a safety were all we could collect for our share, and as a result the coaches were in an angry mood after the game. At the close of the last period the coaches decided that practice would follow immediately. A hard scrimmage followed for an hour. End runs were practiced with the backs learning how to run interference. The coaches were aided by a former Tufts half back who gave us valuable information. The line of the Norwood game follows:

Cambridge High and Latin. Norwood.  
Cassidy (Bornstein, Gorman), l. e.

r. e., Carlson

Kelly, Capt., l. t. . . . . r. t., Johnstone  
Cohen (Ramsay), l. g. . . . . r. g., Speare  
Lane, c. . . . . c., Dyer  
Dwyer, r. g. . . . . l. g., Knight  
McFadden (Goepper), r. t. . . l. t., Thompson  
l. e., Henry

Adams, q. b. . . . . q. b., Fitzgerald  
Coggeshall, l. h. b. . . . . r. h. b., Capt. Ward  
Jones (Jenkins, Rowe), r. h. b.

l. h. b., Drummond

Saunders (Robart), f. b. . . . . f. b., Morrow

Score, Cambridge, 14; Norwood, 0.  
Touchdowns, Coggeshall, Blakeslee; safety,  
Cambridge. Umpire, Dee; referee, Kim-  
ber; Linesman, Rowe. Time, four eight-  
minute periods.

#### The Boston Latin Game

On Friday, October 22, our boys played Boston Latin School at Russell Field and beat them 21-0. Since the Norwood game the team had gradually improved and it was gratifying to the coaches to see the game so well played by our boys. Cambridge smashed through Boston Latin's line for the first touchdown by Adams in the first few minutes of play and Dwyer completed the score by making a goal.

The next quarter of the game went without a score for either team, but it gave the Latin school supporters a very good example of the strong defensive work of their team, which, in fact, gave Boston Latin School only two first downs during the entire game.

The second half opened with Boston Latin School receiving the kick-off, but they were soon held for downs and the ball went to our team, which, after a series of rushes, scored another touchdown, which was made by Coggeshall. Dwyer again favored us with a fine goal. Among the fine plays during this period of the game was the tackle-around, made by Capt. Kelly.

The last touchdown came in the last quarter, when Saunders intercepted a forward pass thrown by Enwright of Boston Latin and ran seventy-five yards for a score.

And again Dwyer scored. The writer thought at first of giving individual praise to certain players for their splendid work, but when he had written all these names down he found he had down the entire team.

Three cheers for Latin School, 21-0.

The lineup was as follows:

Cambridge H. and L. Boston Latin  
Cassidy, l. e. . . . . r. e., O'Connor (Richter)  
Kelly, l. t. r. t., Donegan (Dowd, Maroney)  
Leary (McFadden, Morey, Goepper), l. g.  
r. g., Ryan  
Lane, c. . . . . c., Murphy  
McFadden (Goepper), r. g.

l. g., Curley (McCabe)  
Cohen, r. t. . . . . l. t., Dudley (Crowley)  
Blakeslee, r. e. l. e., Cronin (Trainor, Swartz)  
Adams, q. b.  
q. b., Cousin (Williams, Leary, Kennedy, Gilles)  
Jones (Jenkins, Rowe), l. h. b.

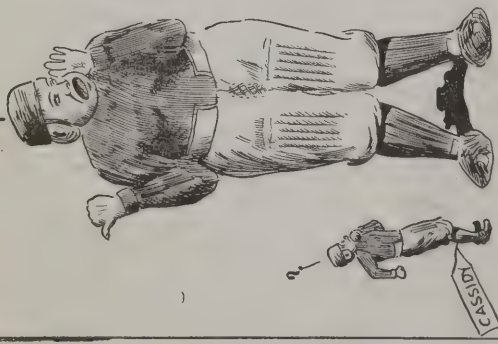
r. h. b., O'Dowd  
Coggeshall, r. h. b. l. h. b., Enwright (Magrath)  
Saunders, f. b. . . . . f. b., Maloney (Brady)

Score—Cambridge, 21; Boston, 0. Touch-  
downs, Adams, Coggeshall, Saunders. Goals  
from touchdowns, Dwyer, 3. Umpire, Dee;  
referee, Reading; linesman, Rowe. Time,  
ten-minute quarters.



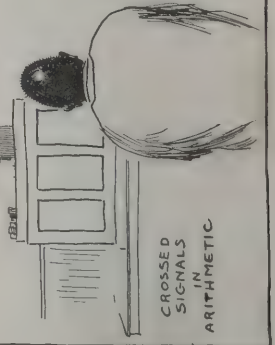


HEY, KELLEY, THERE'S NO END PLAYIN' ON THIS SIDE.



JENKINS, WHAT DOES 128.96 EQUAL?

A RUSH AROUND LEFT END

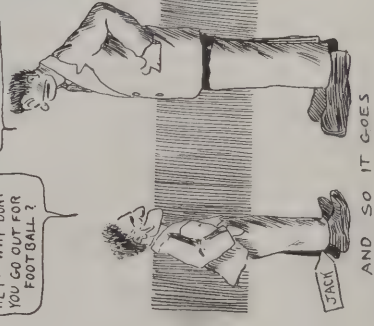


I'M UP, I'M DOWN, I'M UP—



HEY! WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT FOR FOOTBALL?

OH MAW-MAW WON LET ME



AND SO IT GOES

'BIGGER THEY COME THE HARDER THEY FALL—

WHERE AH

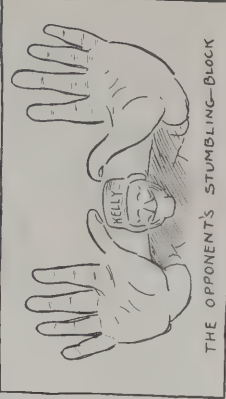


FUNNY HOW CASSIDY TIPS OVER THE BIG FELLOWS.

GANGWAY!



SAUNDERS IS OFF!

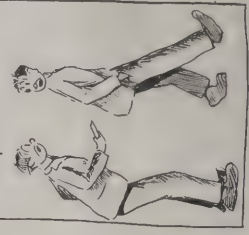


NIN CHA GON-BOY, GON-BOY, A TICKET?

MAW! I NEVER GO UP THAT WAY

OH YOU ARE SO KIND

GIMME EIGHT QUICK!



FOOT BALL TICKETS

HY YUM I CAN'T THINK OF A THING TO PUT IN THIS SPACE.



WANTS A LUCKY



AL TWIN'S GRENADERS -

SILENCE

COME ON WE'LL HAVE A SONG 1-2-3



Get A Ladder Dick!



PUTTING 'PEP' INTO FAT CROCKER



AL TUTIN AND HAP MYERS COULDN'T MAKE THE SOMERVILLE POLICE FORCE BELIEVE THEY WERE CHEER LEADERS.

CAN-TABS





## ATHLETIC NOTES

"Jim" Sanborn has taken Wilder Clark's place as tennis champion of the school. In the recent tournament he was returned winner over William Clark in the finals.

Prospects for hockey are bright according to Captain Harry Mills who is blessed with such regulars as O'Connor, O'Connell, Fitzgerald, and Worcester to form a team around himself.

Capt. John Kelly is playing a hard and fast game at tackle this fall and to date has outplayed every opponent he has tackled.

"Jeff" Conway is the '16 baseball manager. He is rapidly forming a strong schedule. The usual two games with both Newton and Brookline will be played.

Coaches Sullivan and Hillery are hard and earnest workers, and if hard toil will get anything for Latin School, winning teams should be the result.

## TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The annual fall tennis tournament was played on the Jarvis Field courts on Saturday, October 9. All matches were played on this day except the finals and semi-final in the lower half. On the preliminary rounds practically all the favorites won their matches and only three defaults were necessary.

After three rounds of play the semi-finals were reached. In the upper half the players were Sanborn and Bailey and in the lower Clark and Worcester. Both of these matches proved to be the best of the tournament.

In the upper half Sanborn and Bailey had a three set affair while Worcester and Clark played only two, but both of these were deuce sets. In Bailey-Sanborn match, Sanborn took the first set 6-1, but Bailey retaliated by taking the second. The third set brought out the best tennis of the tournament, and Bailey was finally overcome by the steadier strokes of his opponent. In the lower half Clark and Worcester had a merry battle. The first set went to 12-10 before

Clark won; Clark took the second, 7-5, Worcester being very erratic.

The final proved rather a disappointment, Sanborn beating Clark in rather easy fashion. Clark, however played a steady game and kept Sanborn on the jump all the time.

The score was 6-4, 8-6, 7-5.

The tournament proved a success and in the Spring another tournament and a round robin will be held and players will be picked for a team. The prospects for a good team are bright. From last year's team there remains Worcester who played second man and Cotter who played fourth man. Besides these there are Sanborn, the present champion, and Bailey, Clark, and some of the members of the foot-ball team will make a strong bid for the team. Everybody come out in the spring and help put tennis on a firm basis in the C. H. L. S.

## STATE-WIDE ESSAY CONTEST

Our school has entered a state-wide contest for gold medals offered by the Quincy Board of Trade for the best essay on "The American Merchant Marine: Its Decadence; Its Restoration." One of the medals is offered to a student in each high school in the state. The conditions for this contest may be learned from the English teachers. The subject is well chosen and timely. All who have ability to write should enter the competition and see if they cannot make C. H. L. S. rank high among the winners.

---

As we went to press we received news of the untimely death of Robert A. Gilbert, Jr. who was a brilliant and well liked lad. We extend our sympathies to his parents.

---





OLGA CLARK

ANNIE DAY

As it is the custom, the Girls' Athletic Association started the year by the Tennis Tournament. This year the tournament had thirty-eight entries among whom ten were from the Freshman class. The two of this class who stayed in the tournament the longest and came close to the semi-finals are Miss Marguerita Bliss and Miss Florence Scully.

The increase of interest in the tournament is shown not only by the class of Freshman entries, but also by the fact that some of this year's best players have not entered the tournament before.

As the players were quite evenly matched, the games were exceedingly interesting to watch. When the semi-finals were reached the best player among the girls of the school was to be either Miss Margaret Craighill or Miss Gertrude Sampson. This match was played off Saturday morning, October the ninth, at the Jarvis Courts. Miss Gertrude Sampson was defeated by Miss Margaret Craighill, 6-2, 6-3.

The finals were played off on Columbus Day between Miss Mary Edwards, last year's champion and holder of the cup, and Miss Margaret Craighill. At ten o'clock the contestants met and rallied for a few minutes before the toss. The toss was won by Miss Mary Edwards and the game began. The first set went to M. Craighill, 6-4. After a few minutes the second set was begun, which she won easily by 6-2, thus giving her the championship for a year.

Although we would like to have seen our last year's president, Miss Mary Edwards, win the cup to keep, we congratulate Miss Margaret Craighill and ourselves that the

cup is still in the school.

A very large and enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the Latin School Hall, Wednesday, October 6th. The president of the Association, Miss Olga Clark, led the meeting. Having explained the object and importance of the Association in the school, she announced that the annual entertainment for the new members would be given November 6, at 2 P. M., in the form of a Mother Goose Party. Every member, whether a Freshman or a Senior, is to come in a costume representing some character in the Mother Goose rhymes. The committees have been chosen for the entertainment and everything looks very promising for a successful afternoon. Any girl who did not pay her dues of ten cents between October 13 and October 27 will not be admitted.

The president tried to impress upon all the members the importance of their support to the Review and football team.

On account of the illness of our instructor, Miss Brown, our assistant instructor, Miss White, spoke to the Association for a few minutes. Deep regret has been felt for Miss Brown because she could not be with us at the beginning of the school term, and all hope that her health will permit her to be with us soon. To Miss White we are all more than grateful for the hard work and good advice which she so willingly gives.

After some rousing cheers for Miss White and Miss Olga Clark, our president, the meeting was dismissed.

Before going to press we were notified that the membership to the G. A. A. had nearly reached 700. Good work, G. A. A.!

## DEBATING

BY LAWRENCE F. HENRY, DEBATING EDITOR

Good prospects? Well, I should say so! No school year ever gave more evidences of smiling propitiously upon debating in C. H. L. S. than the present one. Why? For the simple reason, as anyone with half an eye could see, that the school is showing more and more interest in this manly pursuit both by their enthusiasm and by their financial support. Yes Siree! Debating is taking the hill of popularity in our school at first speed. Furthermore, the fellow who predicts that it will soon rank with such immortals as football and baseball, in our opinion, is far from being a bad prophet. School sentiment is fast becoming highly favorable; hence, reader, if you want to be with the majority, on the right side, and if you have not as yet enrolled yourself in the list of debating enthusiasts, do so at once, or you will be decidedly behind the times. Besides, this is a great opportunity to belong to the "I told you so" set. Seize it without delay!

So far, it looks as if our debaters will have a rather good schedule to fulfil. It was hoped that a triangular league could be formed with Brookline and Newton, which would insure rivalry between these schools in this as well as other branches of sports. Unfortunately, Brookline has declared its inability to enter such a league. However, provided that the unexpected takes a vacation, we will again meet Arlington and Lowell this year. The latter is looking forward to its trip to Cambridge on the fourth of February. But pray do not think that there is any dearth of opponents. On the contrary, we have received communications from schools in every part of the state seeking debates with us. An excellent schedule has been arranged. Surely, with the capable instruction and coaching of Miss Hartigan and Mr. Campbell, our school will be placed upon the debating map of the state.

The debating class, consisting of sixteen members, meets every Thursday and Friday with Mr. Campbell in Room XII. This year we have made two important gains over former years in that there will be more actual class debating, and more practice in elocution. In fact, Miss Hartigan will take the class for a day or two at a time, later on in the year.

On the fourteenth of October the following question was discussed in debating class: Should Plan B be adopted for the city charter for Cambridge? T. McNamara and F. Wason upheld the affirmative, Etherington and Thurston the negative. As to the winners, it is sufficient to say that Thurston has yet to be a member of a losing team.

The next question to be discussed is home rule for the Phillipines.

Looking back over last year's record we see the victories to our credit, Newton and Lowell, and another defeat at the hands of our old opponent, Arlington. Then there was the prize debate which Mr. Collier declared to be the finest specimen of high school debating that he ever heard. And let it not be forgotten that at that debate our school came into the possession of a beautiful cup upon which has been engraved the names of the winning team and upon which three more lucky men will have their names engraved at this year's prize debate.

And now, having set forth our bright prospects for this year, we want to exhort you again to do your best in the interest of debating. At least you can BOOM DEBATING

## DEBATING SCHEDULE

Open, January 14.

Lowell at Cambridge, February 4.

Arlington at Cambridge, March 10.

Prize Debate, May 26.





1915

## PURE GOSSIP

"The Club of Regret" is now open to those desiring admittance. Anyone who failed to get into college is eligible. At the last meeting Larry Wescott was elected president and Hap Myers, chief weeper.

There is a new physics instructor in Room 18 every morning before 8.30. Miss Sampson's assistant. Better go down, girls.

Betty: "What does Benjamin play on the football team?"

Beale: "I really don't know; draw-back, I guess."

Ladd blushes for sure when asked how Miss C-c-r-n is now. What's the reason, Bob?

1916

John Worcester is very fond of telling fish stories in his English class. No matter what or where the subject is, John comes back to fish.

"Theodore, dearest, can you cook?"

"No, Eric, darling, can you?"

The footwear that Miss Madeline Fox introduced into the senior corridor, the first of October, was quite startling.

From that Hersey, Hersey Boy: "Oh, I had a beastlah, bloomin', boundin' time last night, yuh know. I went out with that roguish cad, Luke Bornstein, and let me dare say I did show that chap about town."

## NOTES

I know not what the truth may be,  
But tell it as 'twas told to me.

Teacher: "Who was the first Dutchman to come to this country?"

"Tall" H. Ramsay: "The first Dutchman was a-a-an Englishman."

According to Miss Baldwin, Bradley is a house without a foundation. We have hitherto thought of him as a house without an upper story.

We have it on good authority that when Master S—— C—— prays, "Lead us not into temptation," he is thinking of tulips. Isn't it strange to connect flowers with the Lord's Prayer?

K. Goepper got all fussed up over "Boss" Leventhal's political capers.

Miss C——r: "All those who wish to complete this Latin so as to get into college, please stand."

All got on their feet but Dick Adams.

"Why, Adams," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to get into college?"

"No, ma'am," replied Dick, promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."

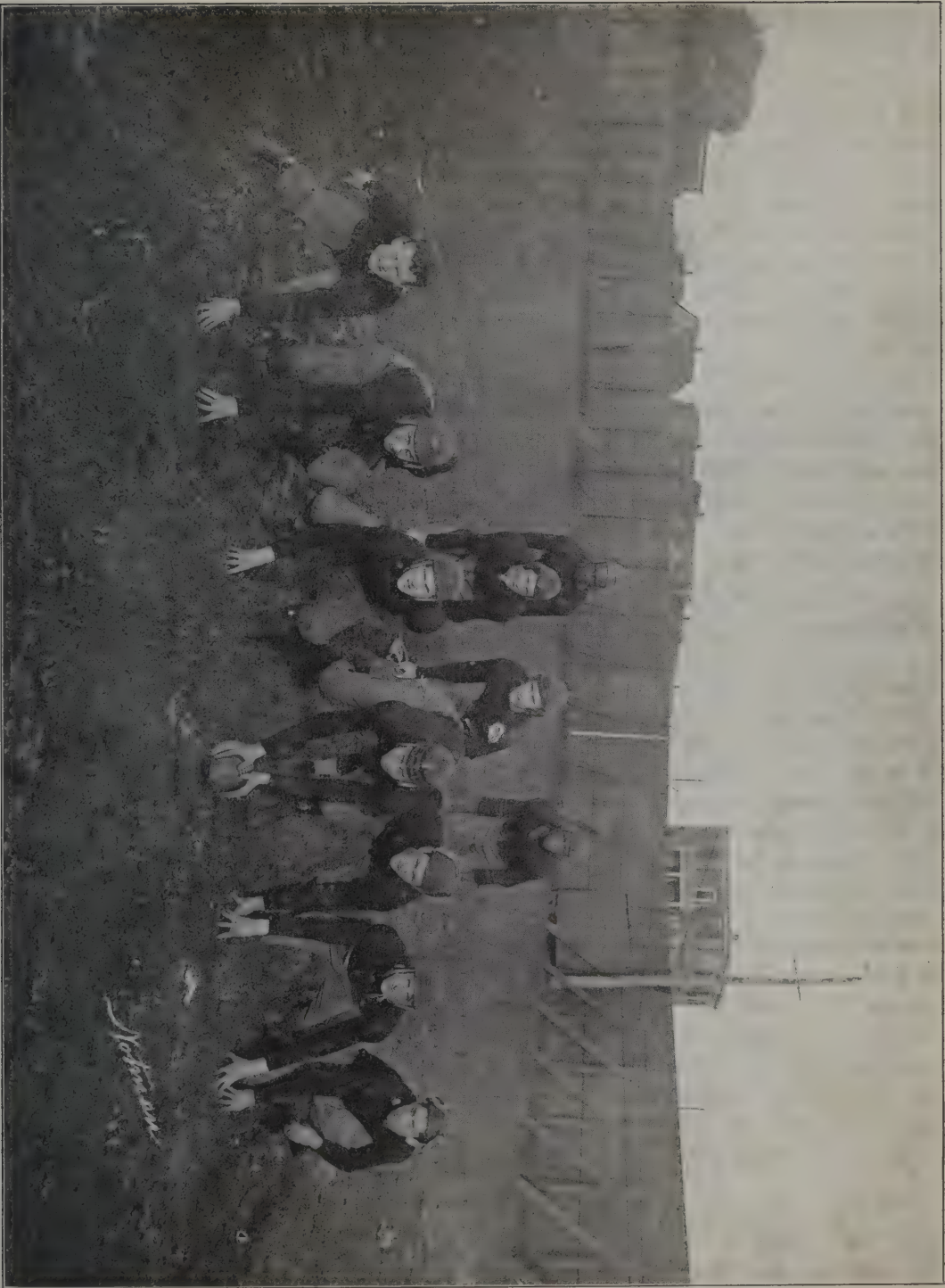
Bornstein thinks it will suffice to say that enough is sufficient.

Olga: "Yes, I will be yours on one condition."

Victor: "Oh, that's all right, I entered the Senior class with three."

Mr. Coolidge: "What is a very simple machine?"

Harrington: "A Ford."



1915 FOOTBALL TEAM





Frances Gay: "The more I see and listen to others the more I like myself."

Miss Ruoff thinks too much of her brain to waste it by thinking.

Alf. Tutin is said to be engrossed in the gigantic proposition, "Which is easier, popping the question or questioning pop?"

In Civics: "If a man was appointed by a mayor over a committee, where would the responsibility lay?"

Steve Duffy: "On the head."

Miss Hardy: "Where is verboden made?"

Pulsford (in a stage whisper): "It's made in Germany."

### 1917

Teacher, writing on the board and talking to unruly pupils: "If you can't find something to do I'll give you some work. You know Satan always finds something for idle hands to do."

William C: "I'm going to take Latin next year."

Elizabeth D: "Latin is a dead language."

William C: "That's all right, I'm going to be an undertaker."

Teacher: "What was the Vicar's first misfortune?"

Pupil: "His marriage."

Pupil sharpening pencil. English teacher: "Hurd, stop shooting cubic darts around the floor, while I am talking about marriage."

Knight's smokes come a shilling a pack. He declares that every pill brings back a few moments of Picadilly and the dear old Square.

Miss McElroy: "Write, Good Morning, Mr. Blanco."

Pupil wrote: Good morning Mr. ——  
She left it, poor girl.

We are proud to announce that there are 241 Juniors in our class which will represent 1917 in every form of athletics.

Will someone please be so kind as to help Blevins solve the following algebraic "problem." If a steamboat goes down the Mississippi River at the rate of ten miles an hour, what is the Captain's name?

Isn't it strange that Miss Smith should have trouble with that bashful boy, Clarence Rowe.

### 1918

#### MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

Who stole Thurston Mirick's short trousers?

Their are quite a few young ladies who are very interested in one Marble Dunham who sits in Miss Harris' room. We advise the aforesaid Marble Dunham to publish facts about himself to satisfy the interest. He can have a column reserved for them in the Review for a reasonable price.

The Sophomore guard on the foot-ball team is quite a weighty proposition.

English teacher: "What did it do at night?"

Kempton (not knowing) "It grew dark."

Just notice how the Sophomores make fun of the Freshmen.

Strange isn't it?

Three little freshmen squatting in the gutter, Eating green apples for want of something better.

One gets a stomach ache, and now the're two. Oh! little freshie, what's the next trick you 'ill do?

### 1919

Samuel McNaugher is another studious child. You can find him any afternoon in Mr. Derry's room talking Latin.

Herbert White has something the matter with his eyes, because every time he looks at a girl one of them closes.

Some bright person was heard to suggest sending the French Class of 1919 to France to make Paris Green.

Teacher: "In what year is the Presidential Election?"

Freshman: "In Leap Year."

The following are the youngest pupils of the C. H. L. S.:

Joseph Cannon, 10 years, 6 months, 26 days.

Margaret Shaughnessy, 10 years, 11 months.

Elizabeth O'Brien, 11 years, 8 months, 15 days.

### HOW TO KILL THE REVIEW

RALPH W. ALLEN, '17

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow a class-mate's paper—just be a sponge.

2. Look at the advertisements and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.

3. Never hand in a story or class note and be sure to criticize everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.

4. If you are a member of the staff, play sick or invent some good excuse for not attending to business—be a shirk.

5. Tell your friends that you can spend fifty cents a better way—be a squeeze.

6. If you can't do your part to make the paper a success—be a corpse.

Get the idea!

### A SIMPLE SIGN

MARION E. KEEFE

It was in a grocer's window

That she saw a simple sign,

And she stopped and slowly read it

While her blue eyes seemed to shine.

Then with scornful lips she murmured,

As she tossed her pretty hat,

"How I wish that men were labelled

With a good plain sign like that!"

So when she had passed, I ventured

Near that favored grocer's shop,

And espied this simple legend:

"This Corn warranted to Pop."

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**C**ulture

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**O**pportunity

Open your pocketbook. Our Review offers opportunity to give and to receive.

**O**riginality

Over and over again, send in articles that are your own.

**L**ight

"Let your light shine."

**R**eading

Render unto the workers on your school paper the reward that is their due, and become a loyal Reviewer yourself and rejoice in the riches of its really good reading matter.

**E**ffort

Endeavor to make your paper a success. It represents each and every member of our school.

**V**alue

Venture to send in your views of subjects, real and imaginary, and help to give your paper vividness and variety.

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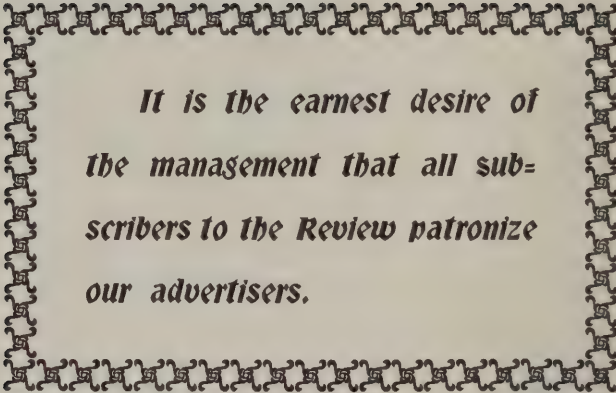
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# The Cambridge Review

Vol. xxx

No. 2

Representing the Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts, January, 1916

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1915-16

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Before the February number of the "Review" goes to press, there will be a general re-arrangement of the staff of class reporters and class editors. Only those who have shown ability to do first class work will be considered. Our object is to increase the efficiency of this staff and secure better class notes. We hope that those who would like to be members of the Review Board will take advantage of this opening. Candidates should present a number of good class notes to the Class Notes Editor, Harold Thompson, Room 23 L., not later than January 15.

The football squad certainly showed good judgment in the election of Coggeshall as captain, and we want to congratulate him. He has played a good, steady game this year, and has always hit the line hard. We are sure that he will make a good captain.

#### **The Proposed Rifle Club**

There is no doubt that the boys of C. H. L. S. are in favor of a rifle club. A large number are already on the list. It seems to be a very appropriate time to organize such a club, now that everybody is interested in preparedness. It certainly will not hurt any of the boys to learn to handle a gun.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Daniel J. Crowley as Business Manager of the "Review." He will be assisted by a staff consisting of Alfred H. Tutin, Fred A. McNamara, Harold A. Leventhal and Harrington Thurston.

Other papers oft remind us,  
We can make our own sublime,  
If our fellow-schoolmates send us  
Contributions all the time,—  
Here a little, there a little,  
Story, class-notes, song, or jest,  
If you want a good school paper,  
Each of you must do your best.  
Pauline M. Stockton.

It seems wise for the Review to mention the unfortunate thing that happened at the Waltham High and Latin Football game on Thanksgiving morning. In the excitement of the game, one of our players so far forgot himself as to assault an official of the game. While we must remember that football is a very strenuous test, and a player is under a great strain, no amount of explanation can hide the fact that the above act was very unsportsmanlike. Such an act seriously reflects upon the good name of the team, school, and city.

Because of its seriousness, the Head Master recommended to the Superintendent of Schools the following punishment:

That the offender be permanently disqualified from again representing the school in athletics;

That his name be not included in the list recommended for insignia and sweaters;

That he send a letter of apology to the teacher manager of athletics in the Waltham High;

That these recommendations be published in the school paper.

Owing to the fact that an exceptionally large number of articles have been submitted to the "Review," we have found it necessary to discontinue the series of articles by college men until a later issue.



## HAZING AT DARTMORE

BY STONECRUSHER (S. M. C.)

Not long before Christmas, in one of the senior rooms at Dartmore College, a meeting was held by the committee on hazing, which was composed of seniors elected by their class, to see that all freshmen were made to obey the commands of seniors. At this meeting, Jim Goodwin commonly called number 18 (for that was his room number), was to be tried for disobeying the commands of a certain senior.

"Bring in number 18," shouted the judge, seated upon a throne of desks, and dressed in a white gown, looking ghost-like in the dimly lighted room, while below him sat twelve others as jury.

Presently the door opened and in walked number 18, a tall, strong, manly looking chap with a ruddy and jovial expression.

The judge spoke, "We, as the committee on hazing, demand of you an apology—"

"You won't get it," interrupted number 18.

"Silence, the judge speaks," roared a voice.

The judge continued, "We demand an apology for disobeying Mr. James Hewett Forbes-Robertson, a senior of high standing, when he asked you to press his suit and shine his boots. What have you to say for yourself?"

"All that is said is true, but I wish to announce to all present that from now on I shall not obey any senior. Since entering college I have been hazed more than any other freshman—this you will have to admit—and I will not stand for it any longer."

Thereupon the judge arose and said with the solemnity of an owl, "If that be the case, number 18, here is the sentence we give you. You are condemned by this humane, noble, and fair jury to be thrown, this night, into the river Concord, which flows near by."

To the astonishment of all, number 18, did not seem either worried or nervous at the sentence, but stood calmly before the tribunal, awaiting his doom.

Then he spoke, "I will take my punishment, but may I go to my room and leave

my watch there? I will give you my word of honor that I will appear before you in five minutes ready for your worst."

"I will take care of your watch for you," said one of the ghosts.

"No, I cannot give it to anyone; it has the picture of father in it who died last year, which makes it of great value to me."

"Well, I will go with him and see that he does not escape us," replied Robertson, who was one of the ghost-like forms in the corner of the room.

So, Jim and his guard left the dark tribunal and went to his own room.

"I guess I will write a note and put it in my tin box with this watch so that in case anything does happen to me you will know whom to notify." This he said in a sort of absent-minded, strange and vague manner which made the senior feel that they had at last frightened number 18.

On returning to the dark and dingy courtroom, Jim was stripped of his clothes and then led by his captors out into the night and over the snow-covered fields to the river.

They placed him between themselves and the river for safe keeping, and then started to discuss the method of throwing him in. But in the midst of all they heard a terrible, ungodly, blood-curdling yell, and then they saw Jim rush to the river, stop, and then throw himself in.

At first everybody seemed fixed to the ground, and then they all rushed to the bank to see him appear. They waited, looked, listened, and ran up and down the shore calling out to him; but he didn't answer, nor did he come out onto the shore.

"What could have happened to him? Where has he gone?" seemed to issue from hundreds of throats all at once.

Then Robertson spoke: "When I went to his room with him he acted queer and said he would write a note to leave with his watch in case anything should happen to him, and I thought we had at last succeeded in frightening him, but—could it be that—that he has

com—committed suicide?"

Again a sea of voices murmured, "Could it be possible? Do you believe he would do it? Has he enough nerve?"

"Here, you fellows get into boats and drag the river and we three will go to his room and see if he has escaped us," yelled three very excited seniors.

This seemed to appeal to the others so they set to work at once. On they worked until the three seniors reappeared, white as the sheets they were wrapped in, and shaken with fright. They had not found Jim, but they had found the note he had written before leaving for the river, and it told with horrible plainness the frightful truth.

"I cannot stand your hazing any longer so I will take my life."

With the consciousness of their terrible crime in view the seniors worked all night to find Jim's body in the river.

Two days later the papers read: "Fresh-

man at Dartmore has committed suicide because of the hazing done by the seniors. All implicated are dismissed from college and will appear at court on Friday. The body of Jim Goodwin has not as yet been found. All the college is aiding in the search."

Across the river from Dartmore in Wooden Horse Inn sat a tall, strong, manly-looking chap with a ruddy and jovial expression, who had for the past three days spent most of his time reading the paper about the horrible suicide of Jim Goodwin. Then he would burst out laughing, which caused the kind old inn-keeper to believe that he must be crazy.

A day later this same young fellow appeared before the president of Dartmore and introduced himself as Jim Goodwin; then he explained to the president that he swam under water until far away from the shore and had then outwitted his hazers.

"This time, sir, the hazing is on the seniors."

## HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

LUCILLE SPALDING

Mr. Hadley hated Christmas shopping. He considered it an unpleasant duty which must be performed heroically once a year. With a sigh, he drew forth his memoranda. Only four names remained. That fact, at least, offered slight encouragement. He read them slowly, shaking his head dubiously—"Something for Aunt Jane, skates for Tommy, doll for Helen, something for Eleanor."

He was on the first floor of a large department store, filled with the day-before-Christmas rush, where everyone was hurrying to and fro busily and no one seemed to hesitate or be uncertain where to go except himself. Straightening his shoulders, he approached a buxom saleslady and ventured meekly, "Er—I beg your pardon, Madam, but perhaps you could tell me what to buy for an elderly lady."

"Certainly," she replied briskly, "some of our fine perfumery is just the thing." Whereupon she proceeded to spray the offending man with one variety of perfume after another, until he turned and fled into a

nearby elevator, minus his umbrella, somewhat disheveled as to appearance, due to several collisions with indignant customers, and feeling as though he had been immersed in a sea of perfumery.

The amused glances which the occupants of the elevator exchanged at his appearance and the odor which pervaded him, made him rather uncomfortable, to say the least. "Third floor—carpets, furniture, games, toys!" Ah! that was what he wanted—toys.

Tommy's skates were purchased without any difficulty. "Now for a doll," said he. He turned and saw before him rows and rows of dolls; rosy-cheeked, smiling dolls; dolls with dark curls and dolls with flaxen braids; dolls in sunbonnets and dolls in silk gowns. While he was gazing at them a demure little salesgirl inquired what she could do for him. "Er—May I see some d—dolls?" he stammered with embarrassment, vaguely conscious that something seemed to amuse her.

"Certainly," and she emerged from be-



hind the counter with her arms full of dolls of all descriptions; mechanical dolls, Kewpie dolls, celluloid dolls, and huge French dolls. She displayed and explained their individual qualities and advantages to the poor man's complete bewilderment. Here was a predicament indeed. Why had he not been more observant as to whether or not Helen preferred a Kewpie or a French doll? Suddenly he cried, in desperation, "Pick out three for me," and added, "then I'll be sure to suit her." He seized his parcel unceremoniously and thrust the offending dolls out of sight in his bag.

"Now, I have just time before lunch to buy Eleanor's present," thought he, "but the question is—what shall it be?"

While he was pondering his eye caught a sign, "Sale of furs at greatly reduced rates!" That was the very thing. He remembered hearing Eleanor say at the breakfast table that she must have some furs. He approached the counter briskly, but found it surrounded by five rows of energetic bargain hunters. "Strange," he thought, "that so many people should be buying furs."

By using his bag skillfully, he forced a passageway for himself into the third row from the counter. He was pushed right and left by this crowd of bargaining women, none of whom seemed to be purchasing anything, but all of whom were jabbering, gesticulating, disputing, and snatching the furs almost out of each other's hands.

Now his one idea was to extricate himself from all this confusion. Elbowed hither and thither unmercifully, with frequent thrusts from manifold umbrellas, he finally emerged from the surging crowd, pale and breathless, his hat on one side, his collar askew, and he himself thoroughly disgusted with the world in general and with shoppers in particular, but nevertheless thankful that he had escaped with his life.

As he leaned against a counter to recover his wits, he saw on a descending elevator the sign, "Do your Christmas shopping early and avoid the rush."

"Good advice," said he, resolutely. "Next

year I'll do my Christmas shopping in August!"

## MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH KING NICOTINE

LEO MACDONALD

The men at the country store were the first to arouse my envy. I used to watch them fill their old, burnt pipes, and puff away, while talking politics and business. The tobacco seemed to give an added zest to the conversation.

Now, I had never smoked a pipe, being but thirteen years of age. My nearest approach to it was in blowing soap bubbles. Soon, however, the time for a real smoke came. Father was called to town on business and left his T. D. on the window-sill. My chance had come. Hastily filling the pipe, I slipped out the back way, and sat on the grass 'neath the barn window. Drawing matches from my pocket, I started to "light up." After puffing away like a Mississippi River steamboat and coughing a great deal, I finally managed to get a good light. I then crossed my legs, like the old men, and watched the clouds of smoke float, catch a breeze, and drift away.

It was the calm before the storm. I had never experienced an earthquake, but felt that one was at hand. In a moment, pandemonium broke loose. Birds were flying upside down, and the sky turned to green with ever-changing white spots. The barn seemed to be doing a weird dance, and a nearby sawmill was buzzing away madly. Soon, however, the cloud cleared away—but, where had the sun gone? I had taken the pipe at noon, and now it was dusk. I thought of Rip Van Winkle and his wonderful sleep. There was plenty of room for thought, because my head was a great balloon. Falling, stumbling and reeling, I finally managed to reach the house. Supper was already being served, but it held no joys for me. Going across the empty living-room, I laid the pipe on the window-sill. Raising my right hand in the air I murmured, "Never again."



## WHY SWAMP LAUREL STAYS GREEN FOR CHRISTMAS

PAULINE M. STOCKTON

The Little Chickadee cuddled up closer to the Big Chickadee, and both cuddled closer to the rough bark of the old pine.

And thus began the Big Chickadee to the little one:

"Long ago the laurel lost its leaves in winter, the same as most other bushes, but there was one little laurel bush which did not like the idea. It grew in this swamp right under this old tree. Every fall it was very sad when the leaves began to drop, for it said the pines were the only green things left. It loved the pines very dearly.

"One day it said to its friend, the old pine: 'Why cannot I keep my leaves green all winter as you do? My beauty is the only thing I have to cheer this sad world. It is too bad that I cannot even have that all the time. You are so cheerful when everything else is dead, that all love you. I want to be like you.'

"The old pine answered: 'If you want most of all to cheer others and just to be beautiful, you can be so, for that is a noble desire. Each year, if you do your very best all spring and summer to be most beautiful, not desiring to be so for your own praise but to make others happy in your little way, I think your leaves will gradually grow stronger, till they will be able to stand all winter weather.'

"So the little laurel tried. When the next fall came, it stayed green till after the middle of November (though of course, no one knew November from January then.) The next few years it would each time hold out a few days longer; but always when the first part of December came and brought a great storm from the sea, as it always did, the last leaves would drop, the bare branches rattled together in the wind, and the little laurel moaned in its heart."

"Early one fall came a great big storm; alas for the little laurel! Three-fourths of it was frozen dead, but on the side next to the

old pine were several branches which the pine had covered up and protected. These kept green.

"Soon there came another storm. The few little branches shivered, but the kind west wind bent the pine's warm arms down over them. Thus they lived through this hard time.

"The snow bent the pine boughs still closer over the little laurel. It made a regular snow house, lined with green. On the north and east the snow was banked up high against the tree, making a shelter, but on the south it was open to the sky.

"During all the stormy days robins, blue-birds, little chickadees, and one old owl had gathered in this place, finding it safe from the winds and the storm. By and by one little lone rabbit came, and then a child that was lost and wandering in the woods found shelter, and crawled in under the fragrant boughs, where he fell asleep. The rabbit hopped up beside him to snuggle down against his hands.

"When the storm broke, one big star shone in at the opening. Still the child slept, watched by the old owl.

"The little laurel was very happy. Nothing in the shelter was awake now but the old pine, the chickadee, and himself. But they could hear the music of countless angel voices through the night air, and the old pine whispered, 'Christ is born.'

"When early morning came, and the sun shone in just a little bit, an angel walked on earth. He came to where the sleeping child lay on the laurel, and touching him on the forehead blessed him, for it was Christmas morning.

"Then he looked at the little laurel, and touching it said, 'You have been brave and cheerful, and have lived to beautify the first Christmas. You may now live to beautify every Christmas and all the year besides.'

"The old pine whispered softly, 'I knew it would be so.'"

# THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

## VERNON'S SCOOP—In Four Chapters

### CHAPTER I

ERIC KNIGHT, '18

I remember the excitement that morning: the worry and bustle of an extra edition; the copyboys that could not be found; the telephone bells ringing wildly with no one to answer them; the way the city editor fumed and raged like a madman because the reporter he wanted could not be found; the way the typewriters on the long desk clicked and hammered as the reporters feverishly slammed out their copy; the way the presses in the basement raced and thumped as they turned out sheet after sheet. Oh, the noise! The hiss of the pneumatic tubes! The click of the telegraph instruments! The clatter of the ticker! The slamming of the elevator gates, and the whine and screeching of the linotype and stereotype machines. In the midst of this I could hear voices in argument come drifting out from the private sanctum of J. D., the head of the paper. I could hear William J's voice weakly protesting, and it was always the same strain: "How could I know?" Poor chap! No doubt if it had been "Sleuth" Vernon he would have done differently. Letters like that——However, to start at the beginning.

William J., whose last name was Kildare, had charge of all the correspondents' letters, which we ran daily in a double column. The week before he had received a letter unsigned, written in a scholarly manner, to the effect that if Britain did not speedily make peace proposals to Germany, something grave would happen. The letter was signed "Rolyat" and had a Lambeth postmark. To the letter was tacked the postscript, "Remember me on Oct. 6." Without troubling himself further, Bill J. filed the letter away and didn't even tell the "old man," which was the office name for "J. D." Anyone with a news-nose would have seen the possibilities of a story like that, but then, poor

Bill J. had received so many letters from cranks that he didn't know news from history. Then——on the morning of the 6th of October, Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, had disappeared, and on our eventful morning of noise, which was Oct. 7, we had again received a letter which went:

"The Editor of The Times, London

Sir: October the 6th has come and gone. I see my last letter was unnoticed. I need not repeat the conditions of the concessions that Britain must make. Rolyat.

P. S. Remember me on Oct 13."

Hurriedly Bill J. had taken both letters to the "old man" with the results we saw. From the "old man" himself down to the copy-deskers, everyone told poor Bill J. what he thought of him. To think that we had a chance of a "Our readers will notice that we were the only paper etc. etc.," a cleancut, a scoop, the ambition of every man on a newspaper from the owner to the sleepest copy-boy——to beat the other papers to it.

I didn't quite know how the conference ended, for the city editor sent me out with "Sleuth" Vernon to dig up something on the story. If there was anyone that could get to the bottom of the trouble, it was Vernon. Several times he had beaten the police to the solution of a mystery, the most notable of which was the disappearance of Mme. Leando. He had the most acute brain for seeing a story in almost anything that would seem commonplace to most, but his failing was that he could not write. I was therefore sent with him to do it for him.

As we walked along to the Houses of Parliament, he told me the facts he had already gleaned from Scotland Yard. It seems that there was no doubt that the Prime Minister had intended to go to Parliament that morning. It was rather foggy, and he was last seen by the policeman on Victoria street



near the post office. After that there were no traces of him. Now most of the members of Parliament were in the habit of getting a cigar each morning at a small shop on Victoria street. Upon inquiries at the tobacconists it was found that Mr. Asquith had not been for his cigar that morning. "There," said Vernon, "are all the facts that the police have. There seem to be no clues as to his whereabouts, and I really don't know what the boss expects me get on the story. We know that when last seen, he was on his way to Parliament, but we also know that he didn't get there. The only thing that we can do, as far as I can see, is to go over the ground from Downy street to the Houses of Parliament and interview the policeman and the tobacconist."

Of course the next day the papers were full of the whole business. Thousands of suggestions were offered, but the letter of October the first put an aspect upon the case that was alarming, to say the least. Vernon was strangely silent and seemed to know more about the case than he had disclosed in his article. "You see," he had said to me, "in a case like this one's duty is not to his paper, but to his country."

"But what do you intend to do in the matter?" I asked him.

"Wait for October the thirteenth," he said tersely. So I left him feeling that he knew a lot more than he chose to disclose.

## Chapter II

It was October the thirteenth and I had been out reporting a fire in the West End. As I got back to the office, I saw Vernon running down the street. "Come with me, quickly," he said. "Never mind your fire story; Charlie Beresford's followed Asquith and vamoosed. That German fellow can certainly do what he says he will."

Then I remembered that it was the day upon which "Rolyat" was to work once more. "But the guard!" I expostulated. "What were they doing?"

Vernon did not answer, but hopped into a passing bus, which soon brought us to the small green in front of the Houses, the scene of the second mystery. It seemed that, un-

known to them, the cabinet ministers had all been followed by plain clothes men; but in spite of this, Beresford had gone, right under their eyes. "First," said Vernon, "we'll see the plain clothes men."

We found Sutherford, one of the detectives, on Downing street covering the ground from Beresford's home to Parliament, accompanied by a stocky man in a muffler, who held the leashes of two bloodhounds.

"Trying to follow his scent," Sutherford exclaimed. Vernon said nothing but I saw a curious glint in his eyes.

"You don't think that they can really do it?" asked Vernon.

"These 'ere dawgs could follow a blooming hareplane all over the world," said the stocky man in the little muffler.

They certainly gave one that impression the way they tugged at the leash going down Downing street. Round the corner into Victoria street we went, the dogs still pulling heavily. The people turned and stared, and the policemen on the corners saluted Sutherford as we passed. Just by the postoffice, the dogs led us toward the entrance of the little tobacco shop. While the stocky man held them, Sutherford entered, followed by Vernon and me.

"Did Beresford come in here this morning for his cigar?" queried the plain clothes man. The watery-eyed clerk behind the counter nodded, and we went out, to take up the trail once more. Across the street we went, straight toward the great tower of Big Ben; across the green and up one of the gravel paths we raced, the hounds baying and seeming to get some of our excitement. Then—in the center of a gravel path, they stopped, and looking up into the face of the stocky man, whined, as if asking for help. Here evidently, was the end of the trail. Looking at Vernon I saw a smile spread over his face; it seemed to be a mixture of triumph and contempt, and from the moment I resolved to watch Vernon. He seemed to know more than was good.

[Editor's Note—The remaining chapters of "Vernon's Scoop" will appear in the following issues.]



## THE MYSTERIOUS GOOSE

BY GEORGE DONOVAN

Although many people are not aware of it, there was once, a very long time ago, in Cambridge—it must have been about the year 1700—a great gathering on Christmas Day. It was one of the most curious gatherings ever held in the United States. A strange fact about it is that the assembly about which I am going to tell you was the only one of its kind, knowledge of which still exists. Indeed, very few people are acquainted with the facts in the case. I am one of the lucky ones.

Christmas in the year 1700 fell on a Friday. On the Tuesday previous, a meeting of the selectmen of the town was held in order to see what could be done about celebrating Christmas Day in some public manner. Very soon after the meeting began, a member of the board arose and advanced the idea of holding an enormous Christmas dinner for everybody in the town. The feast could be held in some large open place so that everybody could take part in the festival; that is, if he complied with certain conditions. Each one must bring one turkey or two chickens, or if not, he must offer his services as cook or waiter. The seasoning, salt, pepper, and bread were to be looked after by the selectmen. Children under fifteen years of age might come free. The speaker who was responsible for this bright idea was the most conspicuous member of the board. He stood six feet six in his socks and two inches higher with his boots on. His face was in keeping with his exceeding length, for it was quite long and thin. The lower part of his chin was hidden from view by pointed whiskers which were the cause of much sport for the boys of the town. His hair was long, but well kept, and it was whispered that it came from the wigmaker.

Selectman Granger's idea of a celebration for Christmas seemed to strike the rest of the board as remarkably good. Another member, however, arose, saying that he hoped that the amendment which he was about to

make would prevail.

"My amendment is," he said, "that those who think they have the largest fowl shall fetch them alive; that one hundred dollars in gold be given to the man or woman who succeeds in showing us the largest; that the said one hundred dollars in gold be taken from the town treasury; and also that an executioner be appointed whose duty it will be to kill the fowl."

As the speaker's amendment did prevail, messengers were sent forth to all parts of the town informing the people of the coming celebration. Of course, there were great preparations, and every neighbor of means told every other neighbor of means that he was going to be the lucky one to get the one hundred dollars offered. Finally, it narrowed down to two people, who were the richest residents of this region, John Williamson and Joe Martin. Both had large turkeys, and I can tell you that they just fed them those days.

Christmas morning dawned, bright and serene, and the people began to flock to Harvard Square, for that was the place selected. Don't you believe it? Well, it is a fact. Such a sight that was! There were farmers in chaises, farmers in hay-wagons, business men in fine carriages, men a-running and men a-leaping, all with fowls. At ten o'clock, the time appointed, the executioner took his place on the stand which had been made ready for the occasion. Before him was a great block with a bright, shining new axe upon it. Men, women and children were in line each with a bird under his arm. Just imagine it! One by one the birds were handed up; one by one the heads were cut off! Minute by minute the crowd grew merrier until four hundred birds had been killed. Was that all? Oh no. There came Farmers Williamson and Martin at the end of the line. Williamson handed up his turkey. "Fifty-one pounds." Farmer Martin did the same. "Fifty-one and one fourth pounds!"

"Hurrah! No, not yet. See!" On the outskirts of the crowd a withered form was approaching. Bent with age, an old woman tottered along, yet her eye was as bright as fire. Over her left shoulder she carried a broomstick and appeared to be leading something by means of a cord. Wonder of wonders, it was a goose, and such a goose!

"He weighs seventy-five pounds if he weighs one ounce," exclaimed one.

The queer old woman reached the executioner's stand, took her goose in her arms, and handed it up to the bird killer. Off went the head.

"Weigh him! Weigh him!" cried the hag. The judge obeyed.

"Eighty pounds and a half," he announced in a loud voice.

"One hundred dollars in gold. One hundred dollars in gold," croaked the old woman. The executioner hesitated.

"Not so, not so!" cried the crowd.

"The money! The money!" croaked the hag in a cracked voice.

Selectman Granger came up to the stand.

"Not so, my good woman," he said. "You've not a turkey, you have a goose there and by faith, a big one too; but the conditions stated that it must be a turkey and not a goose."

"Not so," cried the old, old, woman. "The conditions said that it must be a fowl. Is not a goose a fowl? The money! The money!"

"Be off!" shouted the selectman.

"Be off!" shouted the executioner.

"Be off!" shouted the crowd.

The hag raised her broom, and her eyes seemed to flash fire.

"The money!" she shrieked.

"Be off! Be off!" again shouted the multitude. The executioner raised his axe with a threatening gesture. The old woman then moved her broom, all the while making mysterious and mystic signs.

"My Billie, my Billie, come home to me," were the words the assembly heard immediately. There was a sudden clapping of wings; a headless goose rose into the air; a bodyless head rose also; and then before the frenzied crowd could move a limb, a thin, weazened creature mounted the stand of the executioner, seixed his axe, gave one leap, and sailed up into the air. The crowd wild with terror, dispersed in all directions.

Flying straight to her "Billie," the old hag raised her axe and struck the bird's wings. Instantly the head joined the body. The old woman then straddled her bird and exclaimed, "Fowl, fowl, come to me." Such a sight! Four hundred bleeding heads arose, and as many bodies followed.

"Come!" The heads joined the bodies and four hundred fowl with an old woman and a goose at their head disappeared in a cloud. There's not much more to tell. Before the last fowl had disappeared, Harvard Square was deserted. And this is the reason that there never has been another public celebration of Christmas Day in Cambridge.

## MY SPANISH

RALPH W. ALLEN, '17

What is it makes me feel so blue  
And makes a failure nothing new,  
And keeps me from the "honors," too?  
My Spanish.

What is the cause of all my woes,  
And robs my night of sweet repose,  
And brings "conditions," I suppose?  
My Spanish.

What makes me long for fairer climes,  
And summer skies, and better times  
When just like Fate the old bell chimes?  
My Spanish.

What is it I wish were far away,  
Wish to go and go to stay?  
Perhaps 'tis wrong, but I must say,  
My Spanish.



## WANTED—THE THIEF

LAWRENCE F. HENRY

"I say, Tom, if you stretch your neck another inch you'll break it. What seems to be the main difficulty? Lost a collar button?"

Tom, from the regions below the bureau, on the far side of the room: "You think you're funny, don't you? You wouldn't feel so humorous if you had lost a five-dollar bill."

"My dear friend, the one and only drawback to my experiencing that loss is that I haven't got one to lose."

"Seriously, Rus, I can't find my money. Have you seen it?"

"No, but I'll condescend to get up and help you find it. I don't think it could have gone far, any way."

Suiting the action to the word, Rus crawled reluctantly from his warm bed, and joined his room-mate in his search. The two chums of Wescott University searched diligently, but without avail, for fifteen minutes, executing more than one extraordinary gymnastic feat in their determination to explore every nook and cranny in the room. Finally, Rus, scratching his tousled head, said skeptically, "I don't believe you lost it in this room, old man. There isn't a spot we haven't examined."

"Well," muttered Tom, dolefully, "If it doesn't turn up before to-morrow night, as far as I am concerned, the Junior banquet may as well not be in existence. At any rate—"

"Say!" interrupted Rus, "Look at the time, will you? Eight o'clock. Ten minutes to get to the eats!"

Both collegians now forgot the loss, in the fear that they would lose their breakfast, and became engrossed in the process of dressing in double quick time. Sprinting to the dining-room, which was in another building, they arrived out of breath, just as the other students were beginning to eat.

As the meal progressed, the fellows became more noisy and talkative. Food for conversation was supplied by the approaching of the annual foot-ball contest with a rival

college. As both Tom and Rus played on the team, they were besought to forecast the result. The latter was extremely profuse in his assurances that Wescott would win by an overwhelming score, but Tom's silence attracted considerable attention, a general laugh being raised at the dubious expression upon his countenance. He was at once interrogated by severe cross-questioning.

"Has your best girl jilted you, Tom?"

"Did you 'flunk' your Latin 'exam'?"

"Are you afraid Heywood will defeat us?"

In order to quiet them, Tom related the story of his loss. His light-hearted companions considered it the best joke of the season. One of the class wits, chuckling at his profound wisdom, proposed that "a searching party be organized to explore that room again." The meal over, the boys scattered to their different recitations.

The incident of Tom's loss was soon forgotten, even by that young worthy himself. The Junior banquet came and went, Tom borrowing five dollars to attend, since his own never put in an appearance.

However, the next morning after this event, when a group of sleepy-eyed boys assembled for breakfast, more than one doleful expression was to be seen. That universal spirit of fun, so evident on other mornings, was sadly lacking. Tom, who was in high spirits, repeatedly reminded his downcast companions that they were not attending a funeral; then, since all his attempts to create some degree of hilarity were in vain, he burst out in exasperation, "Say, have you fellows lost five dollars, too?"

Hereupon over a dozen youths colored guiltily, and, upon being questioned mercilessly by Tom, confessed that something in their possession had failed to come to light that morning. One fellow had lost four dollars; another, two; another, an expensive manicuring set; another, a gold watch; etc.—anything from four dollars to a tooth-brush. Here, indeed, was Tom's opportunity to laugh, but a sudden thought struck him.



"Isn't it queer," he said, "that everybody on our floor in the 'dorm' has lost something? To tell the truth, fellows, I don't think those things walked off by themselves. Now, all those who have lost anything come to my room at eight to-night, and we will have an indignation meeting, if I may take the liberty to label it as such."

As the fellows got up from the table, Rus muttered to Tom, "You made a mistake. 'Grindy' didn't lose anything."

"Grindy," who had earned this nickname for himself through diligent application to his studies and not joining in the sports of the other fellows, was the odd member of the dormitory. Consequently, he had been made the butt of numerous practical jokes, in fact, so often that he must have dreaded his fellow-students with mortal hatred.

When his name was suggested to Tom, a dark, momentary suspicion flashed across his mind.

"Rus," he said, "I'm dead sure there's a thief in our 'dorm,' but, although we have given him sufficient provocation for desiring revenge, I should hate to fasten the guilt of such acts upon 'Grindy.'"

"I don't know who else it could be," resumed Rus.

That evening fifteen determined fellows met in Tom's room. When "Grindy's" name was brought up, and the fact that he alone had lost nothing, the angry students were very willing to consider him as the thief. They seemed to consider that further debate on the question was unnecessary, and it was even suggested that a committee be appointed to inform "Grindy" of their suspicions. However, Tom's better judgment prevailed.

"No, fellows. Let us not do anything rash. We really have no grounds for suspecting 'Grindy.' The only thing we can do at present is to keep our eyes open for any clue that might appear; but, whatever you do, do not treat 'Grindy' with suspicion, until he is proved guilty. Whoever the mid-night prowler is, he will doubtless visit us again soon, and when he does, we will be ready for him."

The fellows, heartily and grimly affirming

Tom's last statement, trooped off to their rooms, feeling sure that the thief would turn out to be "Grindy."

When left alone, Rus exclaimed: "When we do find out the fellow who is stooping to these low tricks, we will make this college too hot to hold him, believe me."

"Well," said Tom, "I'm going to forget the matter for the present, and hit the good old hay. I lost too much precious sleep at the 'big feed' last night."

"Moi, aussi, I'm going to put my valuables under my pillow, in order to set my troubled mind at ease, and to forestall possible nightmares, in which my gold watch will assume angelic form and fly away."

"I guess your mind isn't troubled much by the possibility of losing your valuables as you call them," snickered Tom.

The next day, regardless of Tom's admonition, all the fellows who had experienced losses cast disdainful and suspicious looks upon "Grindy." The latter could not understand the reason for these furtive glances. Fellows who had been delighted in bantering and joking him now remained aloof from him. This feeling toward him increased as the days progressed, and it was known that "Grindy" had not yet been paid a midnight call.

After about two weeks, since the thief did not reappear, the fellows became less vigilant, almost giving up all hope of discovering who had purloined their possessions. However, they still regarded "Grindy" as the culprit, making life as miserable as possible for him. Even Tom had been partially brought over to the way of thinking of his fellow-losers.

Such was the state of affairs, when one night, Tom awoke about eleven o'clock. He heard an almost inaudible, scraping sound, coupled with the creaking of the door. As he opened his eyes, he was dimly conscious that some one was moving about in the room. At first he thought that Rus had gotten up for something, but this thought was speedily discredited by the loud snoring on the further side of the bed. As his eyes became more accustomed to the inky darkness, Tom made out the faint outline of some one, small in stature, by the door of his closet.

For a moment he held his breath, astounded by the daring of this person. He hesitated to act; but why? Tom was no coward, but there was certainly something "fishy" in being in the same room with a thief, in the very act of stealing.

However he must act quickly. Accordingly, leaping with one bound into the middle of the floor, and giving a shrill, warning whistle, he lunged toward his victim. The latter, with eel-like slipperiness, eluded his grasp, and glided swiftly into the dark corridor. Tom, now thoroughly excited, gave chase, stumbling over the threshold, and diving head foremost into the darkness. Picking himself up in no gentle frame of mind, our hero raced wildly down the corridor after the swiftly fleeing thief.

By this time several youths had been awakened by the tramping of feet, and, as Tom sped past the last door-way on the right, he was thrown severely by a remarkable flying tackle. He groaned, and shouted frantically, "Get off of me! Catch that fellow, quick!"

He struggled desperately, but in vain, for several other fellows now appeared on the scene, and, supposing him to be the thief, since the corridor was not lighted, jumped on him to hold him down.

"I say, fellows," cried Tom again, breathlessly. "I'm not the thief! He's gone!

Just jumped out the window down there!"

His would-be captors finally comprehended the situation, and, with exclamations of surprise, they dashed toward the window mentioned by Tom. They arrived in time to see, by the aid of an arc light, the fleeing form of a ragged urchin.

To continue their pursuit in their present condition of non-apparel was out of the question; therefore they returned to Tom who was tenderly nursing a sore toe and two skinned knees.

"Say," he cried indignantly, "the next time you propose to hold mid-night foot-ball practice let a fellow know, will you?"

As Tom sat there on the floor, his teeth chattering from the cold, clad only in pajamas, caressing his sore toe, he presented such a funny spectacle that all the fellows laughed heartily.

"Oh, yes!" sneered Tom, "It's very humorous indeed. But say, 'Grindy' will have the laugh on you. Aren't you ashamed of the way you acted?"

Rus, yawning, now appeared on the scene. After acquiring the story of what had happened, mostly by the instalment plan, he announced complacently to the gathered fellows that "it was kind of hard luck to lose your valuables but then, the fact that they were not stolen by one of your own crowd sort of makes up for the loss."

## THE MYSTERY PART II. THE SEARCH

The next day I had a long talk with my uncle and his native detective Koomar, a fine, tall, muscular Cingalese, who was to help me find Ruby. We went over the story very carefully, telling Koomar every detail.

"Well, Koomar," said my uncle after I had finished my narrative, "can you make anything out of that?"

"Yes, I can," answered Koomar. "This mystery of yours serves to clear up another that I have been working on for some time. There is a religious sect with secret headquarters somewhere among the hills in the interior of the island which is dissatisfied with the British rule. They have made

several breaks lately, accompanied by the murder of government officials, and I have been tracing these crimes to their source. A few weeks ago a threat was sent to the governor-general, warning him to quit the island, and his brother-in-law, the viceroy of India, who I understand is this young lady's grandfather, received a similar letter about the same time, warning him that he and all the members of his family were in immediate peril so long as they remained in Ceylon or India. I remember quite well that a warning was made in the letter that they would make good this threat before the end of this month.



The other day, while down in the native quarter of Colombo, I learned by chance of the whereabouts of the temple which is their headquarters. I was on the track of a suspicious looking Hindu, and followed him to a pawn shop where he met some of his colleagues. He joined in a discussion of plans for an uprising, and I managed to take in a good part of what they were saying. They mentioned this temple, which is located on the edge of a lake, and one of them gave the Hindu a picture of it which I stole from him later, when they separated. In all probability this is where they intend to imprison Miss Ruby.

Koomar showed us the picture, which was a painting in oils of a queer native building with a high pinnacle. Before the temple was the statue of a three headed native god.

Koomar and I then made plans for the search. Koomar and I were to lie in wait on the highway leading from Colombo to Kondy, the ancient native capital, which is up among the hills of the interior. This was the road that Ruby's captors were sure to follow. Our plans were to let Ruby and her captors pass us; then I was to mount a horse and dash after them and make an attempt to free her. She would be probably bound and gagged and carried in a litter. I was to let the natives capture me, and carry me with them, so that I might learn where Ruby would be concealed. Koomar promised that he would have us both free within forty-eight hours, if I obeyed instructions; but how he was to do it was a mystery to me. All I knew was that unless I allowed myself to be taken, it would be impossible to find Ruby, moved to innumerable caves in the hills or the haunts in the jungles where they could hide her.

Koomar explained to me that I would be running a big risk. The natives might murder me on the spot instead of capturing me, but they would probably do the latter so as to get a big ransom for me from my uncle. As it was Ruby's only hope, I decided to run the risk.

That night, before dark, we hid in the brush on a high bluff overlooking the road. I was dressed in a native costume that Koo-

mar had prepared for me. We kept watch of the road for several hours after dark before anything happened. It was sometime after all travelling over the highway had stopped when a native came by on horseback. Koomar recognized him and whistled, and learned that the party we were looking for was about a half mile off. In about ten minutes they had come and passed.

I then mounted a horse and dashed after them at full speed while they were going down hill. I knocked one of the natives over and jumped from my horse, and made an attempt to take Ruby from the litter, but they easily overpowered me. One of the natives who had been on my ship, recognized me and demanded angrily what I meant by attacking them. I told him that I had discovered that they were the cause of Ruby's disappearance and that I had come to free her. He laughed at me, thinking that I was a fool, and ordered my hands bound behind my back. He threatened to shoot me down if I attempted to escape. I expostulated indignantly to keep up the ruse, and prevent them from becoming suspicious.

They went on, making me follow them on foot, under guard. We traveled in this manner until sunrise, when we came to a little native village at the foot of the hills. Here we left the main highway, and followed a wild path through the forest, which led us up toward the plateau in the center of the island. We followed this road for nearly all of the next day. I became so footsore that they had to allow me to ride.

Late in the afternoon we came to a large lake surrounded by forest, or rather jungle-covered hills. There was a large hilly island in the middle of the lake, and far across on the opposite shore, I saw a native temple which I recognized as the one in the picture.

We were taken to a house in the town, and allowed to rest and eat. I was so fatigued that I soon fell asleep. That night we started off again just after dark. We left the village, and followed a path up the side of one of the hills. The country was a wild, jungle-covered wilderness, and I began to fear that Koomar would be unable to



find us in such a place. We climbed this hill for several hours, and finally reached a barren, rocky expanse near the top. By this time the path had disappeared entirely. We continued on our way for some time, scrambling over huge boulders, until we came to the edge of a high cliff.

One of the natives brought out a long rope and a rope ladder. He fastened the ladder to a tree that grew out over the edge of the precipice, and clambered down followed by several others. Then they had Ruby get out of the litter, and after making her fast with the rope, they lowered her over the edge of the cliff. I was then made to clamber down the ladder, which I found dizzy work. It was a terrible drop to the bottom of the precipice, and the ladder wobbled and swayed so that I nearly fell. Finally I was drawn in toward the cliff, and found myself on the floor of a cave that led far back into the side of the hill. In the cave there were many compartments, which were lighted by flaring torches.

Ruby and I were both unbound before we came down, and the natives did not seem to think it necessary to take any such precautions again; for there was absolutely no escape except by the rope ladder, which they had well guarded.

An open fire was lighted on the floor in the middle of one of the big chambers, and a meal was prepared. After we had eaten, a couch of furs was made for Ruby and she was told to lie down, which she was glad to do, as she was tired out. I was allowed to lie beside her, and obtained thus an opportunity to speak to her alone. I explained briefly how I happened to be there, and tried to cheer her up, telling her that Koomar was on our trail.

"But tell me, Ruby," I asked, "how did they manage to get you off the ship without being discovered?"

"Oh, it was terrible," complained Ruby, "they nearly drowned me, and it was in your watch, too, when they did it. They had some terrible gas that made you drowsy. The last I saw of you, you were leaning against the rail with your head hanging over, almost unconscious. Then they threw me overboard. Oh, it makes me shudder to think of it."

"Threw you overboard! Why I thought they put you in that oblong chest."

"No, you don't understand at all," said Ruby. "I must tell you how it happened right from the beginning. As I came up on deck at my usual time, one of those horrible Cingalese seized me and gagged me. He then bound a life belt about me. I was not blind folded, so I could see the other two natives as they came up with that black box. One of them had a flask with that horrible gas, and as they approached you he took out the stopper. The wind carried it all to you, and you became instantly drowsy. Then they opened the chest and out popped another native. I guess he had been hiding in the hold. He, too, put on a life belt. I was terribly frightened. I didn't know what they would do to me. I thought my last hour had nearly come."

"And they threw you into the sea?" I asked in horror.

"Yes. The native with the life belt fastened a long rope around my waist. Then two of the natives lifted me up on the rail, and pushed me over. I am a good diver, so I cleared the vessel all right, and came up without taking in any water. But I was so frightened that I could hardly swim, and I am really a good swimmer. The other native with the life belt dove in with me and helped me along. I could not get away from him, because he had me by the rope. He had something like phosphorus in a little box on his life belt that he took and made glow. There was a native sailboat expecting us, which picked us up and took us to Colombo. We waited there in hiding for some time for those on your boat. Then they started off with me on this terrible journey. I never expected to see you again, and it cheers me up a lot to have you with me."

We were so fatigued by the long journey that we both fell asleep, as did our captors. There was no need of their guarding us; for they had made escape impossible by having one of their number climb up the ladder and draw it up after him.

In the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened by a hand being tightly clasped on my mouth. I opened my eyes to find Ruby

leaning over me. She released my mouth and pointed to the middle of the chamber. There I saw, to my great amazement, Koomar crawling on his hands and knees. A bright knife glittered between his teeth and the odor of chloroform came from something in his hand. Stealthily he approached one of the three slumbering natives. Following Koomar came another native with a similar weapon. I shuddered to think of what a bloody struggle would follow if the natives should awaken too soon.

Following Koomar's example, I left Ruby and crawled over to the third sleeping figure and leaned over it ready to grasp at the throat at the proper time. Instantaneously, and with lightning speed, Koomar and his accomplice pounced on their victims, grasping their throats with one hand and clapping the chloroform to the faces with the other. With a shudder and a gasp their victims sank into unconsciousness.

My victim, however, had been aroused, and grasping his dagger he made a leap at me. Before the deadly dagger could descend, I had seized his wrist, and a deadly struggle followed. We both rolled along the floor, first one, then the other having the better. In our struggle, we had both rolled along the slanting floor of the cave to the edge of the precipice, and would have both perished had it not been for Ruby, who rushed to us just in time, and seizing my

opponent by the throat, held on with the frenzied strength of a tigress until our victim was forced to relax his hold upon me, and lay, with distended eyeballs, gasping for breath. By this time, Koomar was able to come to my aid, and we soon had our man bound hand and foot.

"Tell me, Koomar, how did you ever manage to trace us so easily?" I asked as soon as I had an opportunity.

"You shall soon see," he answered, and then taking trembling Ruby in his huge arms like a little child, he ascended the ladder, leaving me to follow.

At the top of the cliff I found a hound in leash, which rushed up to me and began sniffing and tearing at my robes. Koomar led off the hound, and with his knife cut a long slash in my gown. There, cleverly concealed in the lining, were several little empty bags which had contained anise seed and formed a trail for the hound.

"Oh, Koomar! How did you ever think of it? How can we thank you for saving us, Koomar?" cried Ruby, throwing her arms around the big native's neck.

And now, when Ruby and I sit at our fireside and tell our friends in England the story of our thrilling adventures in Ceylon before we were married, Koomar is not satisfied unless he can come in and tell his part of the story, too.

## "WEARY WILLIE" WINKIE

RUSSELL GEROULD, '16

With a shiver and a sigh Archibald Winkie, formerly man-about-town, college athlete, and riotous spendthrift, now inveterate tramp and "Weary Willie," came reluctantly forth from his comparatively cosy berth next to the outer stovepipe of the section switch-house. Buttoning his dilapidated frock coat close around his grizzled chin, and pulling his cap down over his eyes, the better to shield him from the beating rain, he slowly picked his way over the glistening, slippery rails to the outside tracks, where, in the shade of the tall signal tower, he waited with chattering teeth for

the oncoming freight.

As the big train slowed down, and finally, with a grinding of brakes, came to a dead stop beside the water-tank, Archie stepped out from behind his hiding place and sneaked up to the caboose. After making sure that no one was watching him, he cautiously crawled between the wheels, and wedged himself between the caboose floor and the two iron rods which braced the trucks. Here he was in no danger of falling, and, with the emergency tool box on one side to keep him from sliding, he was, indeed, comparatively comfortable; at any rate, he



was sheltered from the storm.

Oh, what a night it was! It rained, and rained, and kept on raining; and it was no gentle downpour, either. The rain came down in torrents, cloudburst after cloudburst, a never-ending sheet of water. It was one of those spring deluges which invariably raised havoc with the railroad lines, causing washouts, and filling rivers with tons of wild and raging, boiling eddying, dirty, yellow water, the trestles' greatest enemy. Moreover, it was a raw, misty evening, when the bitter chill of the air, combined with the biting lash of the stinging raindrops, numbed and chilled to the marrow anyone exposed to the fury of the storm.

Lulled by the monotonous rumbling and thumping of the wheels, his mind dulled by cold and exposure, Winkie had been dozing in a half stupor for some time, when he was rudely brought to his senses by a cuff on the ear. Then he felt himself being pulled and hauled and shaken; and then he heard voices saying something about "one of those darned, pesky tramps." He soon saw that he was on a station platform in the misty glare of a freight-office light, and that he was being roughly pushed along by a couple of brakemen. When the trio reached the end of the platform, one of his captors gave the dazed tramp a farewell kick, grunting, "'Guess that's enough for you, 'Willie'; that'll keep you from jumpin' any more freights tonight. If it wasn't such a nasty, mean night, I'd take you further; but I want to get back to my cosy caboose, eh, Jake?"

When Archibald, chilled to the bone, picked himself up, he saw yellow lanterns twinkling through the mist, and heard the toot of an engine. His freight was on the point of leaving. With a great effort, he managed to reach and board the last car, which was luckily not the caboose; evidently another car, probably a "crippled" car, had been coupled onto the rear of the train. With a great deal of difficulty and pain from his stiffened limbs, Archie settled himself in a safe place astride the rear coupling, clutching the ladder firmly with his aching hands.

Archie had been riding in this way for

hours, it seemed to him, when the train with increasing velocity shot down the gradual incline toward the trestle over the Northport River. Even from his position so near the rumbling wheels he could distinctly hear the roaring of the swollen river. The first thought that flashed through his mind was of the trestle. Had it been weakened by the flood? Would it hold? Or would it plunge him and all the train with him into the waters below? With his heart beating fast, he clung still more tightly to the rear of the car as the freight rolled onto the trestle. Archie was soon convinced that the trestle would hold until the train could reach the opposite bank; however, the strain on the bridge had been enormous, for even as Winkie was sighing with relief one of its supports gave way with a great creaking and groaning of timbers and was almost washed downstream by the whirling water, which Winkie could see rushing and racing by under the twinkling ties. As the last car drew near the other shore the bridge swayed slightly and a tremor ran through it. Winkie thanked his lucky stars that he had got across in safety.

But as the train puffed up the following steep grade, Winkie, humping himself on his own escape, suddenly thought of the next train that would have to cross the river. It would be there in less than half an hour; and who could stop it in time? Evidently the engineer of the freight had not noticed the risky condition of the bridge, or he would have stopped to send someone back to flag the express. Winkie realized that he could not jump from the moving train, for if he should break his leg the engineer of the express would be none the wiser. He also saw that if he should walk the length of the train on the unsteady car roofs and tell the freight engineer, it would be too late; for by the time anyone could have walked back and crossed the trestle (by this time at least two miles distant), the approaching train would have already met its fate. What could be done? Winkie shuddered at the thought of the train with its load of men and women plunging into the deep and swiftly flowing river, amid the tangled wreckage of the



weakened wooden bridge.

Then, as if by magic, a plan formulated itself in his horrified mind. Trembling at the thought of the risk that he was about to take, he climbed up the rear ladder and walked unsteadily along the pitching car roof. The engine was still puffing up the long and steep grade, slipping every now and then because of the wet rails. Lucky for Winkie and his scheme! At last he reached the other end of the car, where he slid down the ladder until he could reach the coupling lever. From this position he could see, through the glass in the door, the crew of the freight train, laughing and smoking, sitting cozily around the stove in the caboose where they were sheltered from the storm; and in his heart Winkie cursed them for lazy brutes. No time to call them and no use, either. Winkie leaned over, and with a mighty tug and jerk tried to uncouple the last car. It was in vain; the back-pull of the heavy car on the up-grade was so great that he could not stir the coupling pin. Archie again yanked, with no better luck. Just then the engine slipped as it had been doing at intervals all the way up the grade. The rear car shot forward ever so little relieving the tension on the coupling pin. Winkie's chance had come; he quickly pulled up the lever and the pin slipped free, releasing the car. Archie grasped the ladder and waited. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the space between the train and the detached car increased. Soon the lone car lost its impetus; it hovered for a moment as if uncertain which way to go, and then, slowly at first, but with ever increasing swiftness, it sped back toward the trestle. Winkie, at the thought of the tottering bridge, felt like jumping; but no, he must stick it out and play the rest of his part; what he had begun so well, he must finish.

When the car at last reached the trestle, it was going like lightning. It leaped and bounded ahead; it seemed like a live thing. Winkie felt sick at heart, for he was sure that the bridge would not hold, as it creaked with the added strain of the onrushing car, and swayed dizzily back and forth. Once a

beam parted with a sharp snap; once the bridge seemed to sink; all the time it trembled and shook ominously. Winkie, terrified and destitute of all hope of reaching the other bank, clung desperately to the frail ladder. The car swayed and lurched from side to side, now leaped forward, and now seemed to hang back momentarily as if in a vain endeavor to throw its rider. Each moment Archie thought that the end would come; but the wild car hung to the rails and the bridge held.

Now the danger was past and the car had reached terra firma. Winkie, with shaking knees, climbed to the top of the car and with all his might started to set the brakes. He tugged and tugged, and was soon rewarded by a slackening in speed. A distant whistle served only as a signal for him to redouble his efforts. Soon the gentle up-grade, together with the tightening of the brakes, brought the car to a standstill. In a jiffy Winkie had released the brakes and slid to the ground. He ran to the forward end of the car, pulled the two rear lights from their places, and rushed up the track.

On second thought, however, he ran back to the car, and putting his shoulder to the brake-beam he shoved and pushed until he had started the car on the down-grade toward the trestle, an eighth of a mile away. In case he should fail to make the engineer see his warning signal, the crash of the falling bridge, which must surely be destroyed by the freight car, might warn the engineer of the impending danger.

Picking up his lanterns again, Winkie ran, stumbling along, up the track until he heard the train rushing toward him around the bend. Here he stopped, stepped to the side of the track, and waved the lights frantically. As a fog had set in, and as the train did not slow up, Winkie was wild for fear that his signal had not been seen. As the engine roared up to him, he hurled one lantern, then the other, at the cab window. In a second there was a whining and hissing of steam, and a grinding of the air brakes. With a jolt the long train came to a stop, while startled conductors and trainmen,

rushing down from the cars, ran to where Winkie stood, bewildered by his success. The engineer, who had reached him first, held up his lantern and gazed at him, then turned to the others, exclaiming in disgust, "It's only an old tramp."

The conductor stepped up and snapped out, grouchily: "What do you want, anyhow? Quick! Out with it!"

A distant crash, a ripping and rending of wood, and a rumbling, muffled roar was sufficient answer. All understood. "Weary Willie" Winkie had finished his night's work.

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### ALUMNI NOTES

The Committee on Admission, of Harvard University, has just issued a list of the students who received honors in their examinations.

This list is divided into two groups: Group I and Group II. In Group I are the students, who under the old plan received honor grades in subjects amounting to at least thirteen units, and the candidates under the new plan who received highest honors in two of their subjects. In Group II are the students who under the new plan received highest honors in one subject, and honorable mention in one other, or who received honorable mention in three of their subjects; also candidates under the old plan who received honors in subjects amounting to at least nine units of work.

In Group I, Cambridge High and Latin School has two names, Edwin Damon and Stephen A. Freeman. Another student, Harold C. Tingley, who did the first three years of his preparation at this school, was also in Group I.

In Group II, we also had two names, Edward A. Gay and Richard G. Donaldson. This is a record for us to be proud of. Our school ranked seventh among the schools which prepare for Harvard.

Although we had no names in Group I of the honor list at Radcliffe, there were three girls in Group II. These girls were Margaret Black, Mary Haley, and Jessie McGregor-

Norman. Miss Haley and Miss McGregor-Norman were the winners of the Hopkins prizes last June.

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### PERSONALS

Cornelia Randal, C. L. S. '15, is attending the Museum of Fine Arts this year.

Edward Hubbard, C. L. S. '14, has been elected to the Pierian Sodality, and is playing on the Pierian orchestra.

Frederick Whitman, C. L. S. '14, is also playing with the orchestra.

Edwin Whittemore, C. L. S. '15, is on the Harvard Mandolin Club.

Tom Dee, C. L. S. '15, made his letter in football at Boston College this fall.

Sidney Rogers, C. L. S. '12, played on the Harvard Soccer Team against the University of Pennsylvania.

Allan Whitman, C. L. S. '12, has been elected treasurer of the Pierian Sodality.

M. McMannus, C. L. S. '15, is studying accounting at Boston University.

Donald Sands, C. L. S. '12, played on the Battery A football team this year.

Gladys Telfer, C. L. S. '12, is now treasurer of the Radcliffe "Deutscher Verein."

Sylvia Carter, C. L. S. '12, is secretary and librarian of the Glee Club at Radcliffe.

Mary Sands took the part of the clown in "Twelfth Night," the Radcliffe Guild play.

Margaret Black and Kathleen Sandiford, C. L. S. '15, took the leading roles in the second Idler, "King Argimenes."

Constance Wiener, Margaret Carver, and Ruth Blackman were also in the same play.

Rosemary Hogan, C. L. S. '13, is chairman of the class of 1918, Radcliffe.

Katherine Hannan is to take part in the next Idler.

Katherine Sanman is to take part in the of the Radcliffe Athletic Association.

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Virginia (at supper): "Oh! I swallowed a fish bone."

Sister (joyfully): "Now you'll have a spare rib."—Ex.

Helen: "Polly, if you pace up and down like a leopard, someone will spot you."—Ex.



# ATHLETICS

## FOOTBALL

### Rindge—C. H. L. S.

Our next football game was with our old rival, the school across the street. As usual, we were defeated, 17-0, by a team composed of material no better than our own. At the beginning of the season our one aim was to beat Rindge, and we thought we could turn the trick. Our offense was nothing to speak of, and little ground was gained by Latin School until the fourth period. The loss of Adams at quarter and Dwyer at guard the week before spoiled any chance we might have had of winning. Adams ran the team well earlier in the year and going down in his studies was a big blow to our chances. Rowe was green at the job, and although he had plenty of nerve and scrap he was not an ideal quarter back. Dwyer's absence in the line left a big hole unfilled. Rindge won the toss and the game early in the first period, when McCorry fumbled a bad pass and Robinson, a Rindge end, picked it up and ran for a touchdown. The half ended 7-0 in Rindge's favor. Rindge had gained for the most part around our ends, being able to gain little through our line. In the second half E. Metivier ran back a punt for twenty-five yards and a touchdown. This again showed up the weaknesses of the Latin School ends. In the last period D. Metivier made a beautiful forty-yard drop kick which spelled our defeat more clearly. The final score, 17-0, was our worst beating to date. D. Metivier and E. Metivier starred for Rindge in the backfield, as did Carver in the line. For C. L. S., Sanders was our only power on offense, while Cohen played well on defense.

The line-up follows:

Rindge  
Boyle, l. e. . . . r. e., Blakeslee, Shehan, Gorman  
Crudup, Grogan, l. t. . . . . r. t., Cohen  
Carver, Williams, l. g. . . . r. g., Leary, Morey

C. L. S.

Sands, c. . . . . c., Lane  
Scully, Haley, r. g. . . . . l. g., Goepper  
Bunten, Steadman, r. t. . . . . l. t., Kelley  
Robinson, r. e. . . . . l. e., Cassidy, Bornstein,  
q. b., Rowe  
r. h. b., Coggeshall  
l. h. b., McCorry, Boyd  
f. b., Jenkins, Roebart, Sanders

Score—17-0. Touchdowns, E. Metivier, Robertson; goals from touchdowns, D. Metivier; goal from field, D. Metivier. Umpire, O'Brien; referee, Murphy; linesman, Hurley. Time, ten-minute periods.

### Newton Wins

Newton defeated C. L. S. on Friday, November 6, on a rainy day, by a score of 6-0. The score was made late in the second period on an onside kick which Vachon, Newton fullback, picked up. He ran twenty-five yards for a touchdown. It was our first experience with the onside kick and showed lack of sufficient coaching in this department of the game. The field was soaked and rain poured down. Neither team could gain, but as usual C. L. S. didn't get the breaks in the luck. Rowe played well for Latin School. His punting was good and his rushing was the best shown in the game. Bornstein also played well for Latin School. Vachon was the Newton star, along with Captain Dorney.

The score follows:

Newton. C. L. S.  
Bryson, Cannon, l. e.  
r. e., Blakeslee, Sheehan  
Conrick, l. t. . . . . r. t., Cohen  
Daly, Putnam, l. g. . . . . r. g., Leary, Goepper  
Downey, McComber, c. . . . . c., Lane  
Mitchell, Whalen, r. g. . . . . l. g., Crocker  
Burkhardt, r. t. . . . . l. t., Kelley  
McCarthy, Hughes, r. e.  
l. e., Cassidy, Bornstein  
Turner, q. b. . . . . q. b., Boyd



Vachon, Woodworth, l. h. b.

r. h. b., Coggeshall

Wiley, Listrum, r. h. b.

l. h. b., McCorry, Rowe

Garrity, f. b.

f. b., Sanders, Roebart, Jenkins, Jones

Score—Newton, 6; C. L. S., 0. Touchdown, Vachon. Umpire, Sullivan; referee, Murphy; linesman, Picket. Time, twelve-minute periods.

### Brookline High Game

The following Friday saw Latin School opposed by Brookline at Cambridge. The gridiron was in poor condition from rains during the previous week. We had been defeated by Newton, so this game was to decide, as far as we were concerned, the runner-up for the Triangular League.

During the second quarter of the game the Brookline boys had the edge on us and succeeded in getting their only touchdown, on an end run which brought them to our four-yard line. From there they pushed the ball over after being held for third down.

At this period of the game, Referee Andrews told the captains that the game might have to be called before the end of the last period because of darkness, but nothing was definitely decided between the officials and captains.

The second half of the game was all ours, although we did not really get going until the last period, when we rushed Brookline completely off their feet, gaining first down at almost every rush. When we were on Brookline's nine-yard line with first down, the whistle blew and the referee called the game on account of darkness.

We protested on the grounds that Mr. Andrews was found to be an assistant coach for Brookline and also because of the fact that the other officials claimed that it was light enough to play when the game was suddenly called. But we ourselves had in turn got Mr. Murphy, a Cambridge man and Latin School graduate, to umpire the game; therefore, unfortunately, mistakes had been made by both teams in their choice of officials.

The line-up was as follows:

Brookline H. S.

C. H. L. S.

Dunn, l. e. . . . . r. e., Blakeslee, Gorman  
Wood, l. t. . . . . r. t., Cohen, Woods  
Garrety, l. g. . . . . r. g., Goepper, Morey, Leary  
Thompson, c. . . . . c., Lane  
Davis, Schieldbach, r. g. . . . . l. g., Crocker  
O'Hearn, r. t. . . . . l. t., Kelley  
Cushman, r. e.

l. e., Cassidy, Bornstein, Sheehan  
Johnson, Collier, q. b. . . . . q. b., Boyd  
Putnam, l. h. b. . . . . l. h. b., Row  
Tally, J. Johnson, r. h. b.

l. h. b., Coggeshall, Jenkins  
Litchfield, f. b. . . . . f. b., Sanders, McCorry  
Touchdowns, Litchfield; goal, Hearne.  
Umpire, Murphy; Referee, Ike Andrews;  
linesman, Hurley.

### Wellesley vs. Latin

In the rain and mud our football team left for Wellesley on Friday, November 19, to play in a sea of "muck."

We were in bad condition with both Jack Kelley and Leary out of the line for the greater part of the game, but we were able to outplay Wellesley for one half, but failed to score.

At this period of the game, the coaches of each school by mutual agreement decided to call the game.

We say lucky for Wellesley, but I suppose they say the same about us.

The line-up was as follows:

Wellesley H. S.

C. H. L. S.

Larson, l. e. . . . . r. e., Gorman, Cassidy  
Rourke, l. t. . . . . r. t., Morey, Kelley  
Weeks, l. g. . . . . r. g., Crocker  
Davis, c. . . . . c., Lane  
Fuller, r. g. . . . . l. g., Goepper, Leary  
Kelinan, r. t. . . . . l. t., Cohen  
McKenney, r. e. . . . . l. e., Blakeslee  
Rinlan, q. b. . . . . q. b., Boyd  
Finnerty, l. h. b. . . . . r. h. b., Jenkins  
Brown, r. h. b. . . . . l. h. b., Coggeshall, McCorry  
McCabe, f. b. . . . . f. b., Sanders, Rowe

Time, 22 minutes.

### The Waltham Game

The curtain was lowered on the football season Thanksgiving day, as far as Cambridge was concerned. The opponents of our

boys were Waltham, probably the best High School team ever turned out by Waltham authorities. Our team was outweighed in the backfield but had hopes of making its line count.

During the first quarter Waltham made two touchdowns, which should not have disheartened our boys, because they were made on mere flukes. But, nevertheless, it seemed to break the team spirit which throughout the year had kept our team together, and although the team worked hard as individuals, it lacked unity.

Throughout the game Waltham scored at regular intervals, and at the last blow of the whistle, the score stood 48-0 in favor of our opponents.

It was the last game of the season, but it was not an exhibition of our team's best work, and the writer is inclined to believe that the turkey dinner (that was coming) had something to do with it.

Although eight letter men of this year's team will graduate (I might say hope to graduate), it will leave Mr. Sullivan a fine nucleus to build a winning eleven for the school next year.

Here's hoping for a successful football team for 1916 under the leadership of Capt. Coggeshall, our new captain, and under the management of Mr. Sullivan, a coach of high order.

The line-up was as follows:

C. H. L. S.	Waltham.
Blakeslee, Sheehan, Connors, r. e.	
l. e., McGahan, Cutter, Dearborn	
Cohen, r. t. . . . . l. t., Miller, O'Malley	
Leary, Woods, Goepper, Morey, r. g.	
l. g., Johnson, Jackson	
Lane, c. . . . . c, Tomlin, Edwards	
Crocker, l. g.	
r. g., Jones, Kingsbury, Lane, Edwards	
Kelley, l. t. . . . . r. t., Tracey, Cousen	
Bornstein, Gorman, Cassidy, l. e.	
r. e., Coles, Molloy, Rogers	
Boyd, q. b. . . . . q. b., Smith, Howe	
Coggeshall, Robart, r. h. b.	
l. h. b., Colon, Tomlin	

Sanders, Jones, Jenkins, l. h. b.

r. h. b., Leary, Gately  
Rowe, Mc Corey, f. b. f. b., Richardson, Colon

Score—Waltham, 48; C. L. S., 0. Touchdowns, Gately 2, Colon 2, Richardson, Cole, Leary. Goals from touchdowns, Colon 6. Referee, Moore; umpire, Courtney; head linesman, Ingalls. Time, four 12-minute periods.

#### Meeting of the Triangular League Committee

On Monday, December 6th, 1915, a meeting of the Triangular League Committee was held.

Many important things were discussed. The admission of Wellesley High to the League was seriously considered, but it was voted to hold over the decision, pending the results of the meeting of the Massachusetts Principals' Association, which will probably pass some rules affecting the smaller high schools, in which class the Wellesley High School is placed.

Other business was discussed, the most important of which concerned officials in league games. This question, as is well known, caused some trouble in the Brookline game this year. Mr. Andrews, who is a resident of the town of Brookline and had acted as an assistant coach of the High School of that town several times during the season, served as referee in the Cambridge High and Latin-Brookline game.

The constitution of the League states that no official in the league games shall be, or shall have been at any time, connected with the cities or the schools of the contending teams.

It was understood that we were to enter a protest. We were unable to do this, however, because Mr. Murphy, the umpire in the aforementioned game, was not only a resident of Cambridge at the time of the game, but also a former graduate of our own institution.

It is very safe to say that there will be little if any trouble on that question hereafter.





OLGA CLARK

ANNIE DAY

**THE MOTHER-GOOSE PARTY**

On Saturday afternoon, November sixth, the Girls' Athletic Association held its annual Freshman Entertainment. This year the entertainment was given in the form of a "Mother-Goose Party." The idea was that every active member of the association should come dressed in a costume representing some character found in the "Mother-Goose Rhymes." This plan was well carried out, and every costume was fine. The 500 characters who came gathered in the gymnasium at half-past one. It was here that the members appreciated the work of Miss Margaret MacNaugher's committee who had decorated the gymnasium so effectively. Those who were on this committee were Margaret Mac Naugher (chairman), Louise Owen, Marguerita Bliss, Ethel Barry, Ruth Isenberg, Helen Higgins, A. Shea, and H. Dorsey. While in the gymnasium some of the Freshmen underwent (what might be termed) "an initiation," while others spent their time enjoying the posters, which Miss Dowd's pupils so kindly made for us.

Then the members were marched around the gymnasium, while the past officers, acting as judges, chose the four characters which best represented Mother-Goose's Rhymes. It was a very difficult thing to do, but the past officers are very capable young ladies, and soon decided, and the characters marched to the hall to hear the decision of the judges and enjoy an entertainment.

The first number on the programme was a series of tableaux, entitled, "The Bachelor's Reverie." The tableau opens with a bachelor entering his room and seating himself to doze in his morris-chair. While gazing at the fire-place, he thinks of the girls he has

had at different periods of his life and as he thinks of them, they appear before him in the fire-light. One by one he sees them there, but he refuses to choose any one for his wife till one appears that thrills him. This one is the "G. A. A. Girl."

Chorus sings

The Bachelor, Margaret Craighill.

His First Girl, "Little Elsie"

"Babyland"

1 The Country Girl, Rosemary Carr

"School Days"

2 The Golf Girl, Ethel Barry

"Golf for me"

3 The Coquette, M. Mullins

"My Little Dream Girl"

4 The Nun, M. Pierce

"Rosary"

5 The Belle of the Ball, J. Moody

"The Pink Lady"

6 The Bathing Girl, E. Harriman

"By the Sea"

7 The College Girl, M. Johnson

"College March"

8 The Military Girl, G. McLeod

"Tipperary"

9 The Skating Girl, D. Baird

"It's Skating Time"

10 The Western Girl, Marie Walsh

"Rose of Mountain Trail"

11 The City Girl, M. Fox

"Streets of New York"

12 The Trained Nurse, R. McPhee

"Sing Me to Sleep"

13 The Suffragette, J. Rivinius

"Suffragette March"

14 The Yachting Girl, A. Day

"Sailing"

15 The Auto Girl, G. Stockwell

"The Little old Ford"

16 The "G. A. A." Girl, Olga Clark

"G. A. A. Hymn"



The Reader, Evelyn Forsythe

Soloists, H. Gordon, M. Walsh, B. Chapin  
Pianist, Harriette Gordon.

First a verse was read by Miss Evelyn Forsythe and then the tableau of the girl was shown, while some song, appropriate to the picture, was sung. Every picture was exceedingly pretty, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Downey for his kindness in arranging the lighting effects.

While the stage was being cleared for the following part of the entertainment, the decision of the judges was announced, and the prizes were awarded by the president.

The prettiest character, Lalia Charlton.

The cutest character, Genevieve Mae.

The funniest character, Bunny London.

The best-behaved character, "Little Elsie."

Miss Dorothy O'Neil favored us again with her talent by giving a dance entitled, "The Death of the Muse." Then Miss Harriette Gordon sang for us "The Winter Lullaby," which every one enjoyed. She was applauded and sang another song.

The "G. A. A." stock company next presented a play in two acts, entitled "My Cousin Jimmy." This play, under the management of Miss Marie O'Connor, was a great success. Even now, when we see Polly and Frances, we think of the "Sweet Little Rose" and the "Ugly Gold Weed."

Miss Bethia Alderney, a mistress of a

Select School for girls..Eleanor Whitman  
Bonnie Holland, a recent arrival,

Marie O'Connor

Fudge Tootley, her chum..Constance Boyer

Stella Mayburn, formerly the most pop-

ular pupil..... Mildred Baldes

Milly Gaitland.....Bunny London

Rita Jones.....Anna Manning

Molly Spooner.....Florence Hines

Jonas Chorker, a gardener.....Frances Gay

Maggie Bings, a maid.....Polly Collins

Prof. Timothy Addeles, Miss Alderney's

cousin.....Loretta Brandon

Other pupils...D. O'Neil, M. Fox, G. Wild

The entertainment has not been forgotten, nor the ice cream and cake, nor the grand march and cheers which followed. It was the hard work of everyone that made the entertainment the great success that it was.

## BASKET-BALL

On Tuesday, Nov. 9, candidates for the school basket-ball team, or Varsity, were called out. About thirty girls reported to Miss White, the coach, in the gymnasium. This shows a large decrease from the number of girls who came out last year, but it is quality which counts, not quantity. Moreover, with the exception of the centers there is a full team of veteran players: A. Kelly (capt.), M. Baldes, and A. Day, (guards); M. O'Connor (center); I. Churchill (mgr.); M. MacNaugher, and M. Whitney (goals). As yet, Inez Churchill, manager, has no games scheduled.

As this goes to press, the first call for class basket-ball candidates is issued. From the enthusiasm shown, especially by the Freshman class, some fine class teams should be turned out. The desire to make the class teams of more importance than in former years has prompted this early call of candidates.

A. D. Day.

## THE RIFLE CLUB

The enthusiasum over a rifle club has been started in the schools by John A. Phelan, a member of the Rindge Rifle Club last year.

Candidates for the club have responded with great enthusiasm, and one hundred and eighty names have been handed in all ready. Having such a large number of candidates, it is hoped that the government will help the club, because if one hundred and eighty men are able marks-men, it will be a movement towards the safety of the nation.

Being such a large rifle club, we shall be able to join the National Rifle Association which will supply the club with large calibre rifles and ammunition to shoot out of doors, in such ranges as Wakefield and Waltham. This association also offers many prizes to the best marks-men.

There will be a rifle team chosen from this club that will meet several other school teams such as Rindge, Brookline, Somerville, and Stoneham. The members of this team will receive the school letters.

John A. Phelan

## DEBATING

LAWRENCE F. HENRY

We are now sure that we shall debate the following schools: Lexington, Lowell, and Arlington. Two of these debates will be staged at home—Lowell and Arlington.

This schedule is by no means easy. Arlington, doubtless, will be considered our "biggest" opponent, for, in two starts we have been defeated, although, from the Cambridge point of view, the decision last year was not exactly what it should have been. However, even a worm will turn, and Arlington will be coming to no bed of roses on March 10, for Latin School is determined to wipe out its record of losses to this school.

Through our defeat of Lowell last year, we are somewhat optimistic, but not too overconfident, as to the result of our contest with that High School this year. The students of Cambridge High and Latin ought to flock to these two debates just mentioned, for since they are to be held at home, there is positively no excuse for their absence. Furthermore, we ought to take a large visiting delegation to our out-of-town debates. Show your school spirit! The spirit of rivalry in a debating contest is just as keen as in that of foot-ball or base-ball! Come and see!!

The questions for the first two of our inter-scholastic debates are decided upon. Lowell submitted to us the following: "Resolved, that the present Congress should adopt the Swiss system of military training." After careful consideration we decided to up-hold the negative, and have signified our intention to Lowell. To Lexington, who debates with us one week later, February 11, we have sent this question: "Resolved, that the government should subsidize our merchant marine." The decision of Lexington as to which side of this question it will support will soon be received.

A new feature in debating, outside of the inter-scholastic and prize debating, will appear this year in the form of inter-class contests. It is reasonably certain that the Sophomores, among whom there is some

very good material, and Juniors will participate in this way; the Seniors may or may not. Preliminary debates will be staged between the various members of the one class, and those who show up best will compose the team that will represent their class in the final inter-class struggle. As an added inducement, attractive medals, which Mr. Campbell is now having designed, will be awarded to members of the victorious team. No member of the debating class will participate in this event. Considerable interest and rivalry between the contesting classes should be excited in this branch of school activities.

It is probable that medals will be awarded to the members of a team winning an inter-scholastic debate. Designs are being prepared for a suitable medal. If sufficient money is secured a die will be struck and medals will be given every year. These will be prizes well worth having, prizes that will last for a lifetime, reminders of debates in C. H. L. S. And at the same time, the medals will stamp the wearers as leaders in debates, winners of debates with other schools.

The team that will be pitted against Arlington is not yet made up. Those for the Lowell and Lexington debates will be made up from the following group:

Paul Corcoran, William S. Clark, Thomas MacNamara, Russell Gerould, Lawrence Henry, Eric Etherington, Lauriat Lane, George Ainley, Fletcher Wason.

## HEARD IN THE DEBATING CLASS

Corcoran: "Again I quote Mr. Taft." (If Mr. Taft could have heard Corcoran he would have been highly pleased at the confidence that young worthy displayed in him).

Woe to the would-be debater who does not watch his step when "Tom" McNamara is on the job as premier critic.

Richmond: "The first man to come to our country was a 'dago' named Columbus."





# NOTES

## 1915

### AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"Hap" Myers, commenting on the cheering at a mass meeting: "There is much I have to say to you, but the sanctity of these walls restrains me."

A. KING TRIMBLE has subscribed to the Review; but he did so on the sole condition that his name should appear in large type.

Teacher: "Close the window, Crowley, the wind rattles their brains."

TWENTIETH CENTURY OMAR KHAYYAM  
The moving Finger writes, and having writ  
Moves on. Nor all your Pleadings nor Wit  
Can kid the Teacher into concealing a  
single mark.  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Zero of it.

### HEARD IN P. G. LATIN CLASS

Wason: "Finally some of his followers killed him so that he lost his life."

## 1916

The trials and tribulations of a certain history and civics teacher are many and trying, to say the least. His third hour division proves to be the worst of his unhappy moments.

Mr. J-c-b: "This is the fourth time this hour I have spoken to you for turning around. I realize how fascinating Miss K-e-f- is, but you must deprive yourself of that continual chattering until 1.30."

Miss Spring: "The minds of these boys are always turned in a feminine direction.

I know not what the truth may be,  
But tell it as 'twas told to me.

They WILL spell 'Gauls,' 'Galls.' On the other hand, one boy who spelled 'maiden,' m-a-i-n-d-e-n must have had a very limited acquaintance."

Isabelle: "Do you approve of dancing?"

Alfred: "No."

Isabelle: "Why not?"

Alfred: "Why, it's mere hugging set to music."

Isabelle: "Well, what is there about that you don't like?"

Alfred: "The music."

Miss S-l-i-a: "Oh, gracious, Leslie Wood, what would your mother say if she saw you smoking?"

Leslie: "She'd have a fit, they're her cigarettes."

Mr. Campbell: "McNa—, what is a hypocrite?"

Fred: "A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

Edna: "Alice told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell."

Marie: "She is a mean thing. I told her not to tell you."

Edna: "Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."

Miss K—f— says you can't paint a handsome face unless you have one.

### HEARD IN NOTMAN'S STUDIO

"Say, we forgot to leave a space for Crocker."

Neilan: "Oh! that's all right. We can use him for a background."



Jack Kelly pronounces Kultur, Killtur.  
 Laugh, and the teacher laughs with you,  
 Laugh, and you laugh alone.  
 The first when the joke's the teacher's joke,  
 The last when the joke's your own.

By Noll.

#### THIS DIFFERENCE BETWEEN POETRY AND PROSE

Poetical: "Her curly locks hung around her temples like a golden fleece."

Prosaic: "She was red-headed."

Teacher: "You may explain the law of conservation of energy."

The guilty one (to his neighbor): "How soon will the bell ring?"

His neighbor: "In about half a minute."

Teacher (who has overheard): "There is still plenty of time to tell all you know."

In English, Kenneth Conroy gave the following for an example of personification: "The letter ran as follows."

"Boss" Leventhal, "Luke," and "Dusty" Goepper were standing together.

"Boss": "Now, 'Luke,' between you, me and the lamp-post, etc."

Mr. Campbell: "Can anyone explain the 'slaughter of the innocents'?"

Henry: "It refers to Miss Spring's Latin classes."

Miss Spring, disgusted at seeing the unerased blackboard: "The person who left those figures on the board ought to get a good thrashing. Can anyone tell me who is responsible?"

Tumble (again): "It was Mr. Bramhall."

The school board has appropriated the wherewith to establish a smoking den for the Bohemian ladies of Latin School.

Miss Ruggli, addressing Miss Chapin: "Miss Chlorine, what is Cl the symbol of?"

Thurston's the boy with the jet black hair.  
 Thurston is fond of a girlie named Claire:  
 Thurston's a poet  
 Altho' you'd not know it,  
 The poems he writes are so "rare."—Ex.

Mr. Jacob's favorite way of addressing a bashful boy like Harry Mills: "Stand up on your feet, Mills, and talk as if you really knew it."

#### CAN YOU IMAGINE

Crocker thin?

Al Tutin silent?

Nolen naughty?

Thompson doing his own lessons?

Bunker a woman-hater?

Etherington in his home-room?

Dick Adams getting an "E"?

Inez Churchill passing as a freshman?

Dorr forgetting to put on his complexions?

#### 1917

Madelene: "What is that over there?"

Helen D.: "Fertilizer."

Madelene: "For the land's sake!"

"Yes," says Tom.

G. Donovan says that insects have emotions. He says that he has often seen a mosquito weep. But that's nothing. I've heard a moth ball—honest.

Teacher: "What's a synonym?"

Mary C.: "It's a word you can use when you don't know how to spell the one you first thought of."

Chem. Teacher: "What is copper used for?"

Miss G-a-r-lle: "For cooking utensils, such as wash boilers."

Taken from an index card in the office:

Question: "How long is your residence in Cambridge?"

Ans: "Half a block."

Now listen, Juniors, you can save yourselves a lot of trouble by not borrowing any.

Overheard in a crowded car the last rainy day:

"Are you sure you are comfortable, Betty?"

"Well, I haven't much room to grumble, have I?"

Teacher: "Who is H. G. Wells?"

Ramsay: "The greatest writer in England."

Teacher: "Arnold Bennett?"

Ramsay: "The greatest writer in England."

Teacher: "But how can they both be the greatest writer in England?"

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Miss Parker says there are so many belles in her room that they can't hear the bell when she rings it.

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Long as the shadow of a spear.

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Lyle Ring did it, the "Traveller."

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Miss H-n-n: "Women are apt to do that."

When Sears, Myrick and Kempton are seen together, one is reminded of the opening lines of Caesar: "All Gaul (gall) is divided into three parts," etc.

Miss Kelley to Vics, who had been rambling along in his usual verbose fashion: "Now stop talking and go on."

In German: Kam das Huhnermadelen.

P-a-y's translation: "The hen-maiden came."

Crocker (stepping on Munson Adam's toe): "Well, got something on your mind?"

M——: "Yes, and something on my foot, too."

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Marble, Dunham and Hart went to church ONCE (truly). A sign "accommodations," hung over the door, meaning there were seats for the public within. At this point Marble stopped, deep in thought. "What's the matter?" asked Hart. "Well, the sign says accommodations," replied Marble, "and when I go to heaven I want to go express."

Miss X says that Whoriskey and Coon talk more than any two girls she knows of.

#### 1919

Teacher: "Where was Abraham Lincoln born?"

Pupil: "In a log cabin, which he helped his father to build."

Miss Woods has a quotation from "Much Ado About Nothing" in mind that applies perfectly to Jack Kelly, Jr. We have perused the play and can find nothing that applied to him, unless it is the title.

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Miss Forest (in a stern voice): "Get off the floor!"

The morning that the failure slips were given out.

Freshie: "Gee, I wish I was an orphan."



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Gerould: "It is food that has no taste."

He knew from experience.

#### CORRECT DEFINITION

"Johnnie, what is a neutral?"

"It's a person what gets blown up."—Life.

Miss L.: "What is it that we must look out for in this book?" (Historical Biography of George Washington).

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The Freshies are beginning to think they have a right to exist.

Dorothy Gay: "How is your milk, Tim?"

Tim: "Cream ain't in it."

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The Senior Class has chosen for its dramatics this year a play of the same high standing as the senior classes preceding. "The Taming of the Shrew" is the choice, to be given in Brattle Hall, on February 18. A Shakespearean play is especially fitting this year, inasmuch as 1916 marks the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's death. All over the country cities, clubs and drama leagues are preparing elaborate programs. Boston's Drama League already has plans matured. The city of Boston plans an extended pageant—an effort to bring Shakespeare home to the people. Hence the production of the Seniors will be in line with the general observation of the tercentenary of the poet's death.

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Fletcher Wason

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Hortensio, another suitor,

Harrington Thurston

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Victor Blakeslee

Biondello, another servant of Lucentio,

Lawrence Henry

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Curtis, servant to Petruchio..Lillian Bragan

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Bianca.....Frances Gay

(Katharina and Bianca are daughters of

Baptista.)

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Joseph. } .....William Conway

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The play centers about the proud, headstrong Katherina. She is a grand, noble girl of high breeding. A spoiled child, she has always had her own way. She can brook no contradiction. It is Petruchio who finally manages her, and he does so by showing her how unpleasant it is for all connected with one so overbearing.

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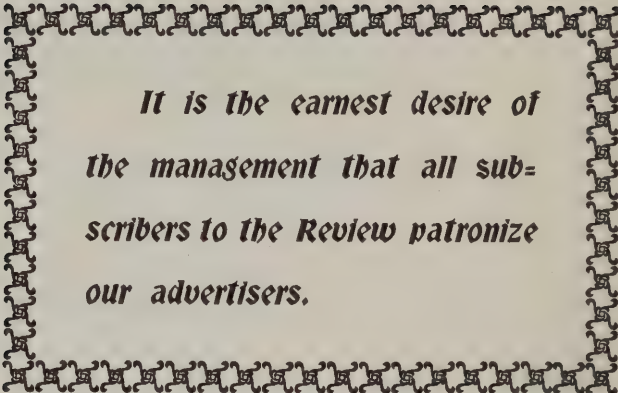
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# The Cambridge Review

Vol. xxx

No. 3

Representing the Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts, February, 1916

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# THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

1915-16

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1915 FOOTBALL TEAM



"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

## GOOD LUCK|| TO THE DRAMA CAST

The Senior Class has come to that point in its career where it can make a name for itself as one of the finest and most successful that old C. H. L. S. has ever known. But in order to do this, the hearty co-operation of every member in our class is essential. We ought to give our school the best Drama ever produced, the finest Year Book that can be published by a senior class, and a gift to our school that will stand forever as a memorial of old 1916. But, if, at this critical period in our progress, each member does not co-operate to his utmost, we are doomed to failure. Look the facts in the face, Seniors, and show the true school spirit.

### The Debating Situation

We are greatly pleased with the debating situation in Latin School at the present time. Unusual interest has been displayed in the Sophomore and Junior class debates staged in the Science lecture hall. In fact, some splendid material has been brought to light, and we look to Cambridge High and Latin to turn out excellent debating teams in the next two years. We certainly give the above mentioned classes our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success in that department.

We take pleasure in announcing that

Robert B. Boyd, of Latin School, has won one of the gold medals to be awarded by the Quincy Board of Trade for the best essay on "The American Merchant Marine." We could not do better than print the letter to Mr. Cleveland from Mr. J. Lee Robinson, Editor of the Cambridge Tribune, who is one of the judges.

Jan. 19, 1916

Mr. Leslie L. Cleveland, High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:—

At your request I have examined three essays on "The Merchant Marine," and I hereby submit my report:

In my estimation the essay of Robert B. Boyd excels the other two, its chief points of excellence being: An apparently clear understanding of the subject; excellent use of the English language; comprehensive style of expression; neatness of the document submitted.

Sincerely Yours,

J. Lee Robinson,

Editor Cambridge Tribune.

Boyd's essay will be sent with others from high schools all over the state to Quincy. The prize essay for the state will be selected from among these. May the best man win, and may the best man be Boyd.



# "THE UNWRITTEN LAW"

BY STONECRUSHER

"Well, Captain, cheer up; tomorrow is your day on shore," said Bill Stanley, a strong, heavy, sun-tanned old man; his hands half-closed by the handling of ropes and oars as he sat in a chair near the air-tight stove which warmed the little sitting room of their life-saving station.

All the captain said in reply was, "Stan, listen to the gale. Why, the very elements seem against me."

Yes, it was a horrible night—thunder, lightning, rain, hail, and tons of water seemed all combined in the effort to destroy their little station on its rocky bed.

"But, Captain, I can tend to the station while you are away. I have been with you now for ten years and can turn-a-hand at most anything around here. Besides with such help as these men are, a man with half-a-weather-eye could get along." While speaking the old mate waved one of his brawny hands in the direction of two old seamen who answered him with a hearty "Aye, Aye," while they balanced between their knees a well-worn checker-board. However, they appeared more interested in the conversation of their captain and mate than in the checkers which were scattered indifferently over the board.

The mate's hand included a third man named Bert Robinson who seemed a great deal younger than the rest. He sat apart and gazed vaguely at his captain and yes,—tears ran down his face. Then he spoke with the hoarse voice that sailors have when deeply moved, "Captain, you must see Emily, you must."

"Bert," replied the older man, "I know you love my daughter but so do I."

"Well, if you do, isn't it your duty to be with her when she is terrible ill?"

"No, my duty is here when there is a storm. It is the "Unwritten Law" of the sea for a captain never to leave his post when a storm is raging. Besides, could I row across the bay in the small skiff in this sea?"

"No, but we could row you across in the life-boat."

"Yes, but that would mean leaving the station alone. What would happen if a ship went ashore when we were gone?"

Bert, with all his eagerness for him to go, saw what the captain meant and said nothing.

So the night wore on. Outside, the storm raged with increasing fury while in the room the silence was broken by the men at the board as they placed their checkers and by the puff, puff, of the captain's old clay pipe. Towards five o'clock in the morning, all except the captain and Bert began to move around. Bill started cooking the breakfast over the old stove in the corner, while the others busied themselves arranging their oil-skins and in warming their outer-clothes over chairs near the stove.

Just as the old clock on the mantle-piece struck six o'clock on its chimed scale, the telephone rang; they all knew where the message would come from—across the bay. The captain went unsteadily to the phone and answered. It was his wife.

She said, "Old Doctor Jones says that Emily will die if we can not get a surgeon from Portland by ten o'clock. We have just telephoned and the specialist says he can not possibly get here before noon. So, you see it is hopeless. Please, come home."

"Sarah, it is my duty to stay here. I can't come," and before his wife could answer the captain hung up the receiver and dropped into a chair near the telephone in a sort of stupor.

Thus, our courageous captain and his companions spent the early morning hours waiting for the news that meant so much to two of their number.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Captain Howe, the telephone is ringing," said Bill to the captain.

The captain did not move, but simply motioned for Bill to answer the 'phone; he seemed to have lost all power of action



through fear of what the news would be.

Even old Bill's hand trembled as he unhooked the receiver. "Hello, who calls?"

"Light House 16." came the answer.

"Captain, captain," shouted Bill, "cheer up it's no bad news. It's Station 16 calling."

At first the captain could not believe his senses. It was no bad news of his daughter after all. In a moment he was from his chair; all his preoccupation had left him and he was immediately the old energetic, boisterous captain of former days and with a spring that surprised his sailors, he grabbed the telephone from his mate and answered, "Hello, hello, I am Captain Howe. What's the news?"

"There's a tug in distress off the lee of us on the west reef." came the reply.

Down went the receiver and all was confusion—ropes, men, oilcoats and rubber boots were flying every which way. The men were at last ready and under the captain's command the life-boat was launched from her shed—the captain at the steering-oar and the strong crew bending their backs to the oars.

Hail and rain dashed into their faces. Lightning and thunder rent the skies. Now, far down into a deep gorge of green, gurgling, gushing waters to be lifted far up again on some chasing wave which shook the sides of their little shell in hopes to at last appease her hunger on the poor sailors. But on the crew went cheered by their captain's rescue song!

"Row on, row on, lads

On to that spot by the main-lands!

Steady boys, steady boys,

To the wrecked ship on the head-lands."

Presently they saw a red light. They neared the tug. At last they got within hailing distance and the captain hailed the boat.

The answer came back. But what, what could it possibly be? Could they have heard right? The old captain hailed for them to repeat it:

"This is the tug Victor from Portland with a surgeon for Captain John Howe's daughter," came the answer over the winds.

Yes, they had heard correctly. Bert was the first man to come to his senses and he shouted, "Come, boys, come."

Never before had Captain Howe's men transferred the crew of a stranded ship to their boat in so short an order. In less than a half hour they had their small craft headed for the captain's cottage across the bay, carrying not only her father and Bert, but also the surgeon.

All was over. The surgeon had performed the operation and Emily was sure to recover soon.

Gathered together around the old air-tight stove in the homey, old-fashioned woodshed of the cottage, sat the crew listening to the captain and what the captain said is worthy of repetition.

"My men, I cannot say how much I thank you. You did your duty; Bert, you did yours; the doctor risked his life; and I, thank God, did my duty. Sometimes it seems hard but in the end it comes out always as it should. Some of us simply get praise and marks of honor in the government books, others get more than that," and the captain gave a knowing glance at Bert.

Stuart Miller Crocker.

#### WHO SAID SPANISH?

You remember in the last "Review"

That Allen boy in accents blue

Did with fear, our souls imbue,

of Spanish?

We must from his remarks conclude  
As o'er our books we sometimes brood,  
Had he ta'en it, he'd have spu'ed  
of Latin.

For my hair I'm tearing out  
And my brain has got the gout,  
All my senses put to rout,

By Latin

Sam O'Connell

## VERNON'S SCOOP—In Four Chapters

## CHAPTER III

ERIC KNIGHT, '18

The more I watched Vernon, the more suspicious I became of him. One day, when I went to his rooms, I saw on the table a bottle, with a mutilated label. I was sure, however, that on this, in Vernon's writing, was "nitro-glycerine," partly obliterated because the label was so torn. Then I found on his desk in the local room a treatise on petrifying explosives by Prof. Brunn, of Leyden.

It was almost two weeks since Beresford had disappeared, and the police were still in the dark as to where he or Asquith had gone. Vernon and I were still on the case, but I knew little more than the general public, and what Vernon knew, he did not choose to disclose.

The morning of October 28th was rather foggy. About eleven o'clock Vernon called me from my desk, and together we went to the corner of Downing and Victoria streets. We waited here for about three-quarters of an hour when Vernon muttered, "Here he comes." We waited as a figure lurked through the fogbank and quickly turned up Victoria street towards the Houses. Grabbing my arm, Vernon hurried after the figure. We could just discern him through the fog. His coat collar was turned up and his slouch hat pulled over his eyes. Up Victoria street we went, keeping about ten yards behind; past the dimly lit windows of the post office, until the shadowed man turned into the small tobacconist's store. Here we waited until the man in the slouch hat came out. Through the cheesy London fog, we could just see the glowing end of a cigar. Tense with excitement, Vernon drew nearer. The figure hurried across the street toward the driveway leading to the Parliament house. Here we were held up by the traffic. Vernon was fuming with excitement as we finally dashed across the street. When we reached the other side, the man was gone. Vernon, however, raced up the driveway. I followed close on his heels. Then, as we

ran, my head seemed to swim for a minute, and there was a cloud of air that seemed to whistle past my ears. Then Vernon stopped short, exclaiming laconically,

"He's gone."

"Who's gone?" I asked, "Who was he?"

Vernon didn't reply, but pulled a small flashlight from his pocket, and walking forward, began to search the path. Mechanically I followed. In a few minutes Vernon stopped once more, and, kneeling, showed by the light of the lamp a small blue mark on the gravel. It was a steely colored stain such as would be produced by a fusion of terrific temperature.

Standing up Vernon said, "Let's get back to the office quick. We've beaten the police. Winston Churchill has disappeared!"

## CHAPTER IV

The next day Vernon told me all he knew. The means of disappearance he knew, in a way. He had reasoned that the disappearances would go on until "Rolyat's" demand had been acceded to. Going down the list, he found that the next likeliest man to go was Churchill. The disappearances had all been on foggy days, so the first foggy day he had followed Churchill from his house to the House of Parliament. In all three cases, Vernon had noticed the small blue mark at the point of disappearance. Also, the victim had vanished into the air, as the trail could not be followed by bloodhounds. Aeroplanes were out of the question, especially in the heart of London. Vernon's theory therefore sounded plausible. His guess had been right as far as Churchill was concerned. J. D., the boss, was elated over Vernon's "beat" and we were told to go ahead without regard to time and money. Money we had not used much so far, but as for time——; Vernon and I pored all night over the problem without arriving at anything like a lucid explanation as to who the criminal was. We mapped out the path followed by all the missing min-



isters. We put ourselves in their place and at night we walked over the route followed by men from Downing street to The Houses. The theatre crowds were thronging the sidewalks in almost pitch dark, for the arc-lights of the main streets were all covered with paint and as for the theatre lights, there were none. We gathered nothing from our walks in the streets, except that each man had all covered almost the same ground.

I remember falling asleep in Vernon's rooms with my head laid on the desk, and Vernon searching through a book muttering something about something "disintegrating."

I was awakened the next morning about ten by Vernon grasping me by shoulder roughly.

"Quick, get up!" he said. "I think I have the idea."

Without waiting to wash the sleep from my eyes I followed him once more over the now well-known route up Victoria street.

The people were thronging the sidewalks; the crowded busses thundered along Victoria

street. I remember how, on that sunny morning, the wind swept the particles of dust down the street. The world seemed altogether unconscious of, what was to us, the greatest crisis of our lives. As we hastened along, we saw the detective, Sutherford, going in the same direction. Running quietly behind him, Vernon said sharply in his ear:

"Do you want to get Rolyat?"

"No," exclaimed Sutherford, "I'm going to get him now."

"Is it the——?"

"Yes," interrupted Sutherford, "It is, but how do you boys know?"

"There are lots of things that a newspaper man knows," said Vernon quietly.

Then, just as we passed the post office, Sutherford motioned us to wait outside, and, entering the little tobacconist's shop, cried, as he pointed a revolver at the clerk,

"I charge you with the MURDER of Premier Asquith, Lord Charles Beresford, and Winston Churchill."

(to be continued)

## "TIM'S QUICK LUNCH COUNTER"

BY W. O. RICHMOND, '16

Twenty minutes before the hour, and all is silence; one minute later, and bedlam reigns supreme throughout the entire building. The long-suffering Freshmen, the all-important Sophmores, the condescending Juniors, and the officious Seniors—all are making one grand rush for Tim's Quick Lunch Counter. If, perchance, you should be detained and arrive at the counter a little late, the sight which greets your wondering gaze is, indeed, an interesting one. A solid mass of hungry boys, shouting lustily for sustenance, fills the entire counter. No thought is given to etiquette, but it is each for himself. Tim is earnestly entreated from all sides to bring a mocha, a ham, an ice, anything that goes by the name of "grub."

The Freshman, as his home and recitation rooms are mostly on the first floor, has the ad-

vantage over those on the upper floors. Thus it happens that the Freshman arrives at the counter first, but, unless a "Freshie" is of fairly good size, he will invariably fare ill. All that a big, husky Senior does, when he arrives, is simply to reach over, sometimes squeezing the very life out of the little unoffending "Freshie" who happens to be between him and the counter, and gobble up everything that Tim brings along. And poor Tim, with sweat pouring from his noble brow, tries valiantly to supply the wants of the starving throng, but in vain, for no sooner does he satisfy one, than a dozen more take his place.

If, however, some lucky individual gets his pie and ice-cream, his fight has only just begun. Now comes the most difficult part of the scrimmage; namely, the bearing off of



the prize uninjured. As you watch him with bated breath, you see him worming his way slowly through the grub thirsty crowd, with his plate lifted high above his head, in a splendid attempt to retain his hard-earned morsel. When he at last reaches safety and with hungry gulps devours the food, you do not envy him. Rather than go through the same ordeal, just witnessed, you tighten up your feet another notch, turn, and leave the scene of carnage. Thus the battle goes on around Tim's Quick Lunch Counter, day after day, week after week, month after month, throughout the entire school year.

### FRESHMAN SCHOLARSHIP

The Amherst Alumni Association of Boston has requested us to print the following notice in our school paper:

The Amherst Alumni Association of Boston offers a freshman scholarship of \$200.00 to be awarded to a member of the class entering Amherst College in the fall of 1916 as a candidate for the degree of A. B. Candidates for this scholarship must be at present students in public or private preparatory schools, located within thirty miles of Boston.

In awarding the scholarship, the committee will take into consideration not only the scholarship of the applicant as shown in his preparatory school work, but also his character, qualities of leadership and general ability.

Amherst College is possessed of a very substantial amount of funds, the income from which is applicable to scholarships, so that the successful applicant for the Boston Scholarship who makes a good record for himself during his Freshman year will have an excellent opportunity to secure continuing scholarships during the rest of his course.

The blank form of application and any other information in regard to the Scholarship may be obtained from the Registrar of the College at Amherst. Applications must be filed not later than May, 1, 1916.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### Greek Club

A Greek Club has been formed under the careful guidance of Mr. Leonard. The officers-elect are; Honorary President Mr. Leonard; President, Daniel J. Crowley; Vice-President John Twohey; Secretary and Treasurer, Stanley Johnson. A program has been outlined for the rest of the year, and will include a series of lectures on Greek and Latin Antiquities by professors and instructors in various colleges. An invitation to these lectures will be extended to all pupils of the school and especially to those students taking Latin and Greek. The Club has twenty members.

We are glad to be able to announce the election of Cornelius Bonner as class reporters for the class of 1918.

Thanks to the kindness of Mr. Copithorne we will have the Review for the year 1914-15 bound and placed in the stack at the Cambridge Public Library.

We hope that our school will soon be able to have swimming as a recognized sport and be represented by a good team. There is fine material in the school, and we will be greatly strengthened in February by a strong reenforcement from Rindge; namely, Robert Blockler, captain of the Rindge's swimming team.

### EXCHANGE NOTES

We are grateful for the following exchanges for the past months. "Clarion," Arlington High; "Grotonian," Groton Mass; "The Beacon," Boston University; "The Voice," Concord High School; "Old Penn," Pennsylvania; "The Beacon," Chelesa High; "The Blue and The Gold," Maris College; "The Phillips Bulletin," Andover.

## JOTTINGS OF A FRESHMAN

EDWIN C. WHITTEMORE, '15

Sept. 15—I'm happy, C. H. L. S. has begun and college hasn't.

Sept. 29—Phillips Brooks House Reception. They meant well I guess but when 500 try to sit on a 20x20 hard wood floor for half an hour,—oh yes, the refreshments were fine.

Sept. 29—Start of Rowing Season. They talked about 10 minutes of the nice, easy, sociable season we would have and then made us work our heads off on the machine for half an hour [note—I lost 3 lbs.]

Oct. 2—Trigonometry clouds. Black ones, on the horizon.

Oct. 5—Varsity Musical Club Trials. Some kind members got my "rene" out of time, I forgot half the notes of my solo, and they couldn't recognize the piece they gave me to play at sight. Very good, Eddie!

Oct. 6—My first experience in a Chem. Lab. I've got awful blister on my finger, but I can't see why. All I did was to carefully heat up a test-tube, carefully lay it down with the tongs, and then immediately pick it up again, not carefully but quite energetically—oh yes, I dropped it.

Oct. 15—My opinions of the ease of college studies are diminishing [note—I had a chem. paper today.]

Oct. 21—When I "weighed in" at the boat house tonight I was 3 lbs. lighter than usual. I couldn't solve the mystery for some time, and then I remembered all of a sudden that I ate at the Waldorf this noon.

Oct. 22—Those dark trigonometry clouds are no longer on the horizon,—oh no, they are right over head.

Oct. 30—We enjoyed the game very much.

Nov. 1—The trigonometry clouds have burst [had an exam. today] and I have become an ardent supporter of Lord Byron. I was reading some of his poetry when I chanced to run across these lines, compli-

menting someone. "Nor deal (thank God for that) with mathematics."

Nov. 2—German Hour Exam. I thought before today I knew some German—'nough said.

Nov. 4—Got back my German exam. today and, I suppose I was dreaming of dear old (?) C. H. L. S., almost tried to clap myself on the back when I suddenly realized that the letters don't run that way up here at college.

Nov. 5—In Princeton. Fine place I guess but two honorable graduates of the venerable institution had had just a little too much of the true old "booze" and they happened into the hall where I was staying.

Nov. 13—Even our real brass band couldn't beat the 1919 Elis.

Nov. 20—41-0, that was to celebrate my entrance to the university.

Nov. 26—Wishing to hear a little about life after college, I went to hear Ex-Warden Osborne of Sing-Sing speak on "Prisons."

Dec. 7—C. H. L. S. Club of Harvard Meeting. Very tame.

Jan. 3—Was settling down at 9 A. M. to two, weary hours of "Analit" when by the window shot all Latin School, headed the wrong way. If that night-watchman, or stoker, or whatever it was, wanted to go on a strike, why didn't it do it when I was there?

Jan. 11—Learned the secret of a heart today. They had a frog (properly etherized) with all his skin, muscle, etc., cut away so that you could see the heart working away as calmly as you please. It was delightful.

Jan. 27—Visited C. H. L. S. today and the only persons worth going down there to see are Mr. Cahir and Mr. Cleveland. Every teacher I met didn't seem to be inclined to recognize me, and every one else said "Oh you are having your vacation now, aren't you?" I only wish they would try to imagine what's coming to me the next two weeks.



## MISS RUSSELL, MYSTERY AND THE MILKMAN

BY DOROTHY HENDERSON, 1917

It all began when I rented the old Burnam house and "settled myself for a long winter's nap" in dull, sleepy Southfield. I was not attracted to that house in the first place. It was in a very lonely situation. On one side was a clump of pines, on the other a stretch of meadow. Not a house on the road within calling distance! But, as I am not a nervous person and am used to living by myself, as I am not so set in my habits as my age might give you to suppose, I put this small annoyance out of my mind and took the house.

For several days all ran smoothly, and I began to congratulate myself on my choice. And then one night I thought differently. I awoke about midnight feeling very thirsty and went downstairs in my bathrobe and slippers without a light,—for the moon was shining brightly outside, and I could see everything plainly. As I passed the parlor door, suddenly the piano began to play,—very softly, slowly, in hesitating discords. I stopped, paralyzed with fright, and the sound ceased. A few breathless seconds passed. Then I heard the snap of a window-shade that has been jerked up its whole length, and then I felt myself falling.

When consciousness returned to me, I was lying on the hall rug, and my dog Teddy was licking my face.

As you may readily understand, there was no more sleep for me that night. But when the morning sunlight came streaming cheerfully through my windows, somehow things had a different aspect. It might have been a dream. I have been known to walk in my sleep during a particularly frightful nightmare. Perhaps, after all, nothing had happened.

That afternoon I received a visit from my sister Margaret. "Mark my words, Carrie Russell," she said in parting, "you'll soon tire of living in this stupid hole of a place. You deserve to catch pneumonia, anyway, for renting a house without a furnace. You can

at least keep a fire in your room at night, but there! What could I expect of a senseless person like you? It was a very silly proceeding from the start. Goodbye, dear, you never were a practical person. Come to see us soon, won't you?"

Margaret is altogether too fond of interfering with my affairs. If I choose to live in Southfield, I shall do so. And if I wish to save coal by making fewer fires, I shall do that, also.

So I went to bed fully determined to remain in Southfield whether I liked it or not. But my sleep was broken and uneasy. My terror of the night before came back by degrees, and finally I had to give up the idea of sleep altogether.

As I lay in the darkness, every nerve alert, I heard again the snap of the window curtain. My heart seemed to freeze within me, and then to begin beating with a force that was painful. I dragged my trembling limbs to the stairway and stood—it seemed hours—listening. For some time nothing happened. Then, through the open parlor door, a patch of light fell on the stairs, remained a moment, and disappeared.

Some one had lit the electric lamp!

Panic-stricken, I fled to my room, locking the door behind me. If I screamed no one could hear me; so I sat quietly on the edge of my bed and waited for morning.

Was ever the sunlight longer in coming? Would my heart never stop pounding so hard! Would I ever again spend a night in this house alone? Positively, no!

I was dressed at daybreak, crept cautiously downstairs, and opened the door for the milkman. I could have thrown my arms around that milkman,—it was so good to see another human being! He looked surprised at finding me downstairs so early, but stopped to chat for a moment.

"Say, Miss Russell," he began, "I saw the funniest thing in your house last night. I

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



# DEBATING

LAWRENCE F. HENRY

Well! It's all over but the shouting! On February 4, Lowell came and went, and with their departure went victory.

It was a source of deep gratification to those who have worked to enthuse our school over debating to look over the large audience which well nigh filled the hall. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Whoriskey, and also the Girls' and the Boys' Glee Clubs entertained those present.

As to the debate, I think we can characterize it as being good. Our opponents put in an appearance with well memorized speeches which literally swept our men off their feet, giving one the impression that their speeches were memorized.

We lost the debate(1) because our men were not sure of themselves, (2) because of a general misunderstanding between the two teams as to the interpretation of the question, which read, Resolved: That the present Congress should pass a bill providing for the adoption of the Swiss System of Military training in the United States. Our team interpreted this as meaning that the Swiss System should be taken intact from Switzerland and operated in the United States. On the other hand Lowell advocated a United States Swiss System, a modified one adapted to conditions here. The judges regarded our opponents' interpretation as the more plausible, considering that it was ridiculous to talk of paying a business man sixteen cents a day to leave his work and train in the army. Yet this is a fact in Switzerland; hence if we adopt that system we must consider this phase of it, but if we modify it, it no longer remains the Swiss System. However the honorable judges refused to be convinced.

His Honor Mayor Wendell D. Rockwood presided and the debaters were:

Lowell High (Affirmative)—Henry D. Melloon, Royal K. Hayes, Garabed N. Mousheghian.

Cambridge High and Latin(Negative)—Harrington Thurston, Thomas MacNamara, Paul Corcoran.

As I have already stated, Lowell was sure of itself and was not backward in letting the audience know it. Royal K. Hayes, second speaker for Lowell, amused us as he spoke contemptuously of the absolute foolishness of the negative to even think of opposing the Swiss System. Paul Corcoran scored several jokes which were appreciated by all—judges excepted.

In the rebuttal Melloon and "Tang" Thurston clashed. And in this important part of the debate we scored heavily. Thurston's rebuttal speech was great, and he proved that he was a real debater by his clear and vigorous attack upon his opponents' arguments. On the other hand, Lowell's rebuttal was very weak and tame, Melloon making numerous cocksure statements and not backing them by conclusive proof.

We lost, but our complete schedule has not yet been fulfilled; hence do not become discouraged and lose your enthusiasm in debating, for we feel sure that Cambridge High and Latin will yet give a good account of itself and bring home victory.

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## Miss Russell, Mystery and the Milkman

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

was coming home late, about eleven o'clock, and as I was passing I thought how dark the house looked, and lonesome. And as I thought it, the light in your parlor switched on. The curtain was up, and I looked in,—begging your pardon, Miss—and the kitten was settin' up on the table, as cute as could be, playing with the lamp chains. And in another minute he had turned the light off again. A cat who wastes good electricity should be kep' in the kitchen nights, seems to me!"



OLGA CLARK

ANNIE DAY

**THE "G. A. A. GIRL'S DANCE"**

The Girls Athletic Association held its annual "girl dance" in the gymnasium, Friday evening, January 21, 1916. From seven o'clock until the orchestra started, the ten ushers were very busy introducing four hundred ten girls to the matrons, Misses Carroll, Dowd, Mason, and Townsend. The following girls acted as ushers: Ethel Barry, Evelyn Beckwith, Constance Boyer, Salia Charlton, Dorothy Cobb, Elizabeth Dee, Mabel Gibbons, Theresa Griffin, Elizabeth McLaughlin, and Anna Quinn. The gym was a picture worth seeing, not only for the happy faces, but the pleasing decorations, which were under the direction of Margaret MacNaugher, assisted by Ethel Barry, Marguerite Bliss, H. Higgins, R. Isenberg, and Louise Owen. After enjoying dancing until nine, refreshments were served in the lunch room. Here again, we find a very efficient committee under the careful management of Sarah Bunyon. At 10.30, all formed for the grand march, with many a groan because of the rapid flight of time. At the closing of the march every girl was presented with a favor and after a few cheers the dance was brought to a close. From beginning to end our G. A. A. girl's dance was a great success.

**BASKET-BALL**

On Monday, January 3, the last practice of candidates for the Varsity was held; and on the following day at recess the School Basket Ball Squad of twenty-one girls was posted in the locker room. The list read:

**Goals**

Sarah Bunyon  
Rosemary Carr

Margaret McNaugher  
Ethel Vincent

Inez Churchill  
Gladys Hammond

Eleanor Whiting  
Marjorie Whiting

**Centres**

Polly Collins  
Ruth Isenberg  
Anna Manning

Marie O'Connor  
Margaret Renton  
Lina Rhoades

Marie Walsh

**Guards**

Mildred Baldes  
Annie Day  
Alice Kelly

Agnes Leary  
Evelyn Richardson  
Jessie Rivinius

Grace Wall

On the next Thursday, the new Varsity Squad met for its first practice, which, we understand, was a memorable occasion. The Squad has practiced regularly twice a week, and marked improvement is already apparent. The first game of the season will be played with Miss Haskell's School on Friday, February 4.

As for class teams, those players who will represent the Freshman Class in basket ball will be picked the week of January 31st. On account of the large number and fine quality of the freshman players, a squad of twenty-one players will be picked.

The Sophomore and Junior class-team candidates are coming strong, but it is not known when they will be picked. The prospects of a Senior team are not so bright, for they stripped the class of its basket ball players when they picked the Varsity. The games for the class championship will begin early in February, and prospects of some interesting matches are in order.

[Editor's Note—The Girls' directory, Junior, will appear in a later issue.]



# ATHLETICS

## HOCKEY

The hockey team has had a most disastrous season to date and has shown little or no prospects of doing better. The team was called out by Captain Mills and Coach Sands early in December. Prospects for a winning team were not bright with Moser and Fitzgerald, two of the best hockey players in greater Boston, down in their studies. Consequently a new forward line had to be built around Captain Mills, which proved a very hard thing to do. With the two men mentioned above C. L. S. would have a team that would be contenders for the league title, but without them it is hopelessly in the rear of every contest. Former players who are holding their own on the team besides Captain Mills, are W. Mills, Blackman, O'Connell, O'Connor and Worcester, all of whom had more or less experience on last year's seven. Captain Mills at rover is one of the best men playing in school hockey this year and with a man to work with who was equally skilful, C. L. S. would be a winner more than its share of times. Failure to follow the puck down the ice and a tendency to play defensively too much of the time has lost many points. Fitzgerald, although green and inexperienced, is playing an exceptional game at goal, being nervy and full of fight at all times. Numerous games have been played. Arlington, which looks like state champion, was our first opponent and gave us a sound beating as she has every one else. The score was 5-1, Captain H. Mills caging a beautiful shot early in the second period. The next game was played at St. Marks School at Southboro.

## BASEBALL

The baseball team will be called out early in March for practice under Coach Eugene Sullivan. Battery candidates will work out

in the Tufts gymnasium, which has been secured by Coach Sullivan. Prospects for a winning team are bright with the greater part of last year's team back. Among the leading candidates will be Neilan, Duffy, Bunker, McCorry, Hills, H. Mills, O'Connor, Furniss, O'Connell, Coggeshall, Row, Dwyer, Dorr, Goldspring, Goepper, and Ramsay. Manager Conway is fast rounding out a schedule of many hard games. About twenty-four contests will be played including two league contests with both Brookline and Newton, and the annual game with Rindge Technical on May 31.

## NOTES OF THE TRACK TEAM

On January 10th, 1916 the track team reported to Coach Smith and Captain Dinan in the science lecture hall. About forty-five candidates attended the first meeting, during which Coach Smith outlined the work of the team for the future. Active work began immediately at the Harvard Track and in the gymnasium. Among the promising candidates to report were Captain Dinan, Roebart, Lane, Patton, Lucey, Saunders, Kelly, Husband, O'Connor, McCorry, Gannon, Boyd, Delay, Hyde, Wright, Goepper, Dwyer, Rey-croft and Kerner. More than the ordinary amount of interest has been shown by the candidates for the team, and C. H. L. S. should be well represented on the track this year. Manager Lucey is fast rounding out a formidable schedule, which includes meets with all the larger schools of Greater Boston, including Lowell High, February 5th and Lynn English, January 28th. More freshmen and sophomores are requested to report, as this year more than the usual amount of attention will be given them. Cambridge Latin has suffered because of the lack of developing men of the lower classes.



Intermediate and Junior meets will be held in February with South Boston High, and if enough interest is shown more meets will be scheduled. The team has shown rapid improvement during the first three weeks and Coach Smith is quite confident that he can develop some individual point winners among the candidates.

#### **PRACTICE MEET WITH CAMBRIDGE Y. M. C. A.**

The first meet was held with the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. This was a practice meet and so ineligibles were allowed to compete. Latin School came out a comparatively easy winner. The stars of the meet were Dwyer, Robart, and Saunders.

#### **THE LYNN ENGLISH HIGH MEET**

On January 28th, the team journeyed to Lynn to meet Coach Dame's English High boys. Latin School hardly hoped to win, as Lynn in the past few years has developed a track team which could hold its own with the best in the state. Latin School was defeated 52 5-6 to 15 1-6 which, needless to say, was a sort of a disappointment to all. The star performance of the evening was turned in by Hamill of Lynn who set a new mark in the 1000 yd. run. His time was 2 minutes 32 seconds. The point winners for Cambridge Latin were Captain Dinan, Robart, Dorr, McCorry and Patten; Robart, Dinan and Dorr carrying off individual honors. The summary of the meet follows:

Twenty yard Dash: Won by Cutter, Lynn; O'Connor, Lynn 2nd; Robart, Cambridge Latin 3rd; Time—2 4-5 seconds.

300 yd. Run: Won by Dinan, Cambridge Latin; Frost, Lynn, 2nd; Shattuch, Lynn, 3rd. Time—37 seconds.

600 yd. Run: Won by Hamill, Lynn; Frost, Lynn, 2nd; Dorr, Cambridge Latin, 3rd. Time 1m. 31 seconds.

1000 yd. Run: Won by Hamill, Lynn Goodrich, Lynn, 2nd; Titus, Lynn, 3rd. Time—2m. 32 seconds (New Record)

12 Pound Shot: Won by Frieburg, Lynn, Robart, Cambridge Latin, 2nd; Ruppel, Lynn, 3rd. Distance 37 ft. 91-2 in.

Running High Jump: Won by Clarke, Lynn, Thompson, Lynn, 2nd; Cutler, Lynn, McCorry and Patten, Cambridge Latin, tied for 3rd. Height 5 ft. 21-2 in.

Standing Broad Jump: Won by Dorr, Cambridge Latin and Thompson, Lynn, 2nd. Cambridge Latin and Frieburg Lynn, tied for 3rd. Distance 9ft. 1 in.

Relay Race: Won by Lynn, (Frieburg, O'Connor, Shattuch, Frost,) Cambridge Latin second, (Husband, Boyd, Gannon, Dinan, Dorr.

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#### **SUPPORT THE YEAR BOOK**

By FRANCES GAY, CHAIRMAN OF THE SUBSCRIPTION COMMITTEE

In 1913 the year book came out as a shining example to all future class annuals. It not only paid all its own expenses but had money left over, (I think it was about fifteen cents.) The next two year books did not pay; but we are going to be the shining example.

The year book will cost a good \$335, and it is up to the class of 1916 to raise that money. As a class, we have never paid one cent of money since we have been in the school. We haven't even supported the usual Junior party. "One dollar" looks mighty big when you think of it as one hundred cents; but really, you know, it's worth it.

In that year book you will have a picture of every member of the class of 1916. Why it's worth fifty cents as a class picture. Then, you have the address of every member of the class. You are getting a directory worth fifty cents. And, also you have stories and articles as good as any that ever came out in the Review.

Every senior should subscribe and then we would still lack fifty dollars that we hope our under-class-men will help us with.

Subscribe for the Year Book! Girls, what would you do if something should happen to Jack Kelly, Stuart Crocker, and Victor Blakeslee, and you didn't have a picture to remind you of them?



# NOTES

I know not what the truth may be,  
But tell it as 'twas told to me.

The following lines came to my notice a short time ago and appealed to me very strongly as being worthy of a place in the Review. They are entitled "My Creed," by Harold Arnold Walters. (H. C. T.)

"I would be true, for there are those that trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend to all—the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving, and forget the gift;

I would be humble, for I know my weakness;

I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift."

## 1915

Many erstwhile respectable persons evinced great sympathy with King Trimble's taste in Parisian importations.

A prominent delegation of has beens headed by City Editor Myers graced the occasion of the Sophomore debate.

Miss Spring (indignantly): "Who said my Latin classes were the 'Slaughter of the Innocents?' I should have called it the 'Slaughter of the ignorants'."

### OVERHEARD AT THE GIRL DANCE

Freshie; "Isn't Miss F. a graceful dancer? They say I dance just like her."

Bored P. G. "Yes, but I think you are better still."

Beale must think that he is the only P. G. in school. When asked what class he belonged to a few days ago, he answered that he was in a class by himself.

Miss G-d-n: "My little brother goes to sleep almost the moment I begin to sing."

Porky (to himself): "Lucky child."

We thought Tutin had a monopoly on the blarney till Crowley got washed ashore. The exalted office of Business Manager seems to make that a requisite.

## 1916

### WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Sydney Stanley buys ladies' perfumed cigarettes up at the college drug store?

Why Senior drama rehearsals last so long and McNamara and Thurston always leave the very last?

Whose rig Josephine Rolfe had on at the G. A. A. Dance?

(Cute little "tux.")

How long it takes Dorothy Smith to do her hair?

Whether Stuert Crocker had his football sweater made to order?

Why Miss Wood reads "Heart Throbs"?

E-r-r-i-c E-t-h-e-r-i-n-g-t-o-n--.

Conductor, "Gosh, that name would go a long way on a railroad ticket."

Miss Hardy: "You will have to bring an excuse for your absence from your father, Sawtelle."

Pete: "Well, he isn't any good on excuses, Ma catches him every time."



Boss Leventhal and Dusty Geopper were strolling along arm in arm rejoicing in being able to be with each other, even if only for a few sweet moments. As a fire engine dashed by Boss sacrificed his life for Dusty, and Dusty seeing his dearly beloved pal gone forever turned and killed himself and, and, Oh yeah, just then we woke up.

Jack Kelly is responsible for the observation that figuratively speaking, lots of girls are O. K.

Miss Mason says that she would not object when the girls come into class late after spending so much time before the mirror in the dressing room if something was accomplished worth while.

Pupil, reading his shorthand notes: "The eagle with wings around the corner," etc.

Teacher, "To use slang, that's some bird."

Didn't we Seniors think, one Thursday morning in December, when Mr. Cleveland read that selection from the Bible about charity that he was going to ask for class dues?

D. Noll says that he didn't write that little Poem (?) in our last issue of Class Notes. Well if he didn't he is not as funny as he looks.

By Noll by gosh

Miss Ruggli: "Etherington, I told you to notice when the solution boiled over."

Etherington: "I did, it was half past nine."

Mr. Jacobs: "What is the opposite of right?"

Leventhal: "Left."

Mr. Jacobs: "Wrong!"

Misses Barbara Thomas and Ella Chaplin expressed a wish to see their names in print. How does it look, ladies?

Lauriat Lane, Fashion Editor, says that the spring styles are to be tight with a loose effect like a girl with Manhattans.

Al Herskey, leaving in February with emotions: "I am indebted to you for all the math. I know."

Mr. Bramhall: "Don't mention such a trifle."

Happy New Year to you, Seniors,  
It's leap year, once ag'in—  
Three sixty-five an' one day mo'—  
For you girls to propose in!  
Now get your man!!

Miss Flanders: "Blakeslee, stop laughing."

Blakeslee: "Pardon, ma'm, but it was a mistake. I smiled and it busted."

Blessed is he who stays at home because he has an engagement, but woe unto him who tries to get excused from Miss Hardy.

Miss Smith: "McVey, the answer to this problem is wrong by two cents. Go back to your seat and do it over again."

McVey, fishing in his pocket: "Say, Miss Smith, I'd rather pay the difference."

Harry Thompson went to church once at his father's request. On returning home his father asked him what the minister's text was.

Harry said it was, "Don't worry you'll get your quilt back."

His father looked incredulous but went to the telephone and asked the minister and received this answer.—

"Fear not, thy comforter cometh."

It was a wet miserable day, and the car was crowded with pupils. Suddenly a coin dropped.

"Has anyone dropped a dollar?" inquired an old man.

Nine pupils searched their pockets and shouted, "I have."

"Well, I've found a penny towards it."

G. Wall: "Where is Leo McDonald?"

Voice: "He is engaged."

Grace: "Well I wasn't going to propose."

Mr. Jacobs: "Gorman, have you read the Declaration of Independence?"

Gorman: "No."

Mr. J.: "Have you read the constitution of the United States?"

Gorman: "No."

Mr. J.: "What have you read?"

Gorman: "Well, I have red hair."

### 1917

What profit a man if he get "E" on his monthly report, but faileth on his report card?

Allen: "You ought to take an interest in deep subjects. Here is an interesting item. Gessler, the tyrant, put up a hat for the Swiss to salute."

L. C.: "How was it trimmed?"

Four ways of answering a teacher.

Freshman: "Huh?"

Sophomore: "What?"

Junior: "I didn't understand."

Senior: "I didn't comprehend the nature of the inquiry."

Allen: "Made any resolutions for the new year?"

Cassidy: "No, I got some from last year that I've never used."

### IN THE FRENCH CLASS

Many friends—beaucoup d'amie

Pupil, hesitating how to say it.

Teacher: "Do not be afraid, it is not swearing."

A Freshman knows naught, but knows not that he knows naught,

A Sophomore knows naught, and knows that he knows naught,

A Junior knows, but knows not that he knows,

But a Senior knows, and knows that he knows.

It is reported that Eric Knight has gone to the Boston Art School. Those who were in his classes will surely miss his artistic endeavors.

## THE WEEKLY KALEIDOSCOPE

### Sporting Number

#### Big Checker Match in View

Checker players will be interested to learn that arrangements are now being completed for a great match between the two greatest players of Cambridge Latin School, Robart and Saunders. The terms of the contest are the best two out of three games. The match is to be held in room 28 of the school. Mr. Jacobs has volunteered to umpire the first game and the night watchman has offered his services for the second one. Spectators should bring at least two meals. A match of this kind is likely to arouse such excitement that it has been deemed expedient to rope off a square occupied by the players, in order that annoyance may not be caused them by the spectators.

When asked for their opinions in regard to the outcome of the contest, Saunders expressed confidence in himself by saying that he would beat his rival within twelve hours at the most. Robart voiced an equal confidence and said that he could go twenty-four hours without sleep.

The time limit is to be half an hour a move. Good seats can be obtained on early application for five dollars.

Mills: "You made a good recitation in class this morning."

Worcester: "What are you going to do about it?"

Mills: "Well nothing this time but you know it looks as if you were neglecting your hockey."

"I must confess to a great deal of egotism," said Bruce Clarke.

"Indeed?" answered Miss R-l-f.

"Yes I think about myself entirely too much."

"Oh, that isn't egotism. That's merely the usual human tendency to worry over trifles."



## 1918

## TWO STUDENTS AT RECESS

First: "Do you use a trot?"

Second: "Yes."

First: "What for?"

Second: "To enable me to go through Caesar's advanced lines at a gallop."

Teacher: "John, I never get anything out of you but silence and precious little of that, so you might just as well leave the room."

"Do you take Caesar?"

"No I only study his book but I wish that he had been taken before he ever wrote it."

Mr. Leonard: "Hearing new things is like eating a new dish—you get to like them after a while."

A grumbling pupil: "What does she take us for, goats?"

## 1919

## THE WAY WE LIVE

Freshman—High School at last.

Sophomore—A Freshie no longer.

Junior—Only one above us.

Senior—All beneath us.

## ODE TO A FLIVVER

The Ford is my auto,

I'm out for some fun.

Besides my nice auto

I'll take a good gun,

And some tackles and poles

For to catch some fresh fish,

Then I'll dig two large holes,

And in each put a dish.

Though people may scoff

At my very good auto,

They would like to get off,

And come to my grotto.

With me and my fish,

When I put them in holes,

And roast them and eat them,

All hot from the coals.

Evidently Geo. Burrows does not wish to keep a fish market when he grows up. The epithets he used upon finding a poor, dear little salt fish in his desk would not pass the censor.

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air,

With the milk and egg-yolks too, she took the greatest care.

Then she carefully remembered to add that little bit

Of baking powder, which you know beginners oft omit.

She mixed them all together and baked for just an hour,

But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.

By Koe

First Flea: "Where have you been? On a vacation?"

Second Flea: "No, on a tramp."

Teacher (in Commercial geography): "Describe Australia."

Student: "Well, one distinguishing feature is that it's so hot that they have to feed the hens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs" Ex.

## THE WEEKLY KALEIDOSCOPE

January 20, 1916

Fiction Number

We are presenting to our readers in this number an enthralling mystery story entitled "Dan Crowley and the Pirates' Gold." Since it was awarded first prize at the Panama Exposition by the twenty-five greatest American writers, we feel sure that our readers will not be disappointed at its literary qualities. The plot is staged on the rugged and picturesque shores of the Charles River.

Synopsis of previous installments

Dan Crowley, a Cambridge Latin School boy, while walking along the rocky shores of the Charles River, picks up a crumpled piece of paper on which are written a series of

hieroglyphs and secret symbols. He takes the paper home and attempts to discover its meaning, without success at first. But as he continues to work over the mystery, however, even neglecting to do his fifty lines of Latin, he at length is able to make out a word or two here and there; and by substituting the known letters in unknown words, he is finally enabled to read the code. He finds in it directions for learning the whereabouts of a buried pirates' treasure, the locality of which is somewhere along the Charles River. And now to go on with the story.

The opaque moonlight filtered through the clouds with silent noise; and not a sound could be heard save the dashing of the waves, the bursting of the buds, the mud turtles snapped ominously. Dan Crowley slowly crept along the rocky ledge. He grasped a shovel and pick in each hand and a lantern in the other. Below him the waves thundered and roared with a monotonous rhythm, and occasionally the damp spray was wafted to his face. He slowly felt his way along, attempting to keep a secure footing on the narrow shelf. At length he came to a spot where the ledge widened and sloped down to the shore. The rough water was calmer here and as he paused to listen, all he could hear was the waves, lapping the dry spots off the rocks. He set down his shovel, and feeling in his pocket, drew forth a dirty piece of paper, nearly falling in halves from constant handling. He held it close to the lantern and scrutinized it carefully.

"H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>," he muttered. "That must be just about here."

Again he searched in his pocket, and produced a tape measure. A lofty pine swayed majestically about a hundred feet from the beach. To this point he directed his steps; and beginning from the base of the tree, measured the distance to an immense flat rock which overhung the water. Far away an owl queried dismally in a near-by treetop. Dan shrugged his shoulders.

"It may be no place for a nervous man,"

he thought grimly, "but I am after the doubloons, and nothing stops me tonight." Then lying flat on his stomach, he swung the lantern over the rock and peered down over its perpendicular surface. And as a wave retreated, it revealed some feet below a cavernous opening.

"Ah-hah!" thought Dan in exultation, "the plot thickens. I'll be Morgan yet."

Then he pulled out his Ingersoll, glanced at it, and surveyed the slowly ebbing tide. It was five minutes past twelve. He again gazed at the retreating water with a calculating eye, turned up his overcoat collar, and squatted down with his back against a rock, ready for a period of waiting.

The lantern flickered and cast gruesome distorted shadows over the moist waters. The little phosphorus bugs in wretched attempts to counterfeit daylight cast lurid gleams over the surface, making the darkness seem more gloomy than ever, and the clams squirted mournfully. Then Dan started and listened; he settled back. It was only the mussels moving the stones around.

At length when the minutes had chased the long hand of his watch around the face, and when the opening of the cave was dry, Dan rose and was about to lower himself to the beach when he paused and again listened attentively. Far off in the distance he heard a "clank-clank." At first Dan thought that it might be the Latin School crew out practicing, but by clever deduction he decided that it was not: first, because they never row at midnight, and second, because it was not crew season. The "clank-clank" grew louder; and when Dan peered into the darkness, he observed about half a mile away a little spot of light. Then he acted. He quickly extinguished his lantern; and groping his way back to the pine, crouched down behind it. When two or three minutes had elapsed, a keel grated on the beach, and several shovels rang as they were thrown on the shore. Dan peeped cautiously around the tree and saw five dim figures walking toward



the cave. Dan whistled softly.

"Good night!" he whispered to himself, "they are after the louis."

Then he waited for developments. He did not have to wait long. Soon the thud of picks striking the earth beneath him and the sound of muffled voices reached his ears. When about fifteen minutes had passed, the sound of the pick stopped, but the hum of voices increased. Curiosity was too much for Dan, and he crept to the edge of the rock, softly lowered himself to the ground, and looked through the opening.

Five blood-thirsty looking pirates were sitting in a circle, in the midst of which was a pile of coins. One of the bucaniers was picking his teeth with a stiletto, a second was listlessly shaving the hairs from his one arm with a cutlass, while a third, the most intelligent appearing to the quintet, was counting the coins. The other two were in attitudes of careless watchfulness. At length the counting was finished, and each pirate was given a portion. They seemed satisfied, for one produced a bottle of Ligget's grape juice and all joined in a blood-curdling song which ran like this:

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,

Yo ho ho, and a dish of prunes.

Drink and the devil had done for the rest,

Yo ho ho, and a dish of prunes.

Dan Crowley pondered a few minutes, and at last hit upon a plan for getting possession of the pieces of eight. He took from his pocket a bottle of nitrous oxide that he had taken from the chemical laboratory, set it at the entrance of the cave, and removed the stopper.

Soon the talk of the pirates increased in volume. Then they began to gesticulate wildly and laugh hysterically. Dan chuckled to himself. Finally the laughter subsided, and the pirates went off in a stupor.

Dan entered the cave, holding his breath, replaced the coins in the rusty iron chest from which they had been taken, and

dragged it outside. He pulled the chest down to the boat and managed to lift it inside. Then he rowed down to the Harvard bridge, lifted out the chest, and dragged it through Harvard Square to his home. He woke everyone in his house getting the chest upstairs, but he got it into his room before anyone found out what he was doing. Then he locked the door, opened the chest, and took out the doubloons. He spent two hours counting the money before he found that it amounted to 757,895,573,291,351,903,143 dollars Mexican currency, or \$250.05 United States money.

He gave Cambridge Latin School the two hundred and fifty dollars to buy a rowing shell, and the five cents he spent on a hot chocolate.

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#### SCHOOL CALENDAR

Monday, January 31, hockey game with Newton at Arena.

Friday, February 4, game with Somerville.

Friday, February 4, debate with Lowell at Cambridge.

Friday, February 11, debate with Lexington at Lexington.

Friday, February 18, Senior drama.

Friday, February 18, February recess commences.

Monday, February 28 school resumes.

Friday, March 3, game with Rindge at Arena.

Friday, March 10, debate with Arlington at Cambridge.

Wednesday, April 12, baseball game, C. L. S. vs. Somerville at Somerville.

Saturday, April 15, C. L. S. vs. Dean Academy at Franklin.

Saturday, April 19, C. L. S. vs. Swampscott at Swampscott.

Wednesday, April 26, C. L. S. vs. Waltham at Waltham

Friday, April 28, C. L. S. vs. Boston College High at Russell Field.

Baseball schedule not yet completed.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Margaret Black has been made chairman of the Freshman Play Committee.

Katheleen Sandiford had a part in the second Idler, "King Argimenes."

Margaret Black had the leading part in this play.

Ruth Blackman also had a part in the second Idler.

Jessie MacGregor-Norman is a member of the Freshmen Song Committee.

Beatrice Jones has been reelected captain of her class team in basketball.

Constance Weiner had a part in the second Idler.

Ruth Blackman is a member of the Freshman Play Committee.

Margaret Carver also had a part in the second Idler, and in the Guild Play, "Twelfth Night."

Mary Sands had a part in the Guild Play.

Katherine Lamnan had a part in the third Idler, "How He Lied to Her Husband."

Bennet Wells and Wilder Clark are ont for the Freshman hockey team at Harvard.

Frederick Whitman is out for manager of this team.

Donald Sands is playing on the B. A. A. Hockey Team this winter.

H. C. DURRELL, '01L., Editor

## Deaths

1852 H. Ellen Maria (Muzzey) Frost, at Newton, August 8, 1915.

1857 H. Celestia Frederica (Barnes) Flint, December 16, 1915.

1854 H. 1856 L. Watson Grant Cutter, June 18, 1915.

1858 L. John Read, A. B., '62; A. M. '65 July 29, 1915.

1863 H. Myra Matilda Boggs, August 6, 1915.

1867 H. Nathan Frederick Merrill, S. B. (M. I. T.) '70; Ph. D. (Zurich) '72, at Burlington, Vt., October 26, 1915.

1870 H. Addie Maria Bettinson, at Somerville, November 1, 1915.

1874 H. Eleanor A. Smith, December 13, 1915.

1905 L. Henry Fontaine Nash, A. B. '09 (as of '10) at Lake George, N. Y., November 26, 1915.

Teacher, March 1858 to October, 1870. Caroline (Child) Fiske, December 18, 1915.

Ex-Principal High School, Ray Green Huling, A. B. (Brown) '69, A. M. (Brown) '72, S. D. (Brown) (hon.) '94, A. M. '97; at Marshfield, September 4, 1915.

## Marriages

1900 L. Angus Davis Estabrook and Winifred Wintels, at Boston, June 1, 1915.

1901 H. Margaret Ellen Crowley and John Joseph Ahern, Jr., April 28, 1915.

1901 H. Gertrude Mary Kelly and Patrick Arthur McGue, at Watertown, June 15, 1915.

1901 H. Alice Emma MacKusick and Irving Chapin Langley, September 22, 1915.

1902 L. Margaret Arnold and Hunley Abbott, at New York City, May 29, 1915.

1902 L. Edith Orinza Stinson and Cyrus Walter Jones, at Newton, September 11, 1915.

1903 H. Alice Walker Smith and Francis W. Johnson, December 18, 1915.

1904 H. Charlotte Elizabeth Dogherty and William Thomas Gavin, October 4, 1915.

1906 L. Rugna Moller and Henry Grafton McKenney, September 18, 1915.

1906 L. William Bullard Durant and Barbara Leighton, October 15, 1915.

1908 H. Mary Elizabeth Biggane and Charles William McDermott, June 14, 1915.

1908 H. Mary Cleaverly Gately and William Everett Van Idestine, May 26, 1915.

1908 L. John Harold Parry and Grace Elizabeth Gallagher, at Boston, October 20, 1915.

1909 H. Ethel Florence Kelley and James Niles Linton, June 16, 1915.

1910 L. Bernice May Egan and Chesley John Garland, July 17, 1915.

1911 C. Elizabeth Gertrude Sullivan and Herbert Henry Brett, June 6, 1915.

1912 C. Leslie Merrill and Albert Lincoln Ware, October 11, 1915.



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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

DIRECTORY

HEAD MASTER

Leslie L. Cleveland.....16 Linnaean St.

SUB-MASTERS

Thomas L. Bramhall....288 Fayette St., Quincy    Chester M. Bliss.....27 Hurlbut St.

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Latin—Miss J. S. Spring.....30 Dana St.	Commercial—George H. Cain 12 Goden St. Belmont
French and Spanish—Miss L. C. Rogers 23 Walden St.	Science—T. F. Downey.....67 Inman St.

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Percy C. Campbell.....14 Ware Hall  
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John G. Wolcott.....101 Inman St.  
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Margaret S. Bradbury.....369 Harvard St.  
Alice M. Brown.....Kendal Green, Waltham  
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Anna P. Butler.....275 Prospect St.  
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Caroline Drew.....12 Merrill St.  
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Horace E. Jacobs.....945 Massachusetts Ave.  
Sarah W. Kelly.....24 Irving St.  
Mary R. McCarthy.....30 Mead St.  
Ethel G. McElroy.....31 Gray St.  
Ethel M. MacLeod.....60 Martin St.  
Esther E. Morse.....75 Magazine St.  
Jane O. Mosher.....56 Trowbridge St.  
Louisa P. Parker.....19 Trowbridge St.  
Mabel C. Randall.....11 Sacramento St.  
Jane Ricker.....42 Prentiss St.  
Lillian C. Rogers.....23 Walden St.  
Eva M. Ruggli.....164 Appleton St.  
Olive K. Ryan.....274 School St., Waltham  
Ethel V. Sampson  
957 Washington St., Newtonville  
Martha R. Smith.....7 Clinton St.  
Jennie S. Spring.....30 Dana St.

Blanche E. Townsend  
9 Monmouth St., Somerville  
Agnes L. Tracy.....21 Bowdoin St.  
Lucy T. White.....1 Cleveland St.  
Madeline Wood.....2 Arlington St.  
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657 Chestnut Hill Ave., Brookline

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Josephine McLaughlin.....428 Broadway

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Thomas F. Cahir.....10 Cleveland St.

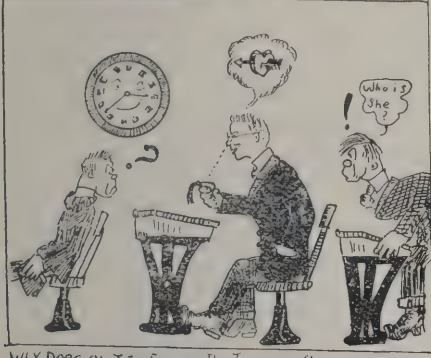
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Alice D. Chamberlain.....16 Kirkland Road  
Caroline Close.....380 Broadway  
Grace A. Coyle.....819 Cambridge St.  
Gertrude H. Crook.....4 Mason St.  
Grace L. Deering.....379 Harvard St.  
Grace E. Dennett.....236 Gray St., Arlington  
Mary L. Diehl.....60 Fairfield St.  
Esther S. Dodge.....15 Cottage St.  
Margaret Dowd...53 Stratford St., W. Roxbury  
Elizabeth M. Driscoll  
88 Orchard St., W. Somerville  
Sara L. Fisher.....1588 Cambridge St.  
George H. Glasheen.....11 Ellsworth Ave.  
Marie G. Hogan  
686 Blue Hill Ave., Dorchester

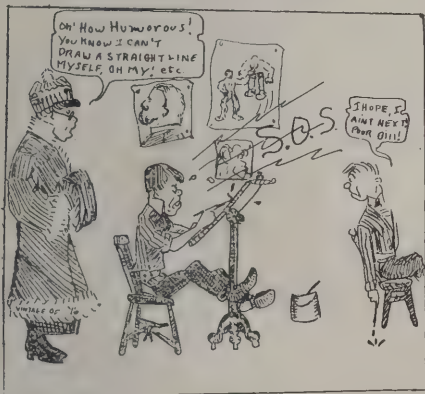
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Protests  
Southwest  
The  
Savage  
Soul



Why does AL. TUM examine the time so often —  
With the correct standard of time over his head?



"The Black Hole of Calcutta" had nothing on "Tim's Lunch Counter"



# PERFECTION IN PESTS.

(WATCH IF YOU WISH, BUT PLEASE OMIT THE LOCATION.)



The real trouble was FAT'S proximity to "Dick" Adams

John  
O'Conne

# IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY







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 Mabel F. Ivers.....East Buffum, Salem  
 Katherine G. Kelley.....73 School St.  
 Helen M. Kelley.....7 Frost St.  
 Lillian H. Kenney.....4 Greenough Ave.  
 Irene Leslie Ketchum.....Hawthorn Ave.  
 Grace E. Knight.....56 Walnut St., Natick  
 Maud A. Lawson.....466 Putnam Ave.  
 Katherine B. Lyons

786 Mt. Auburn St., Watertown

Inez McCaffrey.....289 Huron Ave.  
 Henrietta E. McIntire...1600 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Gertrude M. Mason.....14 Centre St.  
 Mary Moulton.....371 Harvard St.  
 Mary Murray.....7 Fayette St.  
 Leo D. O'Neil.....50 Gloucester St., Boston  
 Clessie P. Putnam.....1588 Cambridge St.  
 Helene Roux.....11 Shepard St.  
 Hilda F. Russell.....1654 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Caroline A. Sawyer.....48 Mt. Vernon St.  
 Florence W. Smith...36 Barnard Ave., Watertown  
 Delia M. Stickney...50 Lawrence St., Danvers  
 Annie F. Stratton.....26 Linnaean St.  
 Anna M. Walsh.....23 Sacramento St.  
 Winifred A. Waters.....2 Menlo St., Brighton  
 Mabel D. Watson.....371 Broadway  
 Alice S. Willoughby...291 School St., Watertown

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Francis J. Lally

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Loretta M. Murphy...3 Centennial Ave., Revere

#### SENIOR CLASS—CLASS OF 1916

Abromson, Harry P.....279 River St.  
 Andelman, Hyman.....25 Bay St.  
 Arthur, Charles.....10 Magazine Court  
 Atkinson, Henry.....1663 Cambridge St.  
 Blakeslee, Victor.....144 Lake View Ave.  
 Blackler, Robert.....40 Inman St.  
 Bornstein, Louis.....71 Hammond St.  
 Boyd, Gordon.....253 Upland Road  
 Boyer, Conant L.....16 Milton St.  
 Broughton, John R.....18 Rockingham St.  
 Cannon, Michael L.....132 Otis St.  
 Clark, William S.....9 Ashton Place  
 Conway, William J.....279 Pearl St.  
 Cotter, Francis.....20 Avon St.  
 Coward, G. Townsend.....18 Wendell St.  
 Cox, William.....100 Ellery St.  
 Crocker, Stuart.....10 Channing Place  
 Dinan, Joseph.....66 Spring St.  
 Duffy, Stephen.....93 Kirkland St.  
 Etherington, Eric.....37 Lee St.  
 Facey, John A.....54 Pemberton St.

Fitzgerald, Thomas.....5 River St.  
 Flayderman, Edward.....377 Prospect St.  
 Frank, George W.....163 Concord Ave.  
 Gallagher, William.....1 Yorktown Court  
 Gaskill, Leroy.....86 Richdale Ave.  
 Gay, Roger H.....579 Concord Ave.  
 Gerould, Russell.....15 Arlington St.  
 Goepper, Kenneth W.....73 Highland Ave.  
 Gorman, Charles.....241 Huron Ave.  
 Gustafson, Philip.....10 Hollis St.  
 Henry, Lawrence.....409 Washington St.  
 Hersey, Albert D.....52 Trowbridge St.  
 Hurd, Stuart.....2 Wright St.  
 Iserow, Charles.....88 Elm St.  
 Kelley, John T.....44 Langdon St.  
 Kelley, J. Raymond.....69 Fayerweather St.  
 Lane, Lauriat.....22 Arlington St.  
 Langley, Blake.....256A Howard St.  
 Lawthers, Robert.....294 Broadway  
 Leander, Henry.....72 Eustis St.  
 Leary, John.....44 Second St.  
 Leventhal, Harold.....188 Trowbridge St.  
 Lipshetz, William.....65 Washington St.  
 Lucey, Frank.....24 Antrim St.  
 McCorry, Joseph.....114 Antrim St.  
 McNamara, Fred.....239 Upland Road  
 McNamara, Thomas.....257 Upland Road  
 Mellen J. Edwin.....44 Langdon St.  
 Mills, G. Ward.....67 Dana St.  
 Monteiro, Victor.....3½ Wendell St.  
 Moser, Ralph.....20 Farwell Place  
 Noll, Daniel F.....7 Howland St.  
 O'Connell, Joseph.....86 Rice St.  
 O'Connor, Gerald M.....32 Creighton St.  
 O'Keefe, Charles.....81 Pemberton St.  
 Perry, Harold.....18 Upland Road  
 Powers, Francis.....105 Lexington Ave.  
 Press, Harold.....18 Upland Road  
 Proctor, Ralph.....138 Elm St.  
 Pulsford, Arthur.....6 Camelia Ave.  
 Randall, Ellsworth.....128 Magazine St.  
 Redmond, John A.....228 Webster Ave.  
 Reyeroft, Charles.....18 Buena Vista Park  
 Richmond, William O.....22 Chestnut St.  
 Rockett, Thomas J.....89 Oxford Ave.  
 Ruhman, Irving C.....164 Allston St.  
 Rush, Thomas F.....29 Athens St.  
 Sanders, Albert.....98 Portland St.  
 Sands, C. Radford.....465 Mt. Auburn St.  
 Schwartz, Louis.....57 Otis St.  
 Shaw, Ralph B.....71 Walker St.  
 Silverstein, Maurice.....189 Cambridge St.  
 Smith, Frank J.....348 Norfolk St.  
 Stanley, Sydney C.....141 Oxford St.  
 Sullivan, Ernest.....111 Concord Ave.  
 Tattan, Francis.....8 Wright St.  
 Thesan, Oscar.....20 Dudley St.  
 Thompson, Harold.....206 Harvard St.  
 Thurston, Harrington.....16 Trowbridge St.  
 Tutin, Alfred.....7 Fayette St.  
 Wadden, William.....1 Hancock Park



Wason, G. Fletcher.....7 Walnut Ave.  
Wiener, Hermann B.....6 Sacramento St.

Aberle, Frances.....69 Vassal Lane  
Aberle, Christine B.....28 Hadley St.  
Adams, Helen Gertrude.....50 Dana St.  
Anderson, Hilda A.....31 Portsmouth St.  
Austin, Margaret.....102 Holworthy St.  
Balfe, Mary L.....377 Norfolk St.  
Barron, Frances Edith.....295 Windsor St.  
Barron, Frances G.....25 Trowbridge St.  
Barry, Anna J.....298 Vine St.  
Boole, Grace.....2 Carver St.  
Bragan, M. Lillian.....1524 Cambridge St.  
Brandon, Loretta A.....46 Cogswell Ave.  
Bresnan, Dora M.....28 Mellen St.  
Brodie, Florence.....51 Mt. Auburn St.  
Brown, Beulah M.....33 West St.  
Buckley, Eva.....16 Tuttle St.  
Bunyon, Sara.....6 Holly Ave.  
Burns, Jean A.....7 Hancock Place  
Cannon, Mary J.....132 Otis St.  
Carleson, Lillian.....1000 Massachusetts Ave.  
Carr, Marion E.....1500 Cambridge St.  
Carroll, Alice M.....135 Western Ave.  
Carruth, Catherine.....9 Laurel St.  
Carter, Averil.....25 Union St.  
Carter, Lowella.....380 Walden St.  
Carver, Marion E.....17 Hubbard Ave.  
Cashman, Florence.....16 Woodbridge St.  
Chapin, Bertha.....33 Fairmont Ave.  
Charlton, Edna.....265 Upland Road  
Churchill, Inez.....240 Franklin St.  
Christiansen, Emily D.....108 Henry St.  
Clark, Olga.....26 Gray St.  
Comerford, Helen.....23 Sacramento St.  
Connors, Margaret E.....4 Hutchinson St.  
Collins, Frances.....26 Porter Road  
Crowley, Mary L.....89 Fifth St.  
Curry, Mary C.....92 Wendell St.  
Daly, Anna M.....92 Pearl St.  
Day, Annie D.....405 Green St.  
Doherty, Mary A.....27 Jefferson St.  
Donnelley, Gertrude A.....11 Peters St.  
Donoghue, Catherine V.....222 Webster Ave.  
Dorsey, Helen T.....66 Walden St.  
Dunbar, Marion.....61 Cleveland St., Arlington  
Duncan, Emily I.....24 Harvey St.  
Easterling, Ruth M.....2 Washburn Ter.  
Fairbairn, Eleanor.....50 Thorndike St.  
Falvey, Catherine J.....37 Winslow St.  
Farnsworth, Margaret.....331 Pearl St.  
Fisher, Nettie D.....277 Humbolt Ave., Roxbury  
Flood, Mary A.....522 Putnam Ave.  
Floyd, Ella M.....12 Mt. Auburn St.  
Fox, Clara W.....151 College Ave., W. Somerville  
Fryfield, Jennie.....48 Webster Ave.  
Frykman, Ethel E.....7 Van Norden St.  
Ganong, Otilie.....71 Porter Road  
Gardner, Rachel.....128 Magazine St.

Gay, Frances L.....40 Irving St.  
George, Emily G.....70 Spring St.  
Glennon, Marguerite M.....20 Peters St.  
Goodrich, Helen W.....198 Allston St.  
Grant, Catherine.....9 Gerry St.  
Griswold, Helen A.....17 Brown St.  
Grogan, Marion C.....295 Pearl St.  
Gruhn, Lucy E.....115 Holworthy St.  
Harriman, Eleanor.....8 Leonard Ave.  
Hayward, Dorothy.....140 Elm St.  
Hennessey, Mary E.....204 Vine St.  
Herlihy, Isabel.....6 Healy St.  
Hillis, Adeline.....23 Valentine St.  
Hodgeman, Marion.....111 Henry St.  
Isenberg, Ruth.....98 Columbia St.  
Keaveney, Mary E.....6 Ninth St.  
Keefe, Helen L.....17 Ellsworth Ave.  
Keefe, Marion E.....47 Sacramento St.  
Keene, Naomi.....1791 Cambridge St.  
Keith, Theodora.....10 Trowbridge St.  
Kelleher, Margaret.....697 Green St.  
Kelly, Kathryn C.....21 Lopez St.  
Killam, Muriel.....51 Avon Hill St.  
La Ducer, Marguerite A.....321 Pearl St.  
I add, Marguerite.....62 Gorham St.  
Laffey, Ellen R.....26 Holmes St.  
Landry, Annie Matilda.....126 Garden St.  
Leahy, Mary L.....109 Walden St.  
Leary, Agnes C.....515 Green St.  
Lehane, Catherine F.....48 Fairfield St.  
Lamson, Gertrude.....69 Mt. Vernon St.  
Lath, Catherine.....48 Irving St.  
Lerned, Isabelle.....2350 Massachusetts Ave.  
Lewis, Dorothy.....226 Upland Road  
Linbinski, M. Sophia.....336 Windsor St.  
Lindquist, Gertrude C.....21 Fair Oaks St.  
Lohnes, Rose C.....11 Perry St.  
Loring, Hazel.....12 Ellsworth Ave.  
Lynch, M. Blanche.....50 Magazine St.  
Lynch, Ruth M.....386 Huron Ave.  
McAndrews, Estella M.....51 Dudley St.  
McCarney, Mary.....313 Cambridge St.  
McCarthy, Helen C.....194 Brookline St.  
McCarthy, Irene A.....7 Cypress St.  
McEvoy, Margaret.....101 Trowbridge St.  
McGowan, Catherine F.....15 Austin St.  
McGrath, Madeline J.....571 Franklin St.  
McLaughlin, Elizabeth.....1192 Cambridge St.  
McLaughlin, Ethel.....13 Tremont St.  
McMann, Frances E.....44 Austin St.  
McMurtrie, Ruth P.....14 Allen St.  
McNiff, Catherine E.....20 Plymouth St.  
MacKee Margaret.....46 Creighton St.  
Mackinnon, Bernice.....46 Shepard St.  
Mackinnon, Doris E.....46 Shepard St.  
MacMillan, Aulay.....124 Hancock St.  
MacPherson, Marion.....169 Concord Ave.  
Maloney, Margaret M.....13 Hayes St.  
Martineau, Bertha.....90A Concord Ave.  
Maskell, Evelyn F.....35 Frank St.

Mayer, Rheta G.....8 Neil Court  
 Mernin, Winifred.....28 Blake St.  
 Miller, Alice E.....28 Mt. Auburn St.  
 Milton, Elizabeth.....2175 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Moody, Jeannette D.....41 Roseland St.  
 Moore, Myrtle I.....11 Arnold Circle  
 Moran, Mary J.....2 Nichols Place  
 Morse, Mildred.....244 Pearl St.  
 Mullin, Elizabeth.....245 Washington St.  
 Mullin, Margaret A.....54 Kinnaird St.  
 Murphy, Alice R.....99 Fayerweather St.  
 Murphy, Lillian E.....31 Copley St.  
 Mutch, Ruth M.....69 Rice St.  
 Oliver, Elizabeth S.....28 Berkshire St.  
 Olney, Isabel.....16 Howland St.  
 O'Leary, Mary A.....78 Otis St.  
 Orchard, Ervel.....69 Fifth St.  
 Parker, Helen G.....29 Sacramento St.  
 Parmer, Mabel.....19 Columbia St.  
 Perkins, Gladys.....353 Pearl St.  
 Pierce, Marguerite.....5 Russell St.  
 Pinkos, Rebecca.....66 Elm St.  
 Potter, Maretta G.....6 Felton St.  
 Pressey, Harriet L.....34 Cottage St.  
 Prombaine, Anna.....291 Windsor St.  
 Read, Edith M.....20 Rindgefield St.  
 Reardon, Helen M.....29 Frank St.  
 Richardson, Evelyn.....23 Haskell St.  
 Riley, Helen.....3 Warland St.  
 Rodgers, Beatrice E.....64 Thorndike St.  
 Rosencranz, Augusta.....74 Putnam Ave.  
 Rosencranz, Yettie.....74 Putnam Ave.  
 Rosenwald, Leah.....50 Inman St.  
 Rowe, Grace F.....770 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Ruoff, Helen.....46 Trowbridge St.  
 Rush, Agnes E.....29 Athens St.  
 Ryan, Lillian M.....3 Ellsworth Park  
 Seidman, Edith L.....502 Windsor St.  
 Shea, M. Gertrude.....74 Fayette St.  
 Shea, Mary E.....41 Royal Ave.  
 Smith, J. Dorothy.....14 Dana St.  
 Snow, Edith.....133 Otis St.  
 Spaulding, Lucile.....71 Chestnut St.  
 Staples, Doris R.....11 Leonard Ave.  
 Stevens, Beatrice.....376 Cambridge St.  
 Stiles, Florence W.....19 Shepard St.  
 Stockton, Avis A.....139 Austin St.  
 Stockwell, Gladys.....14 Davenport St.  
 Sullivan, Anna F.....150 Huron Ave.  
 Sullivan, Catherine.....50 Winthrop St.  
 Sullivan, Mary E.....628 Green St.  
 Sullivan, Elizabeth M.....11 Cowperthwaite St.  
 Sutherby, Gertrude M.....124 Berkshire St.  
 Taylor, Grace.....151 Auburn St.  
 Taylor, Minnie I.....76 Putnam Ave.  
 Thomas Barbara.....63 Highland Ave.  
 Todd, Ada W.....15 Trowbridge St.  
 Tobin, Inez.....17 Tremont St.  
 Toole, Agnes C.....298 Harvard St.

Twohig, Evelyn.....28 Holmes St.  
 Wait, Lillian M.....96A Otis St.  
 Walker, B. Gladys.....17 Cambridge Ter.  
 Walsh, Marie.....21 Fairfield St.  
 Walsh, Mary C.....306 Harvard St.  
 Wardock, Alice.....159 Appleton St.  
 Wavle, Ruth.....47 Irving St.  
 West, Mary.....6 Cottage Court  
 Wiener, Bertha S.....29 Sparks St.  
 Wilson, Edith M.....302 Columbia St.  
 Wilkshire, Ethel Mary.....583 Green St.  
 Wolejka, Estelle.....89 Winter St.  
 Wood, Phoebe.....73 Wendell St.  
 White, Jane J.....192 Rindge Ave.  
 Worcester, Marion.....1734 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Zimmerman, Gertrude.....165 Portland St.

### JUNIOR CLASS—CLASS OF 1917

Ainley, George.....261 Upland Road  
 Allen, Ralph W.....9 Webster Ave.  
 Allen, Raymond T.....7 Brookline St.  
 Andrews, Robert.....1590 Cambridge St.  
 Bailey, Marshall.....1569 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Barry, Nicholas.....97 Winter St.  
 Blackman, John.....33 Agassiz St.  
 Boyd, Charles.....5 W. Bellevue Ave.  
 Boyd, Robert.....5 W. Bellevue Ave.  
 Breau, Edward.....81 Orchard St.  
 Brooks, Albert James.....367 Western Ave.  
 Bunyon, Thomas.....6 Holly Ave.  
 Callinan, John.....10 Sixth St.  
 Cassidy, James J.....16 Plymouth St.  
 Chamberlain, Clarence.....27 River St.  
 Charak, Harry J.....3 Clinton St.  
 Clark, Frederick.....48 Rindge Ave.  
 Cogan, William...h.....210 Harvard St.  
 Coggeshall, Harrison...631 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Cronin, Hubert.....3 Baldwin St.  
 Culhane, Arthur.....31 Everett St.  
 Culhane, William.....31 Everett St.  
 Curry, Bartholomew.....101 Antrim St.  
 D'Arcy, Fred.....131 Huron Ave.  
 Dallinger, John.....4 Hancock Park  
 Davis, Edward S.....120 Jackson St.  
 Dillon, Maurice.....7½ Madison St.  
 Donahue, Dennis B.....20 Bristol St.  
 Donovan, Edward F.....52 Middlesex St.  
 Doran, Edward.....107 Rindge Ave.  
 Drukman, Samuel.....84 Tremont St.  
 Erickson, Oliver.....72 Hampshire St.  
 Feingold, Julius.....11 Seckel St.  
 Finn, Edward J.....146B Spring St.  
 Flemming, Hartwell.....136 Elm St.  
 Flynn, William.....1264 Cambridge St.  
 Foley, John J.....4 Van Norden St.  
 Foster, Samuel.....424 Broadway  
 Gibbons, John.....25 Plymouth St.  
 Gannell, Philips.....438 Broadway  
 Gannon, John.....20 Valentine St.



Garabedian, Nazareth.....61 Plymouth St.  
 Gilbert, Frank.....72 Inman St.  
 Goldspring, Joseph.....30 State St.  
 Haley, Maurice L.....9 Oak St.  
 Hardy, Elerson.....279 Portland St.  
 Harrington, George.....125 Antrim St.  
 Hayes, William J.....150 Concord Ave.  
 Herlihy, Thomas.....6 Healey St.  
 Higley, Robert.....19 Fairmont St.  
 Hill, Albert.....10 Arnold Circle  
 Hillery, Edward.....56 Eustis St.  
 Hunt, George V.....3 Madison Ave.  
 Jenkins, Malcolm.....98 Magazine St.  
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 Kurth, Henry.....126 Columbia St.  
 Lahiff, John.....66 Fayette St.  
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 Lockhart, Hubert.....837 Massachusetts Ave.  
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 McVey, Camden.....103 Hammond St.  
 Maguire, John.....121 Inman St.  
 Martin, Robert.....50 Highland Ave.  
 Marvin, Charles.....115 Hancock St.  
 Mellen, Richard.....44 Langdon St.  
 Mills, Henry.....67 Dana St.  
 Murphy, James J.....52 Middlesex St.  
 Neilan, Charles E.....180 Chestnut St.  
 O'Brien, Edward.....8 Ellery St.  
 O'Connell, John J.....522 Putnam Ave.  
 O'Connor, George B.....39 Ninth St.  
 O'Connor, Jeremiah.....135 Rindge Ave.  
 Olson, John O.....184 Harvard St.  
 Patten, Raymond L.....1520 Cambridge St.  
 Pemberton, William.....1590 Cambridge St.  
 Polak, Jack I.....120 Pleasant St.  
 Putnam, William.....105 Fifth St.  
 Ramsay, Harold.....27 Gurney St.  
 Ramsey, Harry M.....33 Mellen St.  
 Reedy, Thomas.....12 Magnolia Ave.  
 Riley, Francis.....80 Orchard St.  
 Row, Clarence.....96 Prescott St.  
 Ryan, Thomas A.....14 Grove Ave.  
 Sawtelle, Arthur.....12 Upton St.  
 Smith, Carlton.....87 Fayerweather St.  
 Spiers, Paul.....9 Washington Ave.  
 Tenney, Oliver.....330 Harvard St.  
 Tobin, Francis.....67 Rindge Ave.  
 Toohey, John.....1000 Charles River Road  
 Towne, Philip.....62 Fayerweather St.  
 Travers, Arthur.....20 Hardwick St.  
 Travers, George.....21 Leonard Ave.

Turbet, William.....32 Sherman St.  
 Wallace, William.....193 Mt. Auburn St.  
 Walsh, Joseph H.....375 Norfolk St.  
 Whelpley, Frederick.....99 Fayerweather St.  
 White, Harry B.....183 River St.  
 Whitley, Francis.....239 Hampshire St.  
 Whoriskey, Gordon.....19 Fayette St.  
 Wolcott, Paul.....101 Inman St.  
 Wood, Charles H.....31 Lawrence St.  
 Woods, Leslie.....31 Lawrence St.  
 Worcester, John.....1734 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Wright, Donald.....28 Hurlbut St.  
 Sheehan, Charles.....113 Hampshire St.  
 Rogers, John.....30 Cambridge Ter.

### THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

CONTRIBUTED BY R. BOYD, '12L

Although organized only a few months, so much widespread interest has been centered on the Boys' Glee Club as to render necessary a more definite account of it. The prime movers of the organization were Mr. Whoriskey, Charles Boyd and others. Never before in the history of the school has such an aggregation of boys been brought together. To make their Glee Club possible, they have had to meet after school hours. However, it has proved so successful that there is no doubt but it is now an established school organization. They are indeed fortunate in having Miss Harriet Gordon as their pianist. Her interest in the Club is only surpassed by her musical ability. Their first public appearance was at the Lowell Debate, on February 4, where they delivered themselves very creditably.

The musical organizations of the school, the orchestra and the Boys' and Girls' Glee Club, deserve great credit for the magnificent showing they made at the Lowell-Cambridge Debate. We all feel proud of Mr. Whoriskey. Although we lost the debate, we feel that the splendid musical program was a big redeeming feature.

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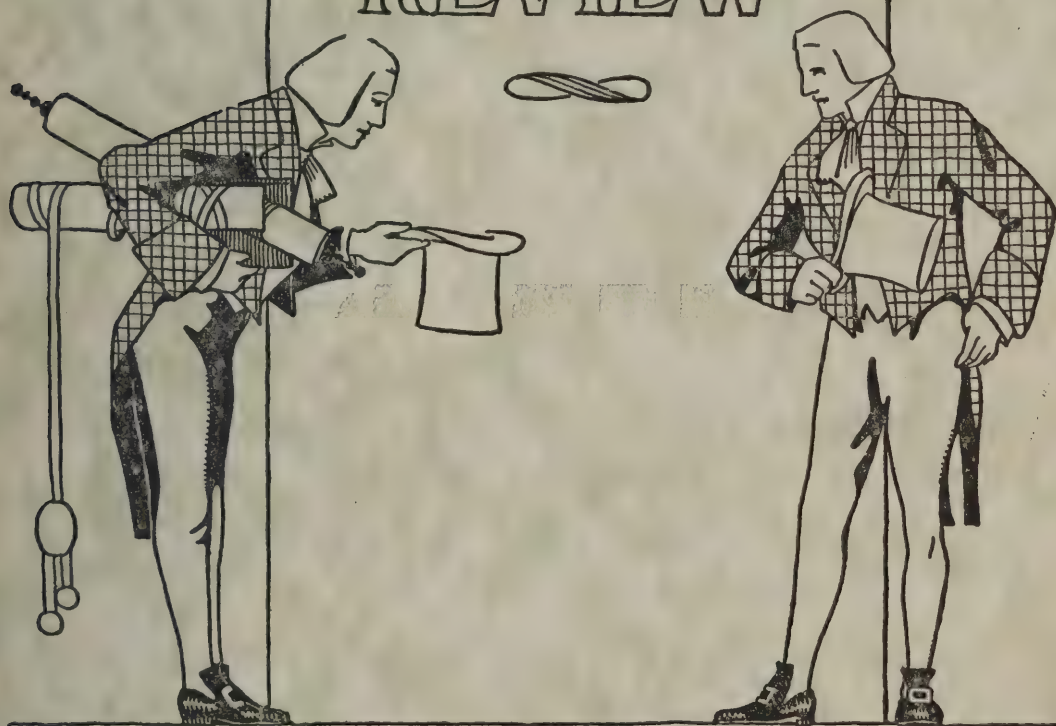
THERE WERE 331 ENTRIES

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ROBERT MARTIN



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**Cambridge**

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**C. H. L. S. 1916**

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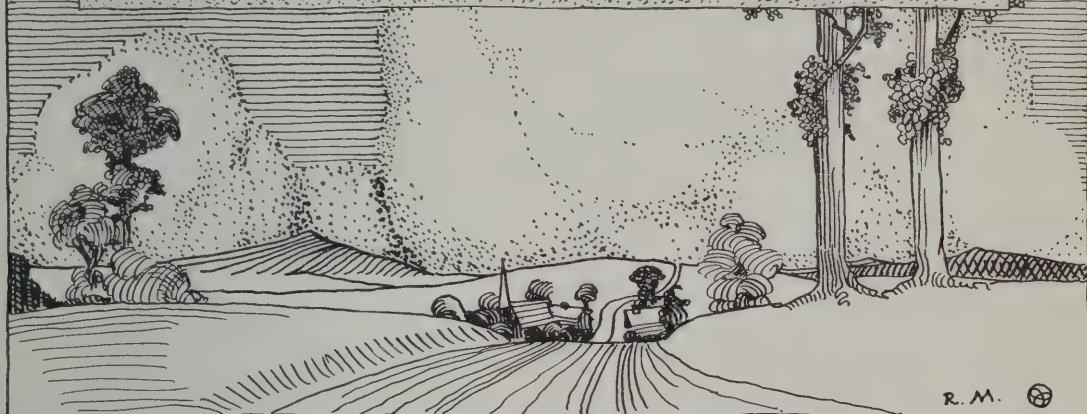
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# THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

1915-16

Vol. XXX

No. 4

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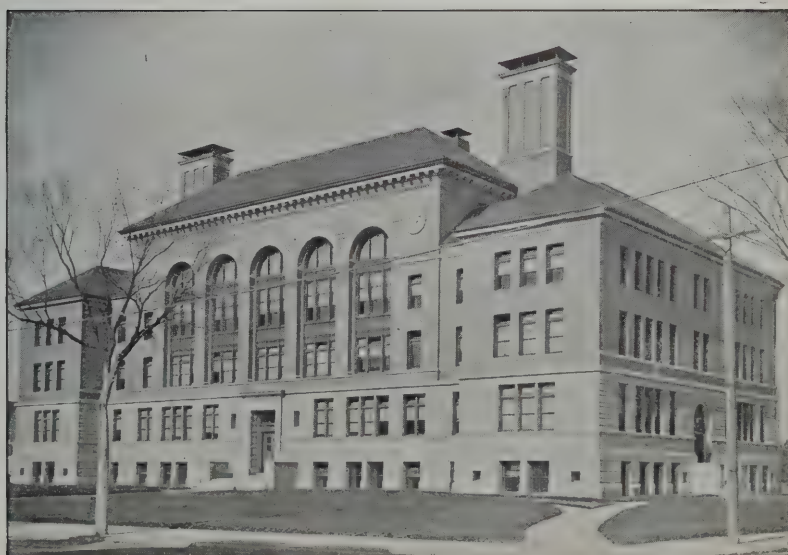
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DEBATING TEAMS—1916



"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

---

## REPRESENTING THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

---

### Are You Prepared?

SENIORS, are you prepared for your entrance exams? They are coming soon. In less than two months we will have to face the dreaded ordeal. Warm weather will be here soon, and then the tendency will be to take things easy. Many of us will need to settle down to some hard work to make up for lost time. Be game and don't quit so near the end. Our loyalty to our school should make us want to uphold her high standard. Athletic victories add greatly to the honor and distinction of a school; yet we must not lose sight of the fact that a school is judged primarily upon its academic standing, and this the student body must uphold. May we all do our best this year in maintaining the good record of C. H. L. S.

### A Matter of Decency

Some people in our school apparently forget themselves completely when they get out of sight of their mothers and show absolutely no regard for decency. Any person who has the slightest degree of school pride and good breeding must feel disgusted at the usual appearance of the drinking fountains in the Latin Building as they are left after recess. There is absolutely no excuse for a high school pupil who throws orange peels, and banana skins, and half eaten sandwiches into these fountains where we all have to drink. It is downright inexcusable laziness and ill breeding that is to blame. This thing ought not be tolerated by the student body. It casts a reflection on the whole school. What must be the thought of a visitor who comes to our school, if he should chance to cast a glance at those filthy looking fountains!

Think this matter over.

The same thing applies to the basement and the school grounds. Barrels have been placed at convenient intervals for the reception of refuse, and they are there to be used. The art department has gone to the trouble of making us posters directing our attention to this matter. Follow the directions!

What a mean, lowdown trick it is to mutilate the walls and statues of our school! Yet there are those among us who do it. Those statues represent class gifts to the school, and they should be respected. Would you like your class gift to be nicked up and banged to pieces by some thoughtless pupil? Decidedly no!

Surely these matters are deserving of consideration. There are debating societies in the school that would do well to discuss means of bettering these conditions, and the teachers, too, might bring the matter more into prominence. Talk this matter up and bring your influence to bear against such unnecessary carelessness.

### Latin-Rindge Song Contest

On Friday night, May 19, at eight o'clock, Cambridge High and Latin School will meet Rindge in Latin Hall, in a song contest that will include the finest musical program that the schools have ever produced. It will most certainly be a great musical achievement.

Each glee club will sing twice and will be judged on tonal attack, blending of voices, accuracy of pitch and rhythm, and interpretation,

There will also be a contest between two double quartets, representing the schools, the Rindge team to be led by Thomas F. Holden;



and Latin, by Charles Boyd.

Besides the above there will be special numbers by the Girls' Glee club; solos by individual members of the musical organizations of both schools; selections by the combined orchestras numbering nearly ninety players, and solos by former members of each school.

For the schools it is to be a musical evening.

Rehearsals have been well under way for some time. The judges of the contests.

### Something New in Civics

book in Civics as related to state and country, an attempt is now being made in two of our senior divisions to deal solely with Community Civics for the remainder of the year. This course involves original research and reports on a wide range of subjects suggested by actual conditions in Cambridge.

Members of the class hand in one typewritten essay every two weeks on a topic which they choose themselves. It is planned at the end of the year to bind together the better essays in book form and have them in the school library as material for future classes. There is a good deal of rivalry among the pupils who wish to have one or more essays included in this book as a specimen of their work in senior year. It is possible that sufficient material will be developed on which to base a text-book on Community Civics. Thus far much interest has been shown in the work. The following topics are selected from over seventy on the posted list as indicating the work accomplished.

Report on Cambridge Housing Conditions.

Rindge Gifts to the City of Cambridge.

Buildings at Harvard: Their history and present use.

Changes in City Government made by the new Charter.

Cambridge Fire Department.

Our Cambridge Newspapers.

Telephone Service in Cambridge.

Growth of Cambridge in the last ten years.

Should Cambridge be annexed to Boston?

Cambridge Bridges: Their history, Cost, and Maintenance.

City Playgrounds.

Cambridge Tunnel and Street Car Service.

### HONOR ROLL—SECOND QUARTER No Mark Below an "E"

Ida Aronson

Richard Gerould

Cornelius Bonner

Irma Reed

### No Mark Below a "G"

Altman, Goldie

Aronson, Esther

Austin, Margaret

Baker, Irma

Barry, Mary

Bliss, Arthur

Bliss, Margarita

Boyer, Constance

Boyer, Barbara

Bragan, M. Lillian

Bramble, Glenn

Burham, Bradford

Burnham, Frances

Butler, Dorothy

Carr, Rosemary

Chafe, Georgianna

Chamberlain, Geoffrey

Charlton, Lalia

Clark, William

Cloran, Marie

Collier, John

Connell, Anastasia

Cooley, Sumner

Coolidge, Rosamond

Curry, Helen

Collins, Alice

Dallinger, John

Davis, Eunice

Daly, Annie

Dillingham, Rosamond

Doe, Kathleen

Doherty, Helen

Faris, Arthur

Fishman, Ida

Foley, Francis

Fonseca, Albert

Ford, Anna

Freeman, Alan

Freeth, Evelyn

Gallen, Alice

Gerould, Russell

Giles, John

Gilbert, Emma

Goldstein, Bessie

Goldstein, Dora

Grade, Arnold

Griffin, Evelyn

Grovestein, Elizabeth

Gruber, Ida

Gustafson, Linnea

Hammons, Dorothy

Harrigan, Ethel

Hart, Margaret

Hawes, Dorothy

Henderson, Beatrice

Henry, Lawrence

Herbert, Marion

Hokanson, Vera

Hunnewell, Edna

Hunt, James

Jary, Josephine

Jones, Laura

Kaplan, Bessie

Klein, Irma

Knowlton, Elizabeth

Kramer, Miriam

Kramer, Morris

LaCanza, Frank

Larkin, Frances

Larner, Gertrude

Latkowitz, Ida

Lay, Ruth G.

Leary, Katherine

Lesnick, Eve

Lynch, Margaret

McAuliffe, Harriett

McCarthy, Vincent

McKay, Mary

McMann, Frances

MacPherson, Marion

McVey, Camden

Martin, Robert

Mayer, Rheta

Menzies, Ralph

Miles, Alice

Milton, Elizabeth

Mirick, Thurston

Murphy, Catherine

Nolen, Barbara

Nunes, Agnes

O'Connor, Marie

Ohlson, Lilly

Oliver, Elizabeth

O'Neill, Ellen

Phillips, Rose

Philpott, Marion

Poole, Winifred

Potter, Maretta

Redmond, John

Renton, Marguerite

Rhoades, Lina

Rice, Lois

Riley, Helen V.

Ring, Lyle

Robson, James

Rockett, Thomas

Scott, Gladys

Simpson, Frances

Smithers, Gertrude  
Spalding, Lucile  
Spencer, Henry  
Steeves, Marion  
Stevens, Mabel  
Stohn, Samuel  
Storey, Frank

Turbet, William  
Veinot, Marion  
Vickers, Sydney  
Wait, Clare  
Welch, Maurice  
Westermarck, Robert  
Whiting, Eleanor

Sullivan, Ernest  
Sweet, George  
Trop, Astrid  
Treadwell, Frances

Wiesman, Rebecca  
Wilkey, Edith  
Woodfin, Mabel

#### Partial Students

Tutin, Rosamond      Nelson, Elsie

## THE EASTER LILY

The chill gray silence that precedes the dawn in early days of Spring had not yet left the garden. Not a breath of wind blew through the leafless branches of the old elms, and not a sound arose from the sleeping birds. Every tiny flower in the corner by the gate was tightly closed in sleep.

Slowly the heavy door of the house swung open and a tiny form crept out. It was an odd little creature even for such an hour. The long brown blouse that almost reached his knees exaggerated the child's extraordinary slenderness and the roundness of his drooping shoulders. Extremely short brown trousers revealed long white-socked legs, one of which dragged ever so slightly as he crept along. Crisp dark curls hung over his forehead and eyes. There was something oddly attractive in the white peaked face and in the large dark eyes that were very wells of unfathomed thought.

He crept softly to the little garden by the gate and knelt silently, gazing upon the sleeping flowers. The tulips, snowdrops, crocuses, and syllas did not hold his attention long; but before the budding stalk of an Easter lily, he knelt breathless for many minutes. From out the rumpled blouse, he drew a badly-worn leather book, carefully opened it, and slowly read, *'Now if upon Easter morn, as soon as the first ray of the rising sun hath touched it, the Easter lily shall open forth its petals for the first time, then all flowers and beasts of the field that shall behold the wondrous sight, shall by it receive comfort for their sorrows and an healing of their wounds; and this power shall continue only till the last ray of the rising sun hath broken forth from th' encircling clouds.'* Silently he crept into the very midst of the apricot-bush and waited eagerly.

The birds were beginning to stir now, and a wandering breeze was blowing through the garden. Far off, beyond the hilltop, ribbons of crimson and gold were streaking the sky. Softly the flowers raised their tiny heads and shook the morning dew from their bright faces. The golden and purple crocuses nodded to each other

rather hurriedly. The sky-blue syllas danced nervously in the breeze. The dignified scarlet tulips swayed excitedly, and even the silver snowdrops seemed to feel the unusual tenseness which pervaded the air. All were bent towards the tall lily, that alone remained fast asleep. A plump brown rabbit, followed by a little one that hopped along on three legs, suddenly appeared at the garden's edge.

Slowly the rays of the sun crept along the garden walk. Would it touch the lily in time? Many eager hearts were wildly beating, and the little heart in the apricot-bush seemed ready to burst, when suddenly a ray darted towards the lily and the petals slowly began to uncurl. A deathlike silence filled all the air as, in its perfect beauty, the Easter lily stood enveloped in glittering sunshine. From the ground, many fallen flowers raised their tiny heads; a tulip whose stem had been entirely broken now stood among the tallest; the tiny rabbit's wounded leg dropped to the ground, and he hopped joyously about; and the wistful little dog at the gate jumped straight towards his newfound master in the apricot-bush. But the little master did not stir even when a moist tongue gently passed over his face, for he was overcome with joy.

A tall man in clerical garb, with kindly eyes, came slowly from the house, calling, "Murtagh, Murtagh," in a deep, mellow voice. The child within the apricot-bush sat up with a start, and then ran swiftly with head and shoulders erect into the arms of the amazed man. "Father, the lily cured me! I'm all right now! See!" he gasped, and thrust the tiny book into the strong hands. The man read slowly, and then gazed upon the child with tender eyes. "Twas thy faith," he murmured softly. "'Tis a happy Easter morn for thee and me, lad."

As they made their joyful way back to the silent house, the last ray of the rising sun burst forth from the clouds; and every flower in the little garden joined in the glad refrain with a great contest.



## VERNON'S SCOOP—Chapter Five

Vernon and I stood on the deck of the vessel. In the distance we could see the blue hills of Ireland. They looked so peaceful and serene that our great case seemed unreal, in comparison. Vernon smoked his pipe as he leaned on the rail. The happenings of the last twenty-four hours were uppermost in my mind.

When Sutherland pointed the gun at the clerk in the tobacco store the arrest seemed easy, but before he could handcuff him a shot rang out from the rear of the shop,—Sutherland dropped with a bullet in the thigh.

Then things happened. The shadowing of the man to Liverpool, and the boarding of the liner to America, left no chance of his escape. A wireless had been sent to Cork notifying the captain. Our plans were carefully laid. The captain wanted to arrest the man immediately. But, we explained, if the German had any suspicion, he might commit suicide. And there was the mystery to clear up. If anything went amiss, it was not our fault.

My suspicions of Vernon were entirely dispelled; he was so thoughtful that morning.

"Nice morning!"

"Yes," Vernon replied, "too nice."

That puzzled me. "What sort of weather would you like? It is auspicious looking."

"No, not auspicious looking," he said, "more like the calm that comes before a storm."

"Nonsense."

"You can't pooh pooh all things," Vernon said. "Now the way Taylor or Rolyat worked sounds like Jules Verne's wildest dream. Years ago he was a German student at Leyden. He discovered an explosive that—"

Instantly—a muffled roar. The great ship halted, seemed to lift, then recovered her stride.

"Ye gods," I cried. My voice quavered I am sure. "What was that?"

Vernon gripped the rail tighter. His jaw was set. "Either a mine or a torpedo. By Jove, quick! Look for the German. Don't let him out of your sight." Down the companion way I rushed.

A muffled roar came from the cabins. People were rushing up and down. The ship was throbbing from stem to stern as the great propellers reversed to bring her to a standstill. Then the cry, so well known in times of danger, "Women and children first!"

I struggled down the companion way to the German's cabin. The ship was beginning to list to starboard. I tried the door. It was locked.

I clambered on deck again. All was confusion. The first boat, crowded with women and children, was being lowered. It turned turtle when it reached the water. The occupants, a struggling mass, were thrown overboard. The reason was, the ship had not lost all her headway, so when the lifeboat touched the water, it pulled on the ropes and upset.

The boats on the port side were useless, as the liner had listed so much it was impossible to lower them without striking her sides. So I watched all the starboard boats to see that the German did not escape unnoticed.

The great ship by this time had lost all headway. The second boat was lowered. The people grew calmer as they saw the life-boat heading toward those calm, blue Irish hills. After all the women and children escaped, two boatloads of men were lowered, but still the German did not appear.

I saw Vernon. While he watched the boats, I went to the cabin once more—the door was still locked. I reported to Vernon. He was more concerned with Rolyat than with his own safety. Just as another boat was cast free from the ropes, a figure dashed across the deck, over the rail, and into the water. With a yell, Vernon and I followed. It seemed ages before we hit water. When I came to the surface, the German was facing me; Vernon I could not see. The boat was about fifty yards away making for us. Rolyat reached out and grabbed me by the throat. I struggled. It was useless. Blackness came before my eyes, everything grew dim, I felt myself going. The last I saw was the flash of an oar,—then the water gurgled in my ears.

I awoke in a little whitewashed room. The sun shone through windows; the fragrance of flowers drifted in. I could see cool, green meadows; some-where a thrush was warbling. For a moment, I thought I was in my boyhood home. Then I remembered the wreck.

In rather shaky tones, I started to sing the office song about the "old man." "Had any-one heard of old J. D.?"

Vernon looked at me. "Back to life again!" he cried. "Here, drink this." I drank.

I felt very hungry, too.

Suddenly I remembered all that had passed.

"Where is he? Did you get him?"

"Who, the German? Yes, we got him! But he never will be tried—he's dead."

"Dead? Impossible! How did he die?"



"When you jumped into the water three days ago—"

"Three days ago?"

"Yes, you've been here three days. When you were in the water the German grabbed your throat. He had the life just about choked out of you when the life-boat arrived, and I cracked him on the head with an oar. The swell lifted the bow of the boat, bringing it down again on the German. We hauled you both in, and rowed to the Irish shore. Then we called the doctor. Rolyat was patched up and confessed to the village constable.

"Eighteen years ago, when a student at Leyden, he invented a noiseless explosive which disintegrated animal and vegetable substances easily. The German government would not accept it. This angered him. He was exiled. Then he tried to sell his invention to the British government. He settled in England and brooded over his believed wrongs. Finally he opened a tobacco store near Parliament, which in time became an institution. It was customary for members to drop in for an after-breakfast cigar. He prospered, and his native country was almost forgotten. When the war began, he was pro-British. Later he heard that his younger brother was killed in the first clash with the British at Mons. Then the idea came that Providence had placed him in England with a new explosive at his command.

A maid brought my luncheon. While I ate he continued: "The idea that he was divinely appointed to be the Saviour of Germany obsessed his brain. Then he wrote those letters to the 'Times.' In the cigars he placed small packages of explosives. When Asquith came, he gave him one of these. The day was foggy as it usually is at that season. Before Asquith reached the House, the light of the cigar reached the explosive—he was no more. The terrific heat

made those small blue marks on the path. It was a fiendish scheme; the invention of a fanatic. The police were completely off the track. Petri-fying explosives were known—but not this one which goes a step further, disintegration. All the men who were killed had been to the tobacco store on the morning of their disappearance, or death. I expected Lloyd George would disappear, but he was safe because he did not smoke."

"You remember how the air whistled the day we followed Churchill? The explosive caused that. He might have killed the entire British Cabinet."

"I looked up his past. It was neatly covered. From the post-man I found that he had received many German letters before the war. In the dustbin, I found some old letters, one of which referred to his exile. His real name, was Count von Belstein. The spy who worked with him was arrested in England. The German was escaping to America when the submarine prevented. When we landed, he was dying, and knew it. Then he confessed. I played up the story, sending with it a copy of the confession to the 'Times'."

"The copy of the 'Times' he showed me had a full page story—extraordinary for that paper—. It was a scoop, signed with both of our names. A front page story! Magazines and journals showered us with telegrams, asking for articles. The 'Old Man' telegraphed, too, saying he, and the whole bloomin' paper, were proud of us. Then came a letter from the King, personally signed, congratulating us on our promptness and patriotism. I was so happy that I could do nothing but reach out and grasp Vernon's hand, congratulating him for his scoop! We sat there like happy school-boys, while the sun sank lower. The thrush warbled over the meadow: 'Good work, Scoop! Scoop! Scoop!'"

*Eric Knight, '18.*

## ROSALIE'S SPINET

One day a letter came to me from a girl friend who was in college. She explained that an ancestral estate in West Virginia had recently come into her hands from another branch of the family. It was absolutely imperative that she have certain documents which were shut up in the house, but her mid-year's examinations prevented her absence. Therefore, she was sending me her ticket to West Virginia, detailed directions as to where to find the papers, and full permission to amuse myself in the old house to the best of my ability.

A bright sunny day a week later found me slipping from the saddle of a glossy chestnut mare and knotting the rein around a small cedar tree at the gate. This was only the first of a long avenue of cedars, leading up to the crest of a slight rise, where rambled an old Colonial mansion with wide spreading wings. A few cedars cast their shadows on the white columns around the main door, yet the brass knocker gleamed out in the bright morning sunlight.

As I approached the house, I was conscious of a rose scented balminess pervading the

warm air every where. On the west side a brick terrace led down into a large, old fashioned garden, where a blue jay was splashing in the bird bath, and the hollyhocks and brilliant masses of phlox and borders of marigolds and mignonette were yet fresh with the dewiness of night. Between the groups of red maples and tall dark cedars one caught glimpses of the hazy blue mountains of Virginia, standing there like petrified waves of the ocean.

Remembering, however, that I must be about my errand, I thrust the key into the lock of the massive white door and felt it swing wide at the touch. Then before me opened a great oaken hall with tremendous fireplace and a wide sweeping staircase. The skins and antlers and other trophies of the chase might have detained me long, yet I was first eager for a glimpse of the whole house. So I wandered through the beautiful old rooms mourning that they should have been so long closed, until at last I came to what might have been the family living room. Out of it opened a little alcove that fascinated me. It was panelled in creamy white and the deep set window was hung with rose tinted draperies, which matched the dainty brocade on the one or two chairs.

Opposite the archway was the loveliest piece of furniture in the house,—a diminutive black walnut spinnet. On its low, flat case stood two slender brass candlesticks and an empty bowl, beneath which lay a little pile of faded rose petals, that crumbled at the touch. Directly above hung a gilt framed portrait that better suited the room than any I could have imagined: the portrait of a fair haired, rose petal cheeked little maiden in a beruffled old gown. The wistful gaze in her sweet blue eyes brought tears to one's own, yet the dimple in her demure little chin enticed a smile again. In her hand she clasped a half finished sampler. Yet I seemed to perceive a dimness over the fair vision that was like a mist sheltering the maiden and retaining her in her own far past. Try as I might, I could not know her. She was of the days that have lived and now sleep, and I was of the surging present. When she sat at her little spinnet, I was an insignificant unborn

of the future.

But then, instinctively knowing the charm to obliterate the years, I touched one of the old yellow keys with very gentle fingers, and the mellow, yet faint tone took me back to her own time. I could see the wee maiden sitting at her little spinnet in her ruffly, flowered gown. I could see the shadowy corners round about and the sunlight gleaming in her bright golden curls and casting long shadows beneath the drooping lashes on the rosepetal cheeks. Long I listened to the dim melodies of the past which she played to me.

Presently, in one corner I spied the little writing desk that had been described as containing the documents I had come to find. While looking for them, however, I came across a fat little book with an elaborately worked cover. On the fly leaf in a delicate old fashioned hand was written "Rosalie Cameron's Journal." I tiptoed across the room and, looking up at her said, "Rosalie, would you mind if I looked at it?" The maiden still seemed to smile down from her gilt frame, so that I was satisfied. First, I went down into the garden and brought some fresh roses for her bowl. Then I curled up contentedly on the pink brocaded sofa and peeped into the pages.

#### Journal

August 18, 1860. I have just come in from the orchard, where the men are picking the early apples. If Aunt Abigail were here, she would make me go about my dusting immediately, and then work a whole hour on my sampler. I am so glad she is not, because I have something particular to put down in you, little journal. No, I didn't mean exactly I was glad she was not here—that would have been a wicked thing to say,—but I do want to tell you what happened yesterday.

Night before last, after I had washed the tumblers, I went out on to the terrace where father was smoking. Roger had gone to ride, and father seemed to be willing to talk about mother. It was her birthday. Once more I got up courage to ask about her room. "Well," said he, "it must be getting kind of dusty. Maybe you had better clean it up a



bit, Rosalie. But mind you don't change it at all." Then he gave me the key, the one I have longed for so many years, and told me I might begin the next morning. I thought I should never get to sleep that night for thinking about it.

I got up at four o'clock, so as to get all my regular work done before breakfast. Then afterwards I went right up to mother's room. Oh, it is the prettiest place! And I did enjoy making it all clean and airy again. Besides, I found on the mantel piece the loveliest miniature on ivory. She must have been perfectly beautiful. But what I most wanted to tell you about was the little black walnut spinnet,—the dearest one I ever saw. When I spoke of it to father, he said it was the one he gave mother when they were married. Then he looked at me in a queer way and said, "You couldn't play, could you?" I was surprised, but something made me answer, "I think I might if I tried." So father told me to go ahead and do what I could with it myself and that sometime I might have a teacher. I am so happy. I shall go up every afternoon and practise. The notes are very, very sweet, if only I knew how to put them together right.

July 25, 1861. The war has really begun. What they are fighting about, I don't understand. Our negroes are perfectly happy and do not want to leave us. There was a big battle at Bull Run a few days ago. We won. The women are beginning to get together to make bandages and things. Father overheard them up at the Ruggle's plantation talking about whom they could get to help. "Little Rosalie Cameron is young," they said, "but they say she is apt at her needle." So they may let me help. I intend to ask if I may. I am afraid Roger will have to go and fight. He wants to, and he says he is expecting a summons to the front from Johnston any day, either at Chattanooga or at Shiloh.

Father seemed to be pleased at the way I got along by myself on the spinnet, so he engaged a teacher to come way up from Richmond once in two weeks. I am learning fast, because I love it.

June 5, 1862. Roger has come home at

last. But his leg was broken in the Battle of Fair Oaks. He says it was worth a broken leg to help General Johnston, when he so neatly destroyed the portion of the Union Army that was separated from the other by the Chickahominy. I am glad to have him here, where nothing worse can happen to him.

Both father and brother seem to enjoy hearing me play. The spinnet has been moved down from mother's room to my little alcove off the living room. I wonder what is the matter with father. He seems to have been getting feeble much faster since the war began and Roger went away. He does not ride around the plantation to look things over the way he used to, but will listen to me, while I play till my fingers ache.

July 30, 1862. Oh, I am so frightened! And I can't tell anyone but you, little Journal. This morning, the first time for a long time, brother said I might go to ride alone. He was quite sure the troops had some time ago evacuated the Shenandoah and were moving toward Richmond. He would have gone with me, but for his leg, and that he was so sure it was quite safe. Often one of the negroes goes, but it is much pleasanter alone.

So Jess and I were having a fine gallop, when suddenly I saw a flash of blue, a small band of Union stragglers burst out of the bushes, and one of them laid his hand on my bridle. Even without that I could not have made Jess gallop ahead, for they were all around us, several clamoring to know my name, and a voice or two ordering the others to "be gentle with the maid." I was desperately afraid, the whole thing had been so unexpected, and the men looked so rough, but I tried to make my answer sound very calm and dignified. I know not whether I succeeded, but two or three of them winked at one another. The one who held Jess said, "Oh yes, old Colonel Cameron's would be a good place for us, wouldn't it, fellows? There's a deal of plate around the house, I believe, Miss Rosalie. Let's see who would be in the way—the Colonel is too old to trouble us."

"Perhaps, but my older brother is at home



and all the servants," said I, hoping that this would frighten them.

The jeering voice of one on my left, who knew altogether too much, cried out to my dismay, "Aye, but his leg was shot off in one of the recent battles." All of them shouted.

Then the man at the bridle proceeded: "We're going to look over your house tomorrow for any little trifles that suit our taste. Now you needn't go blabbing about it to your family and have them on the watch for us. If we see anyone around, we'll set the house on fire instantly, so it's up to you to keep them out of sight. Do you understand?"

I nodded, perforce, and then asked if they had done with me, for I was eager to be clear of them. As I rode away, they bowed mockingly low and reminded me of their revenge, if I did not obey orders. Oh, little Journal, how I hate this war! It seems as if I should die if I don't tell Roger (of course it would worry father too much), yet I know he would be reckless enough to try to drive them away,—and then they would set the house on fire. I have thought and thought, but I cannot hit upon any better plan to keep them out of sight, than by playing to them. I must stop writing now, though I cannot stop thinking about it, but I am going to take all the valuable things about the house and hide them in the secret room.

July 31, 1862. Right after dinner I called father and brother into the living room, saying that I was going to play them a new piece. I knew my face was white, but Roger looked at me so closely I was afraid he was going to speak of it. So I hurried to sit down at the spinnet, and then I thought I should go wild, for my fingers were so trembly I could scarcely play. Finally, however, I got into it, and played tune after tune,—everything I knew, in fact. Once I heard faint noises that sounded like the men entering, so I played for all I was worth, wondering what mother would think if she knew to what use her little spinnet was being put.

Suddenly, I knew not why, I glanced over my shoulder and saw that Roger had left the room. My heart bounced up in my mouth.

I had no idea how long he had been gone. In my imagination I could smell the smoke of the fire the men had probably lit the moment they saw Roger. I was in doubt whether to go out and call him back, to tell father, or to go on playing,—in short what to do. While I was wondering, there came the sound of a struggle in the big hallway. A few moments later, Roger burst into the room, flushed but triumphant. "Those ruffians are prisoners of the Confederates at last!" he shouted. Then he walked over to where I stood by the spinnet, looking, no doubt, much mystified. "Rosalie," he added in a lower tone, "I have something to apologize for. Yesterday when I saw you looking so pale and putting all the silver away without telling me anything about it, I just walked over and read what you wrote in your journal so busily after that ride. Then I had the negroes all ready in hiding, waiting for the men to come. There were very few of them, since they expected no opposition, and, knowing the arrangement of the house, we trapped them easily. "But, little sister," he went on, laying his hand on my shoulder, "you were a brave maid to bear the brunt of it all alone, and to play away so merrily when you knew what was happening. 'Twas wisely thought of, too, to hide away all the silver plate. So we are all most grateful to Rosalie."

Never did words make me so proud, but I made answer simply, "Nay, to you, Brother, because the men might have burned the house anyway in anger at not finding the silver, had you not been there to seize them."

When they left me alone, however, beside the dear little spinnet it struck me that after all it had played a large part in the affair, so I bent and kissed the smooth black walnut.

By that time the sun had sunk so low that I had to stop reading and lay the book back in the desk. Once more, before leaving, I gazed at the brave little maid hanging in the gilt frame. Then as the last rays of gold vanished, I reverently played three very soft chords on Rosalie's spinnet.

*By the winner of the Longfellow Prize Essay Contest.*

## WHAT THE NIGHT WIND BROUGHT

It was midnight by all the clocks of Washington! The last reverberations of the Senator's library clock had scarcely ceased, when, out of the darkness, stepped a masked figure. Fumbling along the wall his fingers closed on a switch and at once the room was flooded with light. Listening a moment for the effect on the sleeping household the intruder walked over to the library table, and, pulling up a chair, began to sort the various papers lying there.

With a low, eager exclamation he seized a neatly typewritten pile of papers and began to read,—“Fellow Senators: It is with a mingled feeling of duty and appreciation that I address you this morning.

In this hour of trouble and anxiety, it is expedient that we, our country's representatives, make no hasty resolution concerning this nation's most vital question. I refer, gentlemen, to the present Congress's ‘Preparedness Propaganda.’” Yes, it was the celebrated Wellington Anti-Preparedness Bill which the Senator himself was to read before Congress the following day!

In vain had Senator Wellington tried to show his countrymen the folly of Preparedness, how it would tend to draw the nations against us, an arrogant military power. In this, his last chance to “save the people from a terrible fate,” he had given his best efforts. Indeed, his speech was written in a most painstaking and faultless manner, setting forth argument after argument, which the Senator believed would, if any power under heaven could, convince the people to a righteous cause.

With a satisfied smile the mysterious visitor slowly laid aside the manuscript and started work on the big safe in the corner.

The Senator's sleep was troubled. He fancied answering the indictments of half the nation's press, of replying to the unrestrained feeling of his own party, and of facing the opposition of the military faction. At last his restlessness got the better of him and he arose, put on his dressing gown, and started pacing to and fro, to prepare himself for sleep. Through the intervening doors he saw the shaded glow of the electric reading lamp. Thinking it queer that he had neglected to extinguish it he walked down stairs and entered the library.

Hearing his approach, the intruder wheeled,

and leveling a heavy automatic at the Senator, motioned him to a seat, laying the gun, ready for instant use, among the papers. After a tense moment of uncertainty the intruder said, with an unmistakable tone of relief, “Good evening, Senator.” The voice revealed nothing. There was no character behind it. It was just an ordinary voice, but displaying nevertheless the signs of education.

The Senator vouchsafed no reply. He was angry at himself, at the intruder and at everybody in general. To think that such a thing could happen within the limits of Washington! Outrageous! When he finally got control of his wrath he spluttered, “Who are you, and under what authority do you break into the house of an honest citizen? Answer, you thug!”

“Who I am is of no importance to you of all persons! I've come here tonight to help myself and I've brought with me, —this.” Stroking the barrel of his Colt 45 he continued, “You see, I believe in preparedness.” There was something of a hint of amusement in the intruder's tone, which made the Senator all the more furious. Watching his opportunity, he tried to seize the gun but was met with: “Sit still there, my little dove! I'm going to tell you something.”

“I gather from what I've seen reading,” giving a glance at the speech, “that you are an ardent pacifist, an antagonist of preparedness and a disbeliever in armament, and yet you tried to get a head on me with that gun. All your life you've been fighting in different ways. You fought for an education and you fought for a place in politics and you had to fight for a woman, and yet now, in the height of your success and in the zenith of your career you proclaim to the world that you are a peace-loving citizen, and a disbeliever in armament and preparedness! Well, I've wasted too much time here, but I think I've accomplished something. Good night, or rather, good morning, my-my dove!”

The Senate was electrified the next morning when Senator Wellington, in stirring tones, renounced his pacifist attitude and declared himself an earnest advocate of National Preparedness. The Senator's visitor alone wasn't surprised!

*Charles Boyd, '17.*



THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

DEBATING

LAWRENCE F. HENRY

With the Lowell decision ringing in our ears, our team journeyed to Lexington with the determination to bring home victory—and so we would have done, had we not been ambushed, and put to rout by certain Honorable judges. It is our firm belief that these gentlemen were mistaken in their decision. Why, the strong and effective rebuttal speech of Russell Gerould, who was opposed in this respect by Francis Dean, was alone enough to return us winners. Oh, Yes, the chairman of the judges admitted it was an exceedingly close debate. Those participating were:

(Affirmative) Lexington	(Negative) Cambridge
Francis Dean.....	Russell Gerould
James Donelon.....	Eric Etherington
Hamilton Reed.....	Lawrence Henry

The question was—Resolved: That the Present Congress should subsidize the Merchant Marine.

The judges stated that they based their decision upon the fact that Lexington adhered more closely to the question.

On March 10, we met Arlington, our twice victorious opponents, in our own hall. The question was—Resolved: That the United States should establish a merchant marine through government ownership of merchant vessels.

There were four hundred present to witness our victory, by which we have broken Arlington's winning streak in the debates between Arlington and Cambridge High and Latin. Our men defeated their opponents because of their clear and convincing arguments, presented by a superior delivery. Moreover, the Cambridge debaters were sure of themselves throughout the debate, which was far from being the case with respect to those representing Arlington.

From the commencement there was hardly a doubt as to what the outcome would be. Perhaps Arlington was disconcerted by the ad-hominem style which was very effectively and repeatedly employed by our men. At any rate, lack of confidence on their part was extremely noticeable, the third speaker getting lost in the middle of his speech which had evidently been memorized. "Dan" Crowley kept the audience in good humor by frequent speeches made point-blank to the Arlington team. However, all references made to the Arlington debaters were done so in a friendly spirit of rivalry, Cambridge not having the least desire to be personal or evince ill-

will.

How Harrington Thurston outshone William Power in his rebuttal speech is past history. The former did all that was expected of him, and more too. In fact, every member of our team did especially well, and they are to be congratulated by the whole school for their splendid victory, made all the more commendable because our opponent was Arlington.

The audience was well entertained by the school orchestra and the Boys' and Girls' Glee clubs, all under the direction of Mr. Whoriskey. Mr. Edward P. Collier acted as presiding officer. The teams were as follows:

(Affirmative) Arlington	(Negative) Cambridge
John D. Snow.....	Russell Gerould
Laurence L. Pierce, Jr.....	Daniel J. Crowley
William Power.....	Harrington P. Thurston

Try another year, Arlington!

Much has been accomplished in debating among the underclassmen. At present, the freshmen are taking part in debates among themselves, and will thus be somewhat prepared for future inter-scholastic debating. As a result of the preliminary debates of the Sophomores and Juniors two teams were picked, each to represent their respective classes.

On March 29, these teams met. The details of this debate are given below.

We may now look forward to our prize debate which will take place May 25. Judging from the showing made by our debaters the year, we may expect keen competition in this debate. As you doubtless know all the debaters who took part last year, except one, Fred Whitman, are eligible to do so again this year. In fact, the victorious trio of 1915, composed of Russell Gerould, Eric Etherington, and Harrington Thurston, is still in school.

Therefore, just think of the debating treat that is in store for you on the evening of May 26, 1916!



SENIOR CLASS PIN





# NOTES

1916

Mr. Downey: "What is electricity?"

Goepper: "I knew last night, but I can't remember just now."

Mr. Downey: "Awful! The only man who ever knew has forgotten it."

"Here's where I get away with some rough stuff," said Fred McNamara as he pinched a piece of sand paper from Mr. Cahir's office.

"Do you like popcorn balls, Crocker?"

"I don't know that I ever attended any."

George: "Marion's a decided blonde, isn't she?"

Boss: "Yes, but she only decided recently."

"Your shell-like ears have ne'er been pierced?"

I only asked with kind intent.

"No, only bored," the maid replied.

I wonder what she meant.

Miss Ketchum, dictating: "He died in England using the preterite."

Very plausible, say we.

Crocker is good to stop an opposing foot-ball team, because he's too slow to get out of the way.

Mr. Campbell: "Pulsford, what are you writing?"

Pulsford: "English."

Honest, "Arthur, we thought you were writing Chinese."

Mr. Campbell, during a recitation on L' Allegro, rudely awakened "Buster Bailey" from a light siesta, by informing him that it was the fourth period and that the sleepy one was then in room 12.

Oh, Milton, did'st thou ever dream that the brightest (?) of thy verses would entice the dewy feathered sleep?

"Campbell hath murdered sleep, and therefore "Buster" shall sleep no more."

I know not what the truth may be,  
But tell it as 'twas told to me.

Teacher: The hour will be shorter to-day.  
Tutin: Well, time has changed, even time.  
When I first entered here an hour was always sixty minutes.

Miss Baldwin: "What three Latin verbs are used most?"

McNamara: "In my opinion, they are gessit, fecit, and missit."

Etherington claims that trigonometry is like a lake; the farther you go in the deeper it gets.

There are people in this high school  
Whose ambition seems to be  
To extol their own achievements.

Cruel our lot!

We may patiently endure them—

It is vain to try to cure them—

We may praise them. Do we mean it?

WE DO NOT!

"To lie or not to lie! that is the question:  
Whether 'tis better, when you've hooked, to suffer

The questions multitudinous of "Brammy,"  
Or to anticipate such inquiries,  
And by a lie to end them. To hook a day,  
To lie, and by a falsehood to prevent  
The call-downs and the thousand teacher's knocks

The hooker's heir to: 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished."

Trimble is a pet among the ladies—so is a puppy dog.

1917

JUNIORS! Now that you are organized, start right by subscribing to the Senior Class Year Book.

It cannot fail to be of interest to you, and, remember you will expect similar support when

you publish your book next year. Subscription is one dollar, payable to Mr. Jacobs, Room 25.

Miss Nelson: "It must be fine to sing in the Glee Club."

Dunham: "It ought to be fine or imprisonment."

Miss Ruggle: "Ramsey, explain a vacuum."

Ramsey: "I can't just explain, but I have it in my head."

#### LATIN

*Everybody's dead who wrote it;*

*Everybody's dead who spoke it;*

*Everybody dies who learns it;*

*Blessed death—they surely earn it.*

Can anyone explain the difficult situation existing between Miss Frances Collins and Eric Etherington.

Dorris: "Have you ever kissed a girl?"

Sam: "Is that an invitation, or are you gathering statistics?"

#### JUNIOR CLASS ELECTION

President—Edward McGuire.

Vice-President—Elizabeth Dee.

Secretary—Grace Wall.

Treasurer—Charles Marvin.

Pin Committee—Dorothy Baird, Robert Boyd, Lalia Charlton, Francis Riley, and William Turbet.

We heartily congratulate the members of the Junior Class upon their excellent choice as to officers for this year. We feel quite sure that the above officers will make their class one to be remembered.

#### 1918

Meter has rhythm,

Meter has tone;

But the best way to meet her (so Conroy says)

Is to meet her alone.

Mr. Neelan: "Does your son do well at High School?"

Mr. Cassidy: "Yes, fairly well, got a "C" in foot-ball."

Mlle. Roux: (Pointing to hair) "Classe, qu' est ce, que c'est que c'a?"

Bright pupil—"Cheval-Cheveur" (Horse Hair)

"The pianist has wonderful power. He can make you feel hot or cold, happy or morose, at will." "That's nothing, so can the High School janitor."

Mr. Collidge: "What is water?"

Brilliancy—"A colorless fluid that turns black when you wash your hands."

A rose by any other name may smell as sweet—but failure slips are not any the more pleasant by being called sunshine slips.

#### THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Miss Kelley, "Why didn't you give me a failure slip? I deserved one."

"I didn't do any history for today, Miss Dodge, I went to the movies."

In Algebra: "I think all my problems are right today. A senior did them for me."

"I went to see 'Under Cover' yesterday."

"Where did you sit?"

"In a fifteen cent seat."

New Version: "I am lost," the Sophomore shouted as he stumbled down the stairs.

Maloy says: "To realize the hardness of this world, step on a banana skin."

#### OBITUARY

COL. P. NUT

It is with great regret that we announce the death of this famous military man. The other day Lyle Ring was walking down the corridor when he stepped on a peanut and killed the colonel.

#### 1919

18: McNarrat has a head like a dollar.

19: Howso, my man, Howso?

18: One bone.

Mr. Coolidge: "Why doesn't lightning strike twice in the same place?"

Fred Goedy: "Because the same place isn't there after the first bolt strikes it."

Miss Smith would be thankful if some of us would adopt the Boy Scouts' motto: "Be prepared."

#### MY GREEK

O'Connell sure must be a freak,

Else he would ne'er compare to Greek

A paltry subject which he says

Doth put his brains into a maze.

Why, Greek is slaughter, something dire,

It makes my head ache worse than fire;

My eyes get tired,—refuse to work,

I sometimes wish I had a dirk

to end my "Grecian Grief."

Camden McVey.





OLGA CLARK

ANNIE DAY

The annual boy dance of the G. A. A. was held March fourth, in the gymnasium. This dance was, without doubt, a great success. Although limited to the juniors and seniors of the association, it is always regarded as the great event of the year. There were about one hundred and fifteen couples taking part in the festivities of the evening. Miss White and Miss Olga Clark acted as matrons until Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall arrived. Everyone on the committees deserves great praise for her work. The following members acted as ushers: Edna Charlton, Polly Collins, Harriette Gordon, Eleanor Harriman, Hazel Harvey, Gladys MacLeod, Marie O'Connor, Evelyn Richardson, Grace Wall, and Marie Walsh.

The time of year is now coming when we, the members of the G. A. A., should begin to think about next year's officers and executive committee. This is a very serious question. In order to uphold the good reputation of the G. A. A., it is necessary to have efficient officers; girls who have executive ability, hard workers, who can keep up in their duties. Remember that the President must be a member of the senior class. The other officers may be chosen from any of the classes. There are many girls who have worked hard for the association.

One committee, in particular, has earned the thanks of the association for its daily work. This is the Improvement Committee, comprising the following girls: Agnes Leary, Chairman; Dorothy Baird, Eleanor Heuston, Alice Kelley, Lina Rhoades, and Ethel Vincent. These girls have taken charge of the gym. at recess. They have seen that there was no eating in the gym. and that no papers were left about. They have taken care of the apparatus, and stopped dancing one minute before the bell rang.

### BASKET-BALL

On Feb. 4, the Varsity opened its season favorably by winning a game from Miss Haskell's School with a score of 34—24. At 3.30 in

the Latin School gymnasium, the teams lined up in the following manner:

C. H. L. S.....	Miss Haskell's
I. Churchill, c. f.....	c. g., C. Freming
E. Whiting, r. f.....	r. g., E. Knight (Capt.)
M. Whiting, l. f.....	l. g., L. Johnson
M. Walsh, c.....	c., C. Jones
M. O'Connor, s. c.....	s. c., C. Robertson
A. Manning, F. Collins, s. c.....	s. c. C. Warren
A. Kelley, c. g.....	c. f., L. Ayre
E. Richardson, r. g.....	r. f., E. Patch
A. Day, l. g.....	l. f. E. Pond

### Newton Game

On March 10, the team suffered defeat at the hands of the Newton team to the tune of 36—12. The following is the squad which journeyed to Newton.

C. H. L. S.....	NEWTON
I. Churchill, c. f.....	c. g., B. Barrett
M. Whiting,—M. MacNaugher, r. f.	
	r. g., E. Dennett
E. Whiting, l. f.....	l. f., E. Chester
M. Walsh, c.....	c., J. Alexander
M. O'Connor, s. c.....	s. c., V. Barry
A. Manning, F. Collins, s. c.....	s. c., M. Lovejoy
A. Kelly, c. g.....	c. f., E. Brown (Capt.)
G. Wall, E. Richardson, r. g.....	r. f., G. Kimball
A. Leary, l. g.....	l. f., L. Perkins

### Class Games

In the latter part of January the following class teams were chosen:

Freshmen: Goals; Misses Collett, Cunningham, Doe, Dwyer, Gay, Harlow, Lesnick and Nolan. Guards; Misses Bolger, (Capt.), Forsythe, Hammons, Jones, McKeever and Treadwell. Centers; Misses Biggane, Burnham, Chisholm, Henry, Johnson, MacSorley, and Rosencranz.

Sophomore: Goals; Misses Goldstein, McDonald, McGlunchey, Scott and Strong. Guards; Misses Biggane, (Capt.), Heuston, Leahy, McMurtie, and Woodfin. Centers; Misses Bagdarian, Brown, Jean, Manning, and Shea.

Junior: Goals; Misses Archibald, Doe, Free-

## FINANCIAL REPORT OF CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Condensed Statement of G. H. Glasheen, Treasurer, for the period ending April 14, 1916.

## Receipts

Surplus from last year	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 28.45
Receipts:							
Subscriptions	-	-	-	-	-	-	238.15
Cash Sales	-	-	-	-	-	-	9.65
Advertising	-	-	-	-	-	-	123.00
Postage from subscribers	-	-	-	-	-	-	.14
Total Receipts	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$399.39

## Disbursements

Printing November Review	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 78.85
Engravings	-	-	-	-	-	50.09
Printing January Review	-	-	-	-	-	78.00
Printing February Review	-	-	-	-	-	77.00
Printing subscribers receipt cards	-	-	-	-	-	2.00
Stationery and printing for manager	-	-	-	-	-	14.00
Car fares and postage for members of board	-	-	-	-	-	14.01
Total Disbursements	-	-	-	-	-	\$314.65
Excess of receipts over disbursements	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 84.74
Estimated amount due from advertising	-	-	-	-	-	104.50

## G. A. A.—Continued

man, Gordon, and Quinn (Capt.). Guards; Misses Bean, Baird, Barry, Dee, and Weisbach. Centres; Misses Badgley, Hamilton, Igo, McGrory, and Nagle.

Senior: Goals; Misses Chaplin, Forsythe, McPhee, and Fitz Allen. Guards; Misses Stockton, Brodie, and Sullivan. Centres; Misses Udell (Capt.), Harriman, E. McLaughlin, and Orchard.

The first of the games for the class championship began on Thursday, Feb. 17, with games between the Freshmen and Sophomores and Juniors and Seniors. The results of the games was a score of 15—8 in favor of the Sophomores, and

22—3 in favor of the Juniors. The second set of games on March 7, resulted in a 4—2 victory for the Freshmen and the downfall of all Senior hopes with a Junior victory of 14—8. In the final game between the Freshmen and Sophomores, 1919 proved the better team by winning, 10—8.

On March 14, the Freshmen and Juniors met for the first game in the series for the cup. The Freshmen carried off this game to the tune of 13—8, but on the following Thursday, the Juniors retaliated with a 22—8 blow. The decisive game was played on March 21, and 1919 won the cup by a score of 14—9.



## ALUMNI NOTES

We are proud to have as a former member of our school, Charles Flamand, who has performed such noble work for France. In recognition of his various deeds he received a war cross, upon which are two stars, each for bravery. He is home at present on a furlough, having received a wound which disabled him temporarily.

While engaged in trench warfare, he espied three wounded comrades between the opposing trenches. Immediately he rushed forth, brought each man back to the trench and was fortunate to escape the bullets of the enemy, until on his third return with the last man. He was struck in the leg.

At the termination of the war he will receive a more elaborate medal; presumably the "Legion of Honor Cross" or some other of equal significance. We wish him the best of luck on his return to Europe.

Recently our 1911 football team, the last to register a victory over Rindge, attended a supper, at which eight of the team members were present. Unfortunately, Kimber, who kicked the decisive goal that year, was ill and unable to attend the gathering.

Judson Hannigan, the cheer leader of 1911, presided as toast master.

John Gallishaw, who was to coach our hockey team before the present European war, gave the principal address, speaking on his war experiences.

The team voted to attend the Rindge football game this fall en masse. Furthermore, they have resolved to present an elaborate loving cup, to be known as the C. H. L. S. 1911 football cup, to the captain of the next football team which puts the kibosh on Rindge. Here's hoping that the 1916 team will present the necessary goods, being aided by the school's ever increasing spirit.

"Fay" Cobb, Wellesley '17, is a member of the mandolin and Sheakespeare clubs. She also made the field hockey team last season, and was chosen as a representative to "Silver Bay Conference."

Margaret Black, Radcliffe '19, played the title role in the "Idler" play, "The Unknown," in which Ruth Blackman enacted the role of Queen. Miss Black was also chairman of 1919 play committee. The play was "A Scrap of Paper."

Lawrence Brokenshire, Harvard '16, enlisted with the Canadian contingent at the outbreak of

the war. He saw service at Nancy and Ypres and was wounded at the latter place and so suffocated by poisonous gas, that he was left for dead. Being disabled, he is to serve at the London war office during the rest of the war.

Donald Sands put up a slashing game throughout the season for the B. A. A. hockey team.

The performance of "Green Stockings" was presented at the Agassiz House on April 7 and 8, by the Cambridge Latin School club of Radcliffe. The proceeds are to be devoted to the present scholarship fund for Latin School girls who deserve aid in obtaining a college education.

The C. H. L. S. Harvard club's recent dance proved a marked success. Thirty five couples were present; Cowen was chairman and Harry Bean floor director.

Horace and Roger Killam both reached the finals in the recent elimination of the Harvard wrestling team.

Gladys Telfer, Radcliffe '16 and Marion Hedin, '17 were elected members of the "Phi Beta Kappa."

Allan Whitman, Harvard '18 also received the honor.

The following of our boys at Harvard are candidates for various crew positions: Fred Whitman, Sherbon Eaton, "Ted" Whittemore, Arnold Cranson, and "Pete" Coleman.

The following recently qualified for Radcliffe Mandolin Club: K. Bragg, F. Cobb, M. Black, R. Blackman, and J. Norman.

"Rip" Porter, M. I. T. '18 is a likely candidate for a position on the varsity baseball team.

Baker Hudson was one of the consistent players on Harvard's hockey team last season.

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**THE GERMAN CLUB**

The German club has been organized mainly to give the pupils an opportunity to study the manners and customs of the German people and to give them more practice in speaking the German language.

The nine meetings held this year have been heartily enjoyed. There have been interesting programs in which the members of the club participated. These programs were followed by conversation periods, when the members of the club were divided into groups with leaders who helped their circles speak German correctly. Suggestions and corrections from the general supervisors, Miss Hardy and Miss Margreve,

proved very helpful.

The Christmas meeting was enjoyed by a great many members. Miss Margreve gave a short talk on "How Christmas is spent in Germany," after which German cakes and other refreshments were served.

Mr. Derry gave a very interesting talk on "A Trip through Germany" at the meeting of January 31, which he illustrated by pictures and photographs. The club with which Mr. Derry travelled, as well as seeing the interesting sights, studied at the various cities with German professors. They were royally entertained by the German people whom they met.

The last two meetings were held in the Germanic Museum. The club members were delighted with the treasures of art which Miss Hardy and the pleasant old German man in charge explained to them.

The meetings will be resumed in November, 1916, and all who have studied at least one year of German will be heartily welcomed.

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#### GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Whoriskey, sang several selections at the Lowell—Cambridge Debate, and also at the Arlington—Cambridge Debate. They sang well and everybody appreciated their music.

The School Board has presented to the High and Latin Schools a very fine set of drums. This gift is very much appreciated.

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#### GREEK CLUB

The Greek Club of this school, which held its first meeting on January 27th, has now become firmly established. Owing to the size of the three Greek classes, the watchword might be said to be "Quality not Quantity." Although the combined classes number not more than twenty, the members consider it inferior to none.

Mr. Leonard, the Honorary President of the organization, has secured the well-known lecturer, Professor C. A. Moore, of Harvard. Professor Moore will, in the near future, give one of his interesting lectures on Ancient Greece, illustrated with stereopticon views.

The Play Committee, with such persons as Misses Graustein, Bliss, Whitman and Parmer as members, has considered the production of a few scenes of some well known Greek Drama.

The Shingle Committee, under the direction of Miss Winifred Merwin, has chosen a shingle for the club, and also an excellent Greek motto for the name.

#### THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Since its last two public appearances at the Interscholastic Debates, the growth of the Boys' Glee Club has been watched with increasing interest. Discerning people have recognized in this enterprising body the nucleus of a great school organization. It is rumored that the Glee Club will be included as an elective in the school program next year. This will mean, of course, that many will try for the extra point. However, only those that can hold up a part will be accepted.

A challenge from the Rindge Glee Club for a musical contest has been received. Mr. Whoriskey has selected Charles Boyd to conduct the Glee Club. Our boys have been steadily preparing for this encounter and feel sure that they will come out on top.

On April 17, in Elks Hall, a delegation from both the Rindge and Latin School Orchestras played at the annual banquet given by the city to Company C, the first to respond to President Lincoln's call for volunteers in the Civil War.

*Robert Boyd, '12L.*

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#### THE FRENCH CLUB

The aim of the Cercle Francais is to unite an informal social element with traditional ceremony, giving all members an opportunity to take part every week in a half hour that is made as much as possible like a good time at home.

The Cercle really grows each year out of a class in conversation for those who wish to have more practise in speaking than the limited school periods allow. This is invaluable aid in composition, since the latter is merely written conversation, with all its inevitable principles of grammar and idiom.

There are always students who, aside from inherent taste for the French language, like to take advantage of every means of inspiration and improvement within their reach; their experience in the Cercle and Causerie has shown itself in ability for fine work later in public service.

The Cercle has no fees.

Many members have been most generous in contributing to its pleasure and entertainment.

A few words from an account of the first year's work in 1910-11 are equally fitting here:

We have the help of those who possess that best element of social attainment, the willingness to be simply themselves; and who believe that individuality has in itself what is worth while to give to others.





During the past month we were pleased to have received the following exchanges, many of which are remarkably well gotten up.

Marist College Atlanta, Georgia. A well written book.

"Bulletin," Worcester Academy.

"Botolphian," Boston College High. Excellent reading matter.

"Grotonian," Groton, Massachusetts.

"Beacon," Chelsea High school. Splendid short stories.

"Radiator," Somerville High school. Good class notes.

"The Sagamore," Brookline Mass. Attractive cover design.

"Advance," Salem High school.

"Clarion," Arlington High. All classes seem to contribute good stories. Your business manager must be wide awake.

"Register," Boston Latin school, your cuts are good.

"Clarion," Everett, Massachusetts.

"Review," Central High school, Washington, D. C.

"Reo," Newton High school.

"Enterprise," Roxbury High.

"The Gazette," Lynn, Mass., Lynn classical High school.

"Chronicle," Burlingham, England.

"The Recorder," Winchester, Mass.

"Chronicle," Hartford Conn. You have very good stories and class notes.

"Voice," Concord, Mass. Why not a few cuts?

"Orange and Black," Malboro, Mass. You have a good selection of short stories.

"Beacon," Boston University, the activities of the school appear to be well written up.

Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana. A most interesting magazine.

### EXCHANGES

In registering her class, a teacher asked a young freshman what his name was.

Little Boy (pompously): "Mr. Higgins."

"But your first name?"

Freshman: "Mister."

Freshman: "How long can a person live without brains?"

Sophomore: "I don't know. How old are you?"

"Erine Perry keeps staring at my nose."

"Well, he is supposed to watch everything that turns up. He's a reporter."

Instructor: "Which way do the hands of a clock move, involutely or evolutely?"

Bright young youth from rear: "Resolutely, sir."

The boy was in his class room

He did not hear the bell.

But when he got to the next room,

The teacher gave him—extra work.

"Will you hold this fountain pen for me?"

"Why?"

"Because it is liable to run."

### ASKING PA A QUESTION

My papa didn't go downtown,

Last evening after tea;

But got his pipe and settled down

As cozy as could be.

My! but I was awful glad

To have my pa about,

To answer all the things I had

Been trying to find out.

And so I asked him why the world

Is round, instead of square?

And why some dogs' tails are curled?

And why don't fish breath air?

And why our grass is always green,

Instead of sometimes blue?

And why a bean will grow a bean,

And not a cabbage, too?

And why do bugs, in summer, hum?

And why don't cows learn to neigh?

And pretty soon will Easter come?

And what makes your hair grow gray?

And then my pa got up and, gee,

The awful words he said.

I never did a thing, but he

Just sent me off to bed.

*W. Cogan, '17.*



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE

## THE SENIOR PLAY

On February 18, 1916 the Senior class of the Cambridge High and Latin School persented Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" under the direction of Miss Lillian R. Hartigan.

Those taking part were as follows:—

Lucentio.....	Lauriat Lane
Tranio.....	Victor Blakeslee
Biondello.....	Lawrence F. Henry
Baptista.....	Leo M. Cannon
Hortensio.....	Harrington Thurston
Gremio.....	Russell Gerould
Bianca.....	Frances Jay
Petruchio.....	Thomas McNamara
Grumio.....	John T. Kelly
Katharina.....	Josephine Rolfe
A Pedant.....	Kenneth Goepper
Curtis.....	M. Lillian Bragan
Nathaniel.....	William J. Conway
Philip.....	J. Raymond Kelley
Joseph.....	Conant L. Boyer
A Tailor.....	Kenneth Goepper
Vincentio.....	G. Fletcher Wason
A Widow.....	Frances E. Collins

The school orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. John B. Whoriskey gave a very pleasing program of Shakesperean songs. The dramatic committee, also, deserves great praise for its efficient management and patient expenditure of time.

The class of 1916 was able to present a play which not only equalled the productions of former classes but even surpassed them. The demand for tickets was so great that when all the standing-room at the rear of the hall had been packed to its utmost over two hundred people were turned away. Perhaps in future years it might be well to use a larger hall than Brattle Hall or, if that were impossible, to give two performances of the play.

Petruchio, the tamer of the shrew, requires the display of a rather shrewd insight of character and above all an indomitable will-power. Thomas McNamara carried out this interpreta-

tion and, beyond that, accomplished the feat of making clear by his acting that Petruchio's assumption of brutality was a pretence, inasmuch as he really loved his wife.

The part of Katharina, the Shrew, was taken by Josephine Rolfe, and too great praise cannot be given her for the almost perfect presentation of a very difficult character. She did not merely act the part; but, for the time-being, was the maid "of shrewish manners and accursed tongue" herself.

Frances Gay, as Bianca, was very good as were also her unsuccessful suitors, Harrington Thurston and Russell Gerould. Lauriat Lane was quite natural and seemed almost a veteran in the art of love-making.

Lawrence Henry and Victor Blakeslee as servants of Lucentio carried their parts well. Henry was especially amusing and afforded the audience many opportunities for a hearty laugh.

Petruchio's servants, William Conway, Raymond Kelley, and Conant Boyer did remarkably well. The scene in which they prepared for their master's homecoming was played with spirit and with evident enjoyment upon their part. John Kelly particularly deserves great credit for his presence of mind in the face of a slight accident. Lillian Bragan made a very quaint and amusing old housekeeper.

Leo Cannon as Baptista, Kenneth Goepper as a pedant and a tailor, Fletcher Wason as Vincentio, and Frances Collins as a widow portrayed their characters very ably. In fact all the parts were so well taken that the audience enjoyed the play, not merely because it was given by their friends but because of its general excellence.

Stuart Crocker deserves a great deal of credit for his splendid financial management of the play.

A large part of the success of the play was due to the interested work of Miss Hartigan; and realizing this fact, the class extends to her a vote of appreciation.





SENIOR DRAMA CAST

# ATHLETICS

## BASEBALL

On Thursday, March 9th, the baseball candidates reported to Coach Sullivan. About seventy candidates turned out at the first meeting, making the outlook for a winning team unusually bright, despite the fact that several star players have been lost through graduation or failure to keep up to the scholarship standard of the school.

Battery candidates reported for the first time in the cage at Harvard the following Saturday. About ten pitchers and six catchers loosened up their arms. Batting practice of light order was indulged in later. Battery candidates, only, have had a chance to practice. The late spring has handicapped the team.

Among the experienced letter men out for the team are: McCorry and Mills, pitchers; Furniss, first base; O'Connell, 2nd base; Duffy 3rd base; and Bunker, Goldspring, and Blakeslee, outfielders.

Promising candidates for positions cannot be named further because of the lack of sufficient practice.

## SPORTING NOTES

The Mass Meeting held in the hall to arouse interest in sports and in school and class spirit was well attended. Jack Kelley served as toastmaster and interesting talks were given by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bramhall. Coach Smith of the track team outlined plans for an Athletic Association which were highly endorsed by all. A few songs and cheers were given with great success, and more spirit than ever before shown at a Latin School Mass Meeting was in evidence.

Bob Blackler '16 was chosen as a member of the school boy interscholastic swimming team of Greater Boston. Bob is one of the best short distance men in the state.

Capt. Mills '17 of the hockey team was chosen on the 2nd all-scholastic seven for the 1916 season.

It seems too bad that attempts to organize a rifle team should prove unavailing, especially since one-hundred and fifty favorable signatures have been secured.

## TRACK

After the Lowell meet, Coach Smith spent two weeks in developing a relay team to meet Rindge at the Arena, in the annual Boston Athletic Association's Schoolboy games. The squad was cut to seven men who trained hard for positions during the vacation period, namely: Captain Dinan, Roebart, Boyd, Husband, Wright, Gannon, and Lucey. The quartette picked from this number were Husband, Boyd, Roebart and Capt. Dinan, and the team ran in the order named. Langford of Rindge fell on the first lap and as a result C. H. L. S. was a winner by half a lap, coming home in 3 minutes and 26 seconds.

The track team next turned its attention to the inter-class games. The seniors were the favorites to win despite unusually good material in the lower classes. The Captains of the different class teams are Lucey—Seniors; Gannon—Juniors; Husband—Sophomores; and Roebart—Freshmen. Through the kind permission of the authorities at Harvard the use of the board track for the inter-class games was given to Cambridge High and Latin, also the gymnasium, shower-baths, and dressing rooms. The meet brought out several star performers from all the classes. For the seniors Dinan, Sanders and Lucey bore the brunt of the work; for the Juniors, Gannon and Patten; Husband did good work for the Sophomores; and Roebart, Keefe, and Dwyer, excelled for the Freshman Class. The final result was Seniors, 36, Freshman, 12, Juniors, 11, Sophomores, 4. The Seniors, although easy winners, found tough opposition from several members of the Freshman and Junior Classes. The usual number of surprises and disappointments occurred in several events, but through the hard and earnest work of Coach Smith a successful meet can be recorded on the Latin School records. The results and tabulated scores follow.

40 yd. dash: Won by Dinan '16, Husband '18 second, Boyd '16 third. Time: 4 4-5 seconds.  
300 yd. run, first heat: Won by Robart '19, Gannon '17 second. Time: 38 4-5 seconds.  
Second heat: Won by Dinan '16, Husband '18 second. Time 40 3-5 seconds. Third heat: Won



by Sanders '16, O'Connor '18 second. Time: 42 flat. 300 yd. run, (final heat): Won by Sanders '16, Dinan '16 second, Gannon '17 third. Time: 38 seconds. 600 yd. run, (final heat): Won by Dinan '16, Gannon '17 second, Lucey '16 third. Time: 1 min. 26 4-5 seconds. 1,000 yd. run: Won by Lucey '16, Keefe '19 second, Wright '17 third. Time: 2 min. 45 seconds.

Relay Race: Freshman, (McGowen, Gardner, Keefe, Robart) vs. Juniors, (Sullivan, Blackman, Wright, Gannon). Won by Juniors. Time: 2 min 15 sec.

Sophmores, O'Connor, Carroll, Delay, Husband) vs. Seniors, (Boyd, Kelley, Lucey, Dinan). Won by Seniors. (Boyd, Kelley,

Final Race: Won by Seniors, (Boyd, Kelley, Lucey, Dinan) Juniors, second (Sullivan, Blackman, Wright, Gannon). Time 2 min. 13 sec.

High jump: Won by Sanders '16, Patten '17 second, Robart '19, third. Height: 5 ft. 1 in.

Shot Put: Won by Dwyer '19, Robart '19 second, Sanders '16 third. Distance: 38 ft. 2 in.

#### SUMMARY OF POINTS

	Seniors	Juniors	Sophs.	Freshman
40 yd. dash .....	6	0	3	0
300 yd. run .....	8	1	0	0
600 yd. run .....	6	3	0	0
1,000 yd. run .....	5	1	0	0
Shot Put .....	1	0	0	3
High Jump .....	5	3	0	8
Relay Race .....	5	3	1	1
	<hr/> 36	<hr/> 11	<hr/> 4	<hr/> 12

#### SWIMMING

The swimming team was called out Feb. 10th by Capt. Blackler and Manager Ramsay. About thirty fellows signified their desire to join the ranks, and from these fellows a good team was picked. The squad was cut two weeks later to eight men, the following being chosen to represent C. L. S. on her first swimming team: Capt. Blackler, Mariner, Joyce, Uichers, Crocker, McPhee, Hudson and Pollack. Manager Ramsay had trouble scheduling meets because of our late start. However, English High and Medford have been met. We lost to English High, 43-19, but defeated Medford, 44-18.

English High with a strong, experienced team had little trouble in conquering our newly organized aggregation. Capt. Blackler, Joyce, and Hudson excelled for Cambridge Latin while our rival possessed several stars including Cohen, Rehm, Biddle and Ecklund.

The meet with Medford brought more enthusiasm and Latin School easily defeated Med-

ford High to the tune of 44-18. Capt. Blackler was the bright star in this meet, winning three events. Joyce and Crocker were not far behind in efficiency. The Medford swimmers lacked the speed of Blackler and Joyce, while Crocker held his own in the plunge for distance. The results were:

Relay Race: Won by C. L. S. (Mariner, Ricker, Joyce, Blacker,) Medford, 2nd. (Howard, Crowley, Whitman, Chase.)

100 yd. swim: Won by Chase, Medford; Pollack, C. L. S. 2nd; Howard; Medford, 3rd.

Dive for Form: Won by Joyce, C. L. S.; Medford, 2nd; McPhee, C. L. S. 3rd.

Plunge for Distance: Won by Howard, Medford; Crocker, C. L. S. 2nd; Whittaker, Medford 3rd.

20 yd. Swim: Won by Blackler, C. L. S.; Mariner, C. L. S. 2nd; Chase Medford, 3rd.

40 yd. Swim: Won by Blackler, C. L. S., Joyce, C. L. S. 2nd; Chase, Medford, 3rd.

20 yd. Breast Stroke: Won by Blackler, C. L. S., Joyce, C. L. S., 2nd. Huffman, Medford, 3rd.

Final Score: C. L. S. 44, Medford 18.

#### CREW

The crew candidates reported to Coach Smith and Captain Kelley in the locker room early in March. About forty appeared for practise and the \$200 forwarded by the School Committee for shells assures hot competition for places in the two boats. Captain Kelley and Dinan are the two remaining from last year's crew. Up to the present time Morash and Higley are in the lead for the other two positions, with Proctor, La-Marche, Ramsay, Blackman, Worcester, Wright, G. Boyd, Sanders, Spears, Nolan, Perduin, Allen, Foster and Polak in hot pursuit. Up to the latter part of March the class track work served as preliminary conditioning tests for the boys. After this time, work was carried on in the gymnasium, with setting up exercises as the main feature of the work. This will be continued until the men can get out on the river under Coach Manning's watchful eye.

#### TENNIS

This year we are going to be again represented by a tennis team, and the prospects seem bright. Besides Captain Worcester there are several promising candidates including Paul Sanborn, winner of last fall's tournament, Blackman, Cotter, Clark, Bailey, Crocker, Wright, and Lane. A tournament will be held beginning April 20 for the purpose of selecting a team. Manager Harry Ramsey is rounding out a fine schedule.

# DIRECTORY — Continued

## JUNIOR CLASS—CLASS OF 1917

Ahearn, Ethel M.....	338 Vine St.	Farnsworth, Gladys.....	331 Pearl St.
Andelman, Edith L.....	286 Webster Ave.	Ferguson, Madeline.....	7 Wilbur St.
Anderson, Marion L.....	79 Putnam Ave.	Fitzpatrick, Mary C.....	89 Amory St.
Anderson, Bertha.....	31 Portsmouth St.	Fleet, Constance F.....	9 Columbia St.
Bagley, Grace.....	20 Greenough Ave.	Freeman, Ruth.....	293 Columbia St.
Baker, Erma M.....	77 Prentiss St.	Frederickson, Lily M.....	30 Pilgrim St.
Baldes, Mildred.....	112 Trowbridge St.	Gannon, Marguerite.....	1 Marney St.
Banks, Ruth L.....	51 Cedar St.	Gay, Lois.....	40 Irving St.
Barbarito Angelina C.....	15 Farwell Pl.	Gearan, Margaret.....	223 Brattle St.
Barron, Rebecca.....	12 Prince St.	Gibbons, Agnes C.....	128 Spring St.
Barry, Mary Catherine.....	9 Wilbur St.	Gilman, Bessie.....	174 Auburn St.
Bates, Helen.....	4 Forest St.	Goldberg, Rose.....	42B Union St.
Bean, Muriel.....	5 Ellsworth Ave.	Goldenberg, Jennie E.....	124 Elm St.
Beckwith, Evelyn.....	13 Greenough Ave.	Goldman, Dorothy.....	524 Windsor St.
Brown, Sarah L.....	373 Washington St.	Gordon, Margaret.....	8 Tenney St.
Brunt, Ruth.....	168 Lake View Ave.	Gorman, Irene.....	63 Ellery St.
Buckley, Helen.....	109 Thorndike St.	Grant, Alice.....	110 Kinnaird St.
Buckley, Mary.....	177 Lexington Ave.	Green, Carrie I.....	192 Green St.
Buller, Sarah Z.....	55 Plymouth St.	Griffin, Theresa M.....	2528 Massachusetts Ave.
Cabral, Laura M.....	303 Portland St.	Groves, Edith.....	48 Brattle St.
Callahan, Lillian M.....	97 Amory St.	Gruber, Ida M.....	77 Elm St.
Carr, Rosemary.....	38 Glenwood Ave.	Gunzelman, Gertrude A.....	8 Allen St.
Carroll, Mildred.....	44 Porter St.	Gustafson, Esther.....	10 Hollis St.
Caverley, Josephine.....	210 Hamilton St.	Gutoski, Selma F.....	68 Inman St.
Chalmers, Marjorie W.....	56 Austin St.	Haley, Catherine F.....	11 Putnam Ave.
Chaplin, Eleanor.....	67 Highland Ave.	Hamilton, Mary F.....	148 River St.
Chapman, Mercie A.....	13 Regent St.	Harris, Marion.....	73 Trowbridge St.
Charlton, Lalia.....	265 Upland Road	Harvey, Hazel.....	237 Pearl St.
Cobb, Dorothy C.....	2 Francis Place	Hayden, Ruth.....	35 Gorham St.
Cohen, Bessie.....	12 Fainwood Circle	Hayes, Ellen V.....	134 Thorndike St.
Colby, Mildred R.....	105 Oxford St.	Hayes, Loretta.....	92 Fayerweather St.
Cole, Mary Harriette.....	48 Winthrop St.	Heileman, Meta.....	199 Hamilton St.
Collins, Marie A.....	95 Fayerweather St.	Henderson, Dorothy.....	318 Franklin St.
Connelly, Jeanette.....	50 Cedar St.	Henry, Lorena A.....	24 Essex St.
Connelly, Madeline.....	50 Cedar St.	Herlihy, Helen G.....	167 Windsor St.
Cooney, Mildred.....	5 Fayette Park	Hogan, Nora F.....	20 Lambert St.
Cooper, Anna I.....	80 Plymouth St.	Horan, Gertrude E.....	143 Pemberton St.
Cox, Olive.....	34 River St.	Howard, Emily K.....	28 Eustis St.
Crutchfield, Mary.....	22 Harrison St.	Hubbert, Viola.....	3 Washburn Ter.
D'Arvilla, Mary.....	15 Ellsworth Ave.	Igo, Ethel.....	2575 Massachusetts Ave.
Dalyrmpile, Bernice J.....	4 Austin Place	Isaac, Agnes.....	22 Lee St.
Daly, Florence.....	18 Vernon St.	Iserow, Ethel R.....	88 Elm St.
Danehy, Mary B.....	1 Wadsworth St.	Jollymore, Mildred B.....	23 Regent St.
Davis, Eleanor.....	33 Arlington St.	Joyce, Emily F.....	175 Huron Ave.
Davis, Mabel C.....	51 Chestnut St.	Kaplan, Sarah.....	34 Willow St.
Dee, Elizabeth.....	14 Seven Pines Ave.	Kelleher, Helen R.....	1 Daye Court
Dee Margaret.....	94 Hammond St.	Kelley, Mary G.....	78 Auburn St.
Deforge, Reggia M.....	58 Sixth St.	Kerner, Hattie.....	32 Essex St.
Deyoung, Jane C.....	122 Montgomery St.	Kidder, Marion.....	34 Magazine St.
Dickson, Annie.....	17 Brown St.	Kirshen, Clara.....	474 Windsor St.
Dixon, Rolline.....	121 Washington St.	Knowlton, Elizabeth.....	18 Forest St.
Doe, Irene.....	39 Porter Road	Largenton, Alice M.....	101A Fayerweather St.
Does, Ethel A.....	119 Antrim St.	Laythe, Gladys L.....	411 Cambridge St.
Donnini, Ethel M.....	101½ Inman St.	Lesperance, Lenora M.....	23 Flagg St.
Doyle, Ellen J.....	12 Surrey St.	Lynch, Christine V.....	63 Brookline St.
Durant, Phyllis.....	32 Mellen St.	Lynch, Louise A.....	69 Elm St.
Dyer, Bertha.....	241 River St.	Lynch, Margaret A.....	20 Fairfield St.
Emery, Katherine.....	34 Cottage St.	McCaffrey, Elizabeth F.....	56 Chestnut St.
Farmer, Gladys.....	107 Oxford St.	McCarthy, Margaret.....	105 Kinnaird St.



McCarthy, Marguerite A.....194 Brookline St.  
 McCarthy, Mary E.....105 Kinnaird St.  
 McCrillis, Mary.....195 Upland Road  
 MacDonald, Ethel.....44 Rindge Ave.  
 MacDonald, Mabelle.....3 Whittier St.  
 McFadden, Frances.....17 Orchard St.  
 McGrath, Catherine.....28 Holworthy St.  
 MacDonald, Muriel.....95 Trowbridge St.  
 McDonald, Margaret.....406 Columbia St.  
 McGrory, Clara G.....2028 Massachusetts Ave.  
 MacLarnie, Katherine.....4 Chauncey Ter.  
 MacLeod, Gladys.....63 Creighton St.  
 McManus, Anna E.....21A Hews St.  
 MacNeil, Katherine P.....15 Green St.  
 McNiff, Mary.....20 Plymouth St.  
 McPhee, Ruth.....41 Cameron Ave.  
 Mahoney, Anna M.....33 Ninth St.  
 Mahoney, Katherine.....40 Baldwin St.  
 Mansfield, Hazel G.....51 Granite St.  
 Marker, Sophie J.....314 Pearl St.  
 Mayo, Annie J.....51 Hubbard Ave.  
 Menkes, Frances.....525 Windsor St.  
 Merrill, Stella.....189 Upland Road  
 Milliken, Bertha.....60 Orchard St.  
 Moran, Anna.....43 Clay St.  
 Mowll, Mildred.....40 Avon Hill St.  
 Mulcahy, Alice L.....392 Norfolk St.  
 Mullins, Madeline.....216 Upland Road  
 Myler, Catherine.....1299 Cambridge St.  
 Nagle, Marie A.....12 Newton St.  
 Nelson, Cornelia.....1550 Cambridge St.  
 Nelson, Lillian.....24 Market St.  
 Nolan, Josephine M.....2 Van Norden St.  
 O'Brien, Alice.....2 Ellery St.  
 O'Brien, Edna M.....28 York St.  
 O'Connell, Julia.....227 Rindge St.  
 O'Hare, Margaret.....39 Clay St.  
 O'Neill, Ellen A.....6 Bismark St.  
 Olson, Edith.....7 King Place  
 O'Neill, Dorothy.....28 Inman St.  
 O'Sullivan, Beatrice.....9 Mt. Auburn St.  
 Phelan, Katherine.....20 Saville St.  
 Poirier, Hedwige J.....7 Yerxa Road  
 Poole, Winifred.....161 Hampshire St.  
 Prentice, Agnes E.....6 Acadia St.  
 Queeney, Agnes.....139 Charles St.  
 Quinn, Anna H. F.....20 Cogswell Ave.  
 Reardon, Annie.....29 Frank St.  
 Reedy, Nora O.....12 Magnolia Ave.  
 Rivinius, Jessie.....17 Wright St.  
 Rogerson, Hazel E.....43 Frank St.  
 Russell, Evelyn.....76 Berkshire St.  
 Russell, Margaret L.....126 Holworthy St.  
 Ryan, Elizabeth H.....116 Kinnaird St.  
 Shea, Alice E.....65 Putnam Ave.  
 Siebert, Helen.....31 Cambridge Ter.  
 Silverman, Bertha R.....200 Columbia St.  
 Smith, Dorothy M.....40 Pemberton St.  
 Smith, Mary A.....29 Gay St.  
 Smith, Margaret F.....2 Butler Court  
 Steinkrauss, Frances M.....104½ Pearl St.  
 Stockton, Pauline M.....61 Austin St.  
 Stone, Gertrude M.....17 Holly Ave.

Sullivan, Edna.....86 Ellery St.  
 Sullivan, Esther.....8 Fainwood Circle  
 Sullivan, Margaret V.....52 Rice St.  
 Sullivan, Mary.....273 Upland Road  
 Sulzer, Ruth A.....170 Chestnut St.  
 Talaewsky, Gertrude.....34 Willow St.  
 Taylor, Gladys.....378 Washington St.  
 Thurston, Margaret.....16 Trowbridge St.  
 Thurston, Rachel.....124 Oxford St.  
 Tippet, Ruth.....183 Chestnut St.  
 Trant, Ellen.....39 Clifton St.  
 Traverse, Dorila G.....351 Putnam Ave.  
 Trodden, Catherine.....136 Otis St.  
 Udell, Ida C.....51 Ellery St.  
 Vining, Eunice.....38 Russell St.  
 Wall, Grace B.....23 Decatur St.  
 Ward, Lucy M.....257 Upland Road  
 Waugh, Marion R.....17 Marie Ave.  
 Weissbach, Helen.....14 Eighth St.  
 Wescott, Dorothy.....29 Bigelow St.  
 White, M. Agnes.....11 Fairview Ave.  
 Wiesman, Bessie.....986 Columbia St.  
 Wild, Gertrude.....Randolph Hall  
 Wilkins, Virginia.....5 Craigie St.  
 Williams, Beatrice.....141 Banks St.  
 Williams, Ethel.....14 Murdock St.  
 Williams, Margaret.....1010 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Williams, Marjorie.....1673 Massachusetts Ave.  
 Wilson, Lois G.....21 Acorn St.  
 Wolejka, Antoinette.....89 Winter St.  
 Wood, J. Hortense.....22 Union St.  
 Young, Gladys B.....180 Magazine St.

# CLASS OF 1915

## Post graduates Preparing for College

Name	College	Address
Beckel, Ruth, Simmons,	9 Story St.	
Bell, Hyman, Harvard,	97 Pemberton St.	
Blackler, Robert, Harvard Dental,	40 Inman St.	
Branigan, Arthur, Harvard,	Wayland	
Breed, Eleanor, Framingham,	6 Ellsworth Ave.	
Brown, William A., M. I. T.,	501 Green St.	
Bunker, Francis, M. I. T.,	5 Ashton Place	
Caplan, Israel, Harvard,	541 Main St.	
Clapp, Constance Smith,	1582 Massachusetts Ave.	
Cohen, Abie, Harvard,	81 Tremont St.	
Corcoran, Paul, Harvard,	50 Lexington Ave.	
Coughlin, John, Tufts,	94 Kinnaird St.	
Crowley, Daniel, Harvard,	82 Dana St.	
Daugherty, Howard, Harvard,	26 Boylston St.	
Dillingham, E. Rosamond,		
	Conservatory of Music,	94 Richdale Ave.
Dixon, H., Massachusetts Agricultural,		
		192 Larch Road
Dorr, Herbert, M. I. T.,	7 Cleveland St.	
Dwyer, John, Harvard,	51 Mt. Pleasant St.	
Evans, A. Ruth, Radcliffe,	87 Trowbridge St.	
Fitzgerald, Katherine, Simmons,		
		108 Holworthy St.

Nelson, Elsie, Conservatory of Music,  
59 Hubbard Ave.  
Nolen, John, Harvard, 10 Garden Terrace  
O'Connor, Marie, Simmons, 30 Ellsworth Ave.  
Phelan, John A., Harvard, 20 Saville St.  
Place, Richard L., Harvard, 84 Prescott St.  
Poittrast, Mary, Framingham, 64 Sacramento St.  
Rhoades, Lina, Wellesley, 44 Walden St.  
Smith, Charlotte, Radcliffe, 245 Norfolk St.  
Trimble, Alfred, Harvard,  
1137 Massachusetts Ave.  
Wilkey, Edith, Wellesley, 64 Walker St.

## FRESHMAN DEBATE

The Boys Freshman Debating Society is now an established organization. The Honorary Chairman is Mr. Leonard; the permanent Secretary, Myles Danchy; and the coach, Fletcher Wason.

Mrs. Florence Lee Whitman, Mr. John M. Brewer, Mr. H. G. Doyle.

\*Triangular League Game.

*Contributed by Cornelius Bonner*



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3 3-4 lbs. Beans, String	35.
5 1-2 lbs. Cabbage	14.3
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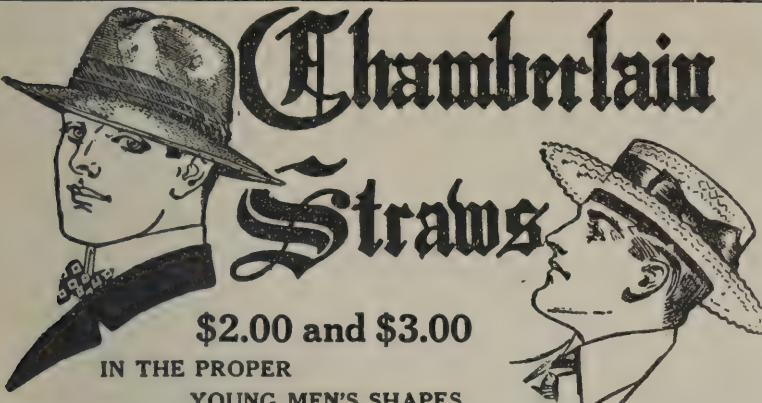
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# THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

1915-16

Vol. XXX

No. 5

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GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM—1916



CAMBRIDGE REVIEW STAFF—1916





"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

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## REPRESENTING THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

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### A Successful Year

This year has surely been a successful one for the Cambridge Review. We have issued over four thousand copies of the paper, which breaks all past records. Each time we have gone to press we have been able to make the Review a little better, bigger, and more artistic, and incidentally, a little more expensive. But thanks to the business management we have always been able to meet our expenses and still stand on an enviable financial footing. As a result, we have been able to make use of a large number of the splendid designs that the members of the art board have submitted. We have made a large number of engravings this year, and printed a record number of pictures. Few schools are so favored as to be able to draw on so fine an art department.

Without a doubt, another year will mark a vast improvement in the paper; for there is surely a large field for betterment. With proper support from the school, we should be able to issue next year a model artistic production. We have the art board to do it. All that is necessary is the subscription of a large proportion of the school, at least a thousand.

The Review will probably have a room next year fitted out as an office, which will enable the board to manage the paper on a far more systematic and satisfactory basis.

Let us hope that C. H. L. S. will have a fine school paper next year, and let us wish next year's Review Board success in their work.

Extract from the Annual Report of T. F. Currier, Assistant Librarian of the Harvard College Library.

"I should like to record our satisfaction with the help rendered by boys from the Rindge

Training School and the Cambridge High and Latin School. Through the kind co-operation of Mr. J. M. Norton of the former school and Mr. C. M. Bliss and Miss McIntire of the latter, we have never lacked a steady supply of picked boys, who have almost without exception given us careful, conscientious, and efficient help."

### The Progress of Music

We have been onlookers this year of the most determined boom in music yet recorded. Since September of last year the musical activities in this school have increased 110 per cent. You ask me to explain? Willingly. For four years Mr. Whoriskey has been working to put music on a major subject footing. This year has seen its accomplishment. One of his many achievements is the Boys' Glee Club, organized this year. Has anyone ever heard better, all things considered? Prominent with that of Mr. Whoriskey is the name of Miss Harriet Gordon, their pianist, to whom they owe their continued existence and success. In addition to the Boys' Glee Club we have a Girls' Glee Club which is in every way equally as good. Miss Churchill, their pianist, needs no recommendation here. Her good work is too apparent. The Orchestra is indeed fortunate in having such an able pianist as Miss Mary Barry. Perhaps she accounts for its enthusiastic reception everywhere, who can tell? Our combined choruses this year are almost twice as large as last, we have an orchestra that is the envy of surrounding prep schools, and we have two glee clubs that are already the height of many director's ambitions. Is not music progressing?

*Contributed by Robert B. Boyd.*

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## A PLATTSBURG DIARY

It was almost dusk when the **July 5** "Boston party," of which I was a member alighted at the dock at Plattsburg after a very fascinating trip across Lake Champlain from Burlington. The trip is pleasantest, I fancy, at the sunset hour, for then, the low rambling Adirondacks, which skirt the entire western shore of the lake as far as eye can reach assume a deep purple color. Then too, at this hour, the light reflected from the unusually dark blue waters of the lake is not so dazzling.

A ten minute car-ride landed us at the camp gate, and we applied directly at headquarters for our company assignments. I drew Company "B" and had no cause to regret it, as I discovered later. Then we received our blankets, poles, pins, and the other articles issued by the Quartermaster Department and went our several ways to the different "company streets." The tents which the different companies filled were arranged in long parallel lines with a fairly wide space between. This intervening space was termed the company "street." Most of the men had already arrived at camp earlier in the day, and so it was necessary to hunt about a bit to find quarters temporarily. By the time we had "kicked" our cots into shape, as we found them folded up, we decided we had experienced enough for one day, and consequently "turned in." Our sleep could not in any way have been improved by a feather bed, even if such a thing had existed.

We realized we were here for business when reveille sounded at 5.45. Lieut. Parker, U. S. A., our commander, had us go through some strenuous gymnastic exercises right off the reel. After mess, the ordnance was issued to those not having received it the day before. This includes rifle, bayonet, pack, ammunition belt, canteen and incidentals. After getting a little of the heavy grease off the rifles, the several companies were assembled in their respective "streets" for practice in the manual of arms. The guns seemed discouragingly heavy at first, and our hands were most all blistered before the noon "recall."

It was raining so hard this A. M. **July 8** that we were ordered out in our ponchos, an ingenious sort of rubber coat which protects from the rain and yet admits of entire freedom of one's arms, so that it is possible to go through the manual with one on. We were given instruction this morning in extended order work which consists of the actual movement of troops when on the firing line.

This first week has been spent almost entirely on the manual of arms **July 10** with the simpler marching movements. The fellows are showing great aptitude and Company B is fast developing a good line. We had battalion review and inspection this morning in the large open drilling field between the camp and the shores of the lake. Every one of the 600 odd rifles was carefully examined. It is essential that a soldier be taught to take splendid care of his rifle, for otherwise grave disaster might ensue.

Sunday. Up an hour later. No **July 11** drill today. Many odd jobs to do about the tents. We had ours "furled" for a while to let in the sunlight. It is possible to get excused on Sunday, and many of the fellows are off for the day. Lieut. Parker suggested that we take a practice march this evening to get in condition for the harder work later on. We each carried a light pack in addition to the rifle. Skirting the shore of the lake for about a mile and back to the camp by the main road was just about right for the first time. All ready for another hard week.

Our day's work has assumed a **July 14** regular program by this time. Up at 5.45. Gymnastic work until 6.20. Call for mess 6.30. First call for drill 7.25. From 7.25 until recall at 11.25 we are hard at work. The work this week has consisted of a lecture on a special problem down in the big tent right after mess with a subsequent putting into practice of the principles laid down. Yesterday our company had a problem on advance guards and patrols, and tomorrow we expect to have one on outposts. After noon mess at 11.45, we have until 2 to do as we like. At 2 the afternoon voluntary work begins. There is a variety to choose from: first aid, signalling, gallery practice, cavalry, artillery, etc. The only rule is that each man shall select some special field. I was on horseback with the cavalry outfit today for the first time. I was a little the worse for wear on returning, but my courage and determination were not a bit shaken. The afternoon work is over at 4. There is no formation then until 5.45 when the companies form for retreat, at which time we stand at "parade" rest and then come to "attention" when the Star Spangled Banner is played. This is followed by a fast twenty minutes drill down on the parade ground. Evening mess follows, and then the restrictions are few.



One soon learns, however, that it is well to turn in early for 5.45 a. m. comes soon enough anyway.

Imaginary combat for Company

**July 16** B on Cliff Haven golf links. We had to advance some twelve hundred yards as though under fire. This was done by various types of short rushes. While one small party was advancing, the rest of the company was marking them with imaginary fire. We had full packs when moving and it took some grit to go through. We had a bayonet charge at the end. Fixed bayonets are not a pleasant spectacle even in a sham battle.

We have guard duty every night now. It was Company B's turn tonight. Only three squads are required at a time, so the work goes by platoons. The second platoon to which I belong furnished the honors. The night is divided into watches in such a way that every man has two hours on and four off. I went on from 8 to 10 p. m. and then again from 2 to 4 a. m. The first watch was pleasant, there being considerable challenging to do as many fellows had gone to town and were returning about this time. At ten o'clock we returned to the guard tent, loosed our shoe lacings and got four hours sleep. From two to four, the story was different. Everything was hushed in sleep. It was about the two longest hours I have ever spent. Many were the thoughts which passed through my brain as I methodically paced my allotted section of the camp.

The past week has been spent almost entirely from daybreak to sunset on the rifle range. To the good shots, it is perhaps the most fascinating work, to the poor it is doubtless the most discouraging. There is certainly no need of being discouraged, however, even with a very poor record; I was perhaps one of the twenty very poorest shots in the company. With another trial at the following camp, however, I made the sharpshooter's class. I say this not in a boastful way, but rather to show that what I was able to accomplish others could equal and even surpass by "keeping at it." The requirements in the shooting compares very closely to those obtaining in the regular army.

**July 25** Sunday. Another day of real rest. My diary entry reads, "Seemed fine to do nothing." Eric Fisher Wood, the American staff officer who has

visited the trenches in France, spoke informally to us in the big tent this evening. It was an intensely interesting discussion.

Getting ready for the "hike."

**July 26** Practice in tent pitching this morning. The front rank man buttons his shelter half with that of the corresponding rear rank man and a small affair known as a "pup" tent is the result. This is used only on hikes. In permanent quarters, the large "Pyramid" tents are used. The best time for pitching was three minutes. With a little practice, all the men could do it in this time.

Entry today reads, "Trench digging and 'bushwhacking' took up our morning." We dug regulation trenches of the temporary order; length, that sufficient for one squad of eight men, depth, 4 1-2 feet, width, 2 feet. Between each squad's section of the trench there is a U-shaped connection; the idea being that if a shell bursts in one section, the resulting damage is thereby confined to that one section and not communicated to others. 'Bushwhacking' means that we cleared a large space free of underbrush with our bayonets. Why we did this latter, I don't know. However, it is not necessary that a soldier should always know the whys and the wherefores. This evening we had court-martial and duckings for certain unruly members of the camp.

The whole day spent in getting everything in readiness for the hike which starts tomorrow and is to last about eight days.

**July 28** Up at 5. Clear day. Broke camp at 8 and marched nine miles to southwestward, near town of Peru. On outpost duty in p. m. Have real enemy now. No skirmishes so far. Tenting with the corporal of my squad. A fellow about my age from Kansas City.

**July 29** Broke camp at 7. Seems remarkable that inside of a little over an hour what favored a night's encampment can be entirely on the march again. Company B formed the advance guard today. The purpose of an advance guard, as its name suggests, is to protect the main body so that its advance can be continued without interruption. The guard is sent out several hundred yards ahead of the main column with connecting files, as well as on both flanks. It means many more miles as well as a very marked increase in danger, for, if necessary, the advance guard must

be sacrificed for the good of the main column. Main column covered about eleven miles today. Had two sharp encounters with enemy. Camped on bluff over Ausable River. Current swift here. Spent p. m. "riding" the current.

Very hot today. I am in the **July 31** fourth squad and we have termed ourselves the "fighting fourth." Road very hard and dusty. The enemy played us a mean trick, attacking our right flank when in sight of camp. We had to deploy and go into action. Most of us had nearly full ammunition belts and we 'let' 'em have it.

The camp kitchens are well organized and we are getting splendid food. Hope enemy doesn't capture the kitchens. Camp on an elevated plateau in full view of Adirondacks. Found a wonderful swimming pool this afternoon.

Marched eight easy miles to Silver Lake. Only one bad hill. **August 1** Spent afternoon on guard duty, keeping certain parts of lake free from bathing.

A day off at last. Climbed Silver Lake Mountain with a comrade. **August 2** From the top, we could trace our line of march for the past two days. My corporal has the fishing "bug." As soon as we get our tents pitched, he is off with rod and reel and I don't see him again until he tries to find his tent at night. There are only 300 other odd tents just like mine, and candles are scarce, but he usually finds me before morning. He has never yet smelt very fishy when he has returned. Perhaps the fish hereabouts are odorless; anyhow they seem to be in the abstract rather than the concrete.

Another day in camp. We spent **August 3** the morning manoeuvring. It seemed good to be back at work. We had a skirmish this afternoon, and General Wood, as well as Presidents Lowell and Garfield, of Harvard and Williams, respectively, were there to watch. President Lowell spoke to us tonight, and what he said had a clear, true ring which made every Harvard man present proud of his college leader.

Last night was the worst I ever **August 4** hope to experience in a "pup" tent. The wind blew and the rain descended in sheets. The pins holding the tent down were ripped up like tooth-picks. Thank goodness, my bayonet held or else I should have been soaked to the skin. The morning dawned clear and cold. Broke camp at Silver Lake. Had a sharp skirmish with enemy at the ford of the Saranac River. Part of the battalion had to ford a waist-deep stream, where the current was swift. It was quite an experience. We have a wonderful site today at Clayburg. Corporal Niles and I cut fir boughs for our bunks. Somewhere he found a raspberry pie, and we had a meal fit for the gods before turning in to our fragrant as well as comfortable bunks.

We had two interesting problems **August 5** this morning. One of them, our Company by making a long detour got a wonderful opening on the enemies' flank. The umpires ruled them annihilated. We halted at noon and had mess by the roadside. One of our squad fell asleep and didn't rejoin us for over an hour. Meanwhile, we had to carry his rifle and pack in addition to our own.

Many fellows have had to drop out of the ranks today. The "fighting fourth" shall never contribute to the hospital teams. We would drop in our tracks first!

Company B had a big bonfire and celebration tonight. Lieut. Parker told us some of the most fascinating tales imaginable of his Philippine service. Every member of the company wants to be back under him another year. He worked us pretty hard, but we had the reputation for being the best company in the regiment.

Entry reads, "Now the last lap. **August 6** Big battle just before reaching Plattsburg. Over 50 rounds apiece. Paraded through the town of Plattsburg with band playing and colors flying. On reaching camp, the companies were dismissed. This ended five weeks of the most beneficial physical as well as military training.

*By a Latin School Grad.*

## THE TRENCH BABY

Phillip Impey was the most popular man in the Bedfordshires, an English regiment, "somewhere in France," for the reason that he had

found a four-year old, sweet looking, French baby in a ditch beside the road. The soldiers were marching to the first line trenches and as



no one could go back, they took the child with them to the front and made her as comfortable as possible.

In memory of Phillip, her rescuer, who had been buried with honors, they called her Phyllis.

In a few days she had recuperated from sickness and exposure, and had begun to play with the "Tommies." It did not take her a very great while to find a place in their hearts. Her caretaker was the storeman, who insisted that he knew how to dress a child and was very strict about her morning bath. As many of the soldiers had children of their own, she was very well treated.

One day, to the utter astonishment of both sides, they saw this mere speck of humanity standing on the top of the trench with the wind blowing through her auburn hair and waving her dark blue dress, a symbol of defiance. Both sides saw her, but neither saw the other, for they looked at everything through periscopes. She was hailed by the Germans and was finally persuaded to run the hundred and fifty yards to their trench. But when nearing her goal, she fell, quite taking away the little bit of breath that she had left. A young German fairly flew out of his trench and swooped the exhausted baby into his arms, thus defeating the intentions of a British sniper who could not shoot at him without danger of killing the child.

Phyllis afterward made these trips between the lines in safety, winning the hearts of the warlike, yet sympathetic Germans. She was like an angel unto them, whom God had sent to remind them

of their children and homes. It seemed that she was there to tell them not to kill another child's daddy. Much to the Englishmen's chagrin, she seemed to care as much for the Germans as she did for them.

The battle was on, with innocent Phyllis in an obscure branch of the German underground galleries, safe from the shot and shell that was sweeping and ploughing down brave men on both sides. The battle raged incessantly, just a continuous procedure of insensibility, letting out the barbarism of men. The battle had come to a climax in a hand to hand struggle.

In the midst of this inhuman fray, an unarmed Frenchman, with uplifted hands, could be seen looking into the black, smoking muzzle of a gun held by a stalwart German. He was begging in French for his life; but how could a man who understood only German realize that he was pleading for his family, his child, his own very existence.

In order to make what he was saying clear, the Frenchman lowered his right hand to his hip pocket from which he brought forth—a flash! a shriek! A dead body at the feet of the German!

At this instant, while looking curiously into the dead man's face a searchlight played on the scene. The German quickly looked at the man's right hand, where amongst scattered papers and mementoes of home—the cause of his death, he saw instead of a revolver, which he had expected, a photograph of the familiar, laughing face of the trench baby.

*S. C. MacNaugher.*

## BOBBY'S QUEST

After the funeral, Mrs. Moore had taken Bobby home and had kept him over night, but the next morning she hastened to the minister's wife to find somebody to take poor orphan Bobby.

"It isna as though I don't want him," she tearfully explained, "but when ye've got seven childer of yere own, not half fed, ye canna keep anither."

While the children were playing, the youngest Moore, a horrid child, had informed Bobby that no one wanted him, and that he was to be sent to the poorhouse.

"It isn't so, is it, Anna," Bobby shouted defiantly. "I'm afraid it is, Bobby," the oldest Moore assented gravely.

A few minutes later Bobby had stolen into the house, tied his belongings in a handkerchief, and made a dash for the road. Bobby had deter-

mined not to go to the poorhouse and, as there seemed to be only one way out of it, he had made a somewhat hasty departure.

As he trudged along the lonely, dusky road, this is what the trees and bushes saw—a tiny boy of six, clad in a yellow shirt and blue overalls. His feet were bare, and one hand grasped tightly a small bundle wrapped in a red handkerchief. His tangled golden hair was pushed back from a heated forehead and long lashes shaded his large, serious blue eyes. His mouth was set determinedly, and he did not falter or look back.

After being turned away from many houses where "a nice little bo—ee" who could hunt eggs and tend the baby was not wanted, he decided to get something to drink at a small red house which stood at the end of the road. He hurried along and opened the big gate. A large sheep-

dog lay drowsing in the sun, but jumped up, growling angrily at his approach.

"Don't be afraid, doggy," Bobby said kindly, patting the dog's huge head. Suddenly a woman appeared in the barndoor with a milk-pail in her hand.

"Well, how in time's sake did you get here?" she demanded sourly.

"Oh, I guess the doggy knew I wouldn't hurt him. He's a nice dog, isn't he? Please ma'am, may I have some milk?" Bobby was trying his best to be polite. The woman poured some milk out for him in silence. Bobby did not know that most children and even older people were afraid of her. Why should he fear anyone who gave him milk, and kept a nice dog?

Again he resumed his way and after a long, hot, tiresome tramp, he came to a large white Colonial farmhouse. Surely someone here would want a little "bo—ee" he thought, and even if they didn't, he could eat his cookies beside the well.

He walked slowly down the broad path and, as he rounded the corner of the house, a loud and very unmusical voice proclaimed mournfully, "They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away, an they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mo-o-o-r-ning." Suddenly the singing ceased. "Drat that pail, I believe it's sprung a leak," the voice remarked with a disgusted tone, and Bobby heard footsteps. He hastily hid himself behind the well for he had decided that this was no place for him.

The door opened and a tall angular Scotch woman stepped out. She wore a gray print dress, and a large blue apron gave evidence of her neatness. Her sandy-colored hair was pulled tightly back from her face, and she had small piercing black eyes which spied poor Bobby almost immediately.

"Coom out of there," she commanded abruptly—and Bobby came. "Now what are ye doing, ye rascal?" "I was eating my lunch; I didn't know you'd mind, but I'll go away right off," he said, and started away. "Is that your lunch?" She pointed scornfully at the crumbled cookies. "What's yer mither thinking to let ye go with only cakes fer yer loonch? Dinna she know better'n that?"

"My mama's gone to heaven where the angels fly," Bobby responded bravely.

"Puir laddie," and her harsh voice softened. Suddenly he heard her whisper "Donald," and she turned upon him fiercely. "Where's yer dad?"

"Oh, daddy's been in heaven for a long time. That's why mammy went." Her manner changed and she asked kindly, "Laddie, be ye afeard of me?"

"No, I ain't afraid of nothing," and Bobby drew himself up proudly.

"Coom into the house then en ye shall have suthing to eat," this strange woman said as she opened the door.

She placed a large plate of chicken, beans, and potatoes before him and said, "eat." Bobby ate in silence with his large, curious eyes fastened upon his benefactress. When he had finished she pushed a piece of pie along the table towards him. He needed no urging, but started to eat with renewed vigour. While he was finishing this, the "creature" filled a basin and set it upon a chair. "Noo, wash yeresen, lad."

"Why, this isn't Sunday," Bobby protested.

"Dinna ye wash boot on the Sabbath?"

After the explanation that washings had not been daily occurrences "since mammy went away," the woman pointed firmly at the bowl, remarking dryly, "Well, ye're agoin' to wash now."

When he had removed the top layer of dirt, Bobby carefully wiped his face with a dishtowel. The "creature" was shocked but a feeling of pity kept her silent.

"Laddie," she said softly. "Laddie wad ye like to see a puir sick lady who's lonely?" Now Bobby had no desire to see a poor sick lady but the "creature" had a compelling way about her so he meekly replied that he had no serious objections. She led him into the hall and pointed to a closed door, "gang there an' tell the lady ye'll be her little lad an' give her a bonny wee kiss."

Bobby pushed open the door and peered into a dark and dreary room. There were a few chairs primly set along the wall; and a piano, shrouded in green flannel, stood in one corner. Upon a couch lay a lady dressed in black. Her dark hair was brushed smoothly back from her pale, colorless face, and her eyes were closed.

"P-l-l-ease ma'am," Bobby whispered in awe-struck tones. The Stranger Lady's eyelids flew up and dark, mournful, brown eyes gazed at him. She stirred and a frightened gasp burst from her lips. "Donald!" she moaned, "Donald," and a shudder passed over her slender body. She stretched out her arms and Bobby climbed upon the sofa.

"Don't cry," he pleaded as he stroked her cheek with his soft little hand. "Lady, does you want a little boy?" he questioned.





RELAY TEAM—1916





"Oh, little son! Donald, how I want you," she sobbed.

"I'll be your little boy 'cause my mama and papa has gone way up to heaven. My name's Bobby."

A calm fell upon the Stranger Lady as she held his warm little body in her arms, and her heart ceased to ache so bitterly.

Tired by the long, weary tramp, Bobby's drowsy head fell upon her shoulder; and as she looked into his upturned face, "Donald's Lull-

abye" rose to her lips. Waveringly she began;—

"Little boy blue lay by your horn  
And mother will sing of the cows and the corn."

Gaining courage, she sang softly,

"Till the stars and the angels come to keep  
Watch where my baby lies fast asleep."

The "creature" in the kitchen brushed her eyes roughly with her hand; and Bobby, though fast asleep, knew that his quest was ended.

*Edith Wilkey, '15.*

## CAMBRIDGE DURING THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

**FIRST PRIZE ESSAY**—Prize Essay Contest of the Hannah Winthrop Chapter, D. A. R.

"Ho! Hum!" yawned Dorothy. "Why was history ever written? It's the driest thing I ever tried to study. I've read the same page over and over, and still I haven't got it."

Here Mr. Vicksfield interposed, "I can understand your view, Dorothy; but perhaps I can help you. What are you studying?"

"The siege of Boston and Washington's taking command of the army," was her reply.

At this, Mr. and Mrs. Vicksfield looked at each other and smiled. "Do you remember, Annie," he said "when your grandfather told us about that? I wonder if we couldn't tell Dorothy something about it. It's a long time since I thought of it.

"You know, of course, that Cambridge was selected as the headquarters for the troops. This was because of its position near Boston, where the enemy was quartered. The movements of the British could be watched and yet they could not make a sudden attack on account of the water which separated the two towns.

"When the Congress in Philadelphia appointed Washington, commander-in-chief, and it was known that he was coming north, the Watertown Congress immediately gave orders that the President's house at Harvard should be cleared and furnished for the General's use, with the exception of one room.

"The college buildings, which were then Stoughton, Hollis, and Harvard halls, and Holden Chapel, were cleared, and all the furniture and books that were in them were taken to Concord so that these places might be used for barracks.

"On July third, 1775, Washington took command. He was a tall and well formed man, of dignified bearing, his appearance at once inspir-

ing confidence because of his strength, gentleness, and modesty, which were very evident. The impression made by his manner undoubtedly gained him the cordial welcome he received. The people were at once won over to him; and as this splendid man, seated on his horse underneath that fine broad elm in the midst of the Cambridge Common drew his sword, the air resounded with the shouts and huzzas of the excited crowd which had gathered to witness the sight. There had never been and never was again, until the hundredth anniversary, such a gathering on that Common.

"As soon as he was formally installed in his office, Washington began work. His was no easy task, as you may see when you think of that army composed of untrained farmers, negroes, and a company of riflemen from the backwoods—and most of these with no uniforms or arms except fowling pieces, and with but a small supply of powder and bullets. All of them were unused to discipline and the officers were all unaccustomed and some even incompetent to command. The artillery consisted of a few old field-pieces of various sizes, practically good for nothing. Powder was so scarce that barrels of sand were brought into camp from time to time in order to keep the men from knowing how bad things really were. Window-weights, metal organ pipes, even the leaden coats-of arms of the tomb in the burying grounds, were removed to make bullets.

"The first skirmish that took place was at Lechmere's Point in November. All that land where the Viaduct starts, and which is now East Cambridge, was at that time marshy and was used as pasturage. A few British soldiers crossed the stream to capture some of the half-

starved cattle. Colonel Thompson took his continental regiment and, fording the river, fired upon the raiders, sinking one of their boats and killing two men.

"In February and March, Washington ordered earth-works built. He had been anxious for some time to commence operations, but was patiently waiting until the river should freeze, so that he could march his forces over the ice. There was a line of fortifications along Broadway, and others at Putnam Avenue and Franklin Street. Up to that point was all that marsh which has since been filled in. The Americans planned to bombard Boston and Lechmere's Point, Cobble Hill, (now Somerville) and Roxbury. This happened the night of March second, 1776, and on the night of the fifth, two thousand men marched to Dorchester Heights, taking possession of the ground and entrenching themselves in an astonishingly short time. This, and Fort Putnam (situated where the Middlesex County court house now stands) were two of the strongholds which helped to make life very uncomfortable for the Red-Coats.

"On the seventeenth of March, the British abandoned Boston—only too glad, probably, to get off as easily as they did. They put wooden sentinels on Bunker Hill to deceive us. The hoax was soon discovered, however, and everyone went wild with joy. People from all the surrounding places went into town, some out of curiosity, others to see friends and relations they had not seen for many months."

"Oh! how I wish I could have seen that evacuation!" exclaimed Dorothy. "I should have shouted until I was hoarse. Those old Red-Coats didn't have a chance with our clever men thinking out schemes to get rid of them."

Mr. and Mrs. Vicksfield smiled sagely at the difference between this remark and those she had made earlier in the evening.

"Now, I am going to tell you what the women did," began Dorothy's mother, "and show you a bit of social life. Daddy has told you the man's side and what you need to know for school, but perhaps this other will be interesting, even if not instructive.

"The Cambridge women helped a great deal in that troubled time. They were tireless in their zeal, many even using their homes to lodge the soldiers. They carried flowers, jellies, and other dainties to the wounded; they read to them books like the Bible, and Pilgrim's Progress; they listened to the soldiers' stories of battle and

camp-life so eagerly that the men forgot their ills in relating their experiences; they scraped lint and prepared bandages for the wounded; and finally, they sacrificed all the little luxuries that women delight in, and practiced the strictest economy in order to give money to the army.

"Almost no parties were given that winter; but Mrs. Washington broke the monotony by a reception, January sixth, to celebrate their seventeenth anniversary. The old Vassal mansion was decorated in festive fashion. It had been a long time since anything except military affairs had been discussed in those fine old rooms. The guests were received in the drawing-room at the left of the front entrance. Mrs. Washington, who was a very attractive woman, with regular features, dark chestnut hair, and hazel eyes, was quite unceremonious, greeting everyone in that hospitable and charming manner which is always found in southern ladies. The General did not talk much, but he was gracious and courteous to all, kissing the ladies' hands in his delightful, dignified way.

"All the clothes worn were so simple that there were but few silk dresses, and as for jewels or ornaments, one would have looked in vain. Still, the ladies, unadorned as they were, looked very beautiful as they chatted and smiled and flitted about among the blue uniforms of the officers.

"I have stored away in the attic a dress that was worn at that reception, Dorothy, and sometime you may put it on. It's very precious to me, and I hope will be to you also."

*Marett Potter.*

### REGRETS!

A shady hammock, pillows three,  
A thrilling book that waits for me,  
I could have lain till time for tea,  
If I were from that thought quite free,  
"I have a theme to write!"

A cloudless sky, a tennis net,  
A friend I ne'er had beaten—yet,  
I could have played set after set,  
Did not that thought my mind beset,  
"I have a theme to write!"

A glorious waltz, a well-waxed floor,  
Delightful partners by the score,  
I could have danced till twelve or more,  
Had not that thought come o'er and o'er,  
"I have a theme to write!"

*Lucile Spalding.*



## THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

Knock—knock—knock—

The inmates of that large, white house started up from their breakfast table, where they had just been discussing the possibility of a British move on Charlestown. With Dorchester Neck and Charlestown in their hands, the British would be firmly established in Boston, and even the cannon coming from Ticonderoga would be of little avail.

Jonathan Franklin's family, although not related to that of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin, were staunch Americans. Franklin had by his first wife, now long deceased, a dissolute son whom he had banished from home because of his waywardness, and who had enlisted in His Majesty's service at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Thus his troubles, which had begun some time before the war, were constantly aggravated by unfavorable reports of his son's work. His second wife was a prize to him. She, too, was not without misfortunes, her son, Edward, having lost his hearing when a small child. Because of present financial conditions, the treatment of a specialist could not be obtained. Nevertheless, in spite of these unfortunate happenings, they were a happy family.

Martha, the wife, was the first to break the silence.

"Goodness, who can that be?" Then, "Jonathan, see who it is."

The husband promptly, but cautiously, stole to the door to get a glance at the visitor through the tapestries hanging before the large, multiple-panelled windows. With a gasp, he started back. There, on the board veranda, stood his son, pompously arrayed in a British officer's uniform. Before the house, outside the gate, was a detachment of the invading army, waiting at attention for further orders. Edward, the afflicted, was now at the side of the old man.

"They mean mischief, but an Englishman has to get up good and early to fool an American."

Edward's gaze was intent upon the old man's lips, and as the last word "American" was uttered, his chest swelled with pride.

"We're ready for them, father. See what they want."

The old farmer turned the huge bolt, and opened the massive door.

"Hello, father mine," the loquacious son began. "Bully time last night, y'know, celebrating the coming—the—

"Lieutenant!" snapped his fellow officer, "You—

"Well," broke in Jonathan, "what do you want here?"

"Sorry, old man," began the dissipated one, "but we need headquarters, and I thought, perhaps, we should be entertained more hospitably— Well, anyway, I'd feel more at home here."

"Then, if it must be, you can use the front room, but keep your 'Bloody-jackets' from disturbing my family."

For the next week or so, affairs were in a bad way at the Franklin mansion, overlooking the Charles River. The son, Percival, and his frivolous officers lived indolently, indulging in the wines which Percival knew were in the cellar, and which he compelled his father to bring forth for their use. Edward, because of his defective hearing, was used as the officers' valet.

One night, Lieutenant Percival had partaken too freely of the wines, and was in a humorous mood. Several officers of another wing of the army had come to discuss future plans and movements with him. These, also, had had their share of wine. Percival wished to have his joke, and began by saying in the presence of Edward, who was wiping the wine from the table while standing before the large parlor mirror, "Gentlemen, a toast to a good journey up the Charles, a safe landing at Charlestown to reinforce General , and a victorious assault on the hill, say, about two days from now!"

"Lieutenant, that boy has heard all you said" exclaimed the nearest officer.

"Ha, ha! That's one on you, Colonel, he's as deaf as a post. Drink, gentlemen, the joke is at my expense."

What a story for American ears, and only a deaf American present! But the news was not wasted. The old adage was quite true: "The blind see, and the deaf hear." Not for an instant did the deaf boy take his eyes from the lips of the officer's image reflected in the mirror. He betrayed no movement of surprise, but his heart threatened to force its way out by his throat. Such news, and he the only person allowed to leave the house for the family's provisions! The very next day he was to go for supplies!

Almost all that night he tossed about, think-

ing about what he would do the next day. It meant much to him and his family, if he succeeded. He could have a specialist at last! Why not tell the "Committee of Safety?" That was exactly what he would do. They would gather an army, and resist the attack. Finally, after the watch sang out, "Twelve o'clock and all's well," Edward fell asleep.

Edward awoke in the morning with the reveille that aroused the soldiers outside. With his basket under his arm, he passed into the stable, and hitched the blind, old razor-back mare to the buggy. He was allowed to pass by the soldiers unmolested, one of the wittier ones remarking, "I wish all Americans were like him; we would still be over in dear, old England."

Excited, Edward lost himself in a swirl of questions. Was he doing right to conceal this from his father? Would they believe that he, a deaf person, could find out the plans of the British merely by their conversation? Where was his proof? Nevertheless he believed that he was right. He came out of his reverie with a start. The blind mare, unguided, had led him into a shallow brook by the roadside, and could go no farther. Frightened, the mare began to whinny piteously. Recovering himself, he jumped down, and backed the horse out of her predicament. He gave her an apple in apology, and drove more rapidly. "Poor old girl, you

have what I need, and I have what you need," he mused.

At last his destination was reached. Edward jumped out, tied the horse to a post, and rushed breathlessly up the rickety stairway.

The board was in session when Edward rushed past the guard into its midst.

"Gentlemen," he burst out, "the British are planning an attack on Bunker Hill tomorrow!"

Suddenly, awe fell over the face of the assembly. Edward told his story, and a discussion was held.

The leader then spoke, "Friend, we had just been discussing the attack you spoke of, when you came in, but we had no idea it was to be so soon. Nevertheless, if your report is true, you will be rewarded handsomely. Can you tell what I am saying?"

"Gentlemen, my reward is the safety of the American people."

The rest is history. How the Americans repulsed the British twice, but lost the hill, not for want of valor, but ammunition. Some months later a bearded gentleman called at the home of the Franklins. He called again and again, and soon after Edward Franklin was able to enjoy his full five senses. It was the committee's work and Edward was none the loser.

*Joseph Goldspring, '12*

## THE PETERKINS' PERIL

(From the "Peterkin Papers," with apologies to their author.)

At last the Peterkins had an automobile. It was a beauty, too, (so the little Peterkins thought,) a 1911 model Ford. The only drawback was, however, that it was too small to hold the whole family. Nevertheless, the two little boys considered this an added attraction, for, at the suggestion of Elizabeth Eliza, they stood, one on each running board, clad in their India rubber boots and mother's shawls, just like footmen of the old "gentry," (they said.) Their father welcomed the idea, too, for the boys could jump off, just so much more easily, when they were needed to push.

On one particular afternoon Mr. Peterkin was driving. Elizabeth Eliza was in the front seat beside him. Mrs. Peterkin, Solomon John and Agamemnon were in the back seat. All were breathing in the fresh country air and duly ad-

miring the beauties of nature when----r-r-r-rip! snap! Something had broken. Nothing happened, however, until they reached the next hill, where the car balked. Off went the boys; with a mighty effort, over the hill went the machine. Mr. Peterkin, however, had forgotten to take his wrecking crew on board.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Peterkin, "How shall we ever get our darling boys?"

"Oh, never mind," said Elizabeth Eliza, over her shoulder. "They'll catch up on the next hill."

And they did. Only this time the car balked at the foot of the hill, and couldn't, and wouldn't be budged. And, it was at the railroad crossing, squarely on the tracks.

What was to be done? Mrs. Peterkin was wild with excitement and fear. They would either be struck by the train or the horrid "auto" would blow up "the way my alcohol stove did when I put gasoline in it by mistake." She knew





BASEBALL TEAM—1916

this would happen from the very beginning. Hadn't she told Mr. Peterkin that she hated the smell of gasoline, anyhow? Mr. Peterkin did his best to calm her down, but in vain. He said that they must be rational, always rational, if nothing else. All would be well if they kept their composure. In the first place the boys must be dispatched for aid. That was the rational thing to do, of course. While they were gone he might think of other expedients to save the party.

After the auxiliary motor power had departed, Mr. Peterkin demanded silence and calmly commenced to think rationally. Agamemnon suggested that the boys might be able to push the car off the tracks. "But the boys have gone for help," he added in despair.

Just then a distant whistle seemed only to add to the excitement and make Mrs. Peterkin more hysterical. Mr. Peterkin thereupon gave up. Tragically he moaned, "There is nothing more to do; we must prepare for death." All was silence; the doomed Peterkin family sat bolt upright in the fated Ford with ashen faces and quivering lips. Mrs. Peterkin was sobbing.

The train approached. The train drew close. The train shot by. The Ford stood firm. The family was safe.

Just then the "Lady from Philadelphia" came up, dragged by the "foot-men." She gazed at the Ford; she gazed at Mrs. Peterkin; she gazed at the whole family.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, in amused amazement. "You look sick, every one of you. Isn't Fording good for you? Stuck are you, too? Well, Well! And on a siding, at that, lucky it wasn't the main track. Of all things, did I ever see the like? But WHY, tell me, didn't you get out of the car?"

All the Peterkins gazed at each other in utter bewilderment, a new light beginning to dawn on them.

"That's right, too!" they exclaimed, in unison. "We could have got out, couldn't we? But we didn't think of that, did we?"

*Russell Gerould, '16*

### THE PRIZE DEBATE

The Prize Debate marked the close of the debating season. The members of the winning team were awarded handsome cups with their names engraved on them. This team also had their names engraved on the large cup which belongs to the school. This cup thus far will

have six names, comprising the winning teams in last year's and this year's Prize Debates.

The winning team last year were:

Russell Gerould

Eric Etherington

Harrington Thurston

To this list will be added this year:

William S. Clark

Thurston G. Mirick

John J. Collier

Considerable material was brought to light at this debate which may be profitably used another year. The year has been remarkable also for the unusual activity among the lower classes in respect to debating.

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### ODE TO MY DOG

When you've gazed in the depths  
Of soft brown eyes,  
Where a dog's whole-souled  
Affection lies,  
And read what the dumb brute  
Tried to say,  
Of his love unchanging  
Day to Day,  
And the time has come  
When you almost feel  
That the click-tipped patter  
That beats at your heel  
Is surely a part  
Of your human stride,  
And you take a blind  
Unreasoned pride  
In all that he does  
To prove his trust—  
Then—when he goes  
Where all dogs must,  
And licks your hand  
With a plaintive whine,  
And sighs—and pays  
His mortal fine,  
You feel a tightening  
Around your heart,  
And blubber and grieve  
At the final part.  
It's not that he's four-score,  
Pedigreed,  
Or a perfect dog  
Of a flawless breed.  
It's the human touch  
That's packed in his hide:  
It's a mongrel beast  
That never lied.

*Edith W. Snow.*





Good Luck to C. H. L. S. Debating Next Year!

It seems appropriate at the present time to discuss that all important, yea, all-absorbing subject of "Judges" with respect to the formal debate. From the debater's point of view, the judge—(with all due respect to his honor)—is a necessary evil; moreover, this evil, as any other, ought, in order to insure fairness, to be applied in its mildest and most modified form. In other words, if unusual care is not taken in the selection of judges, disastrous results will surely ensue.

It seems evident that the two chief qualities of a competent judge should be fair-mindedness and authority. In order to illustrate the significance of the first attribute, let us consider the choosing of an ardent supporter of "preparedness" as a judge of a debate dealing with the increase of our army and navy. But, I am told that the man is of good moral character and so scrupulous that he would not even think of favoring one team. Alas! The gentleman may mean well, but history has given repeated instances of the fact that a judge whose opinion is biased, in the first place, generally plays a losing game with human nature when he endeavors to decide the debate upon its own merits. I think I need make no further comment upon the second quality other than that a man who understands the essentials of reasoning and oratory is best to judge to what degree the debater excels in these departments.

Oftentimes, after a debating team has failed to gain the decision, you hear a member of the team grumble. "Aw, the judges beat us." This, I assure you, is not always an "alibi" and an evidence of "soreheadedness" on the part of the speaker. Certain conditions that I have touched upon above may have existed, thus causing the decision to rankle justly in the minds of

those getting the short end of it.

But, since prevention is much better than cure, why not remedy this evil which is so generally prevalent, and the results of which have not been entirely unknown to some of the debaters who represented C. H. L. S. during the past year. That College or High school which lays down fixed rules as to the selection of judges is wise. In such a class we may put Dartmouth, whose plan any school would do well to adopt, only, of course, on a smaller scale.

In brief, it is this: Dartmouth requires the submission of a list of fifteen men, five of whom shall be graduates of some college, during their course in which they have taken an interest in debating; five of whom shall be instructors of debating, in some form; and five who shall be business men. Upon the submission of this list Dartmouth is at liberty to strike off any questionable or undesired name. The list is then returned as many times as necessary till the number of names is complete. Then, and then only, are the judges definitely selected.

The advantages of such a plan ought to be apparent. The only question that arises is whether or not the business man can be included in the list with expediency. However, there is no need of quibbling over this point, for, leaving him out, we still have ample and excellent material to choose from.

At any rate, a plan modelled after the above would be of the greatest benefit not only to the art of debating, but also to those who participate in it, leaving out of consideration the fairness involved.

Furthermore, we ourselves, in a certain debate, would have profited much by such a fixed rule, and would now retain more pleasing memories of the eventful evening of February 11, 1916.

*Lawrence F. Henry.*



# NOTES

## LIBERTY

"No free government, or the blessings of liberty can be preserved to any people but by a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality and virtue, and by a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles."

*Patrick Henry.*

## 1915

Crowley wishes to announce that he can take but a limited number of pupils to tutor for the Harvard exams.—Step up, girls, and avoid the rush.

Early to bed and early to rise,  
And you'll never go round with the "regular guys."

*Abe Cohen.*

"Yes indeed," said King Trimble, "I've bathed in the hot springs of Moins."

"That's nothing. I've bathed in the spring of '16."

Larry: "Say Tim, give me a little of everything."

Tim: "Come, come, what do you mean?"

Larry: "A chicken pie, of course."

Miss Ruggle: "When do spoons dissolve?"

Blakeslee: "When the chaperon appears."

Branigan was deeply engrossed in his Greek History when he was disturbed by a strange creaking which he thought came from the rear of the room. He raised his head, looked around quickly, and saw Mercury going up the thermometer.—Great horrors!

## 1916

The pay-as-you-enter is common enough,  
To it slight attention we give.

The latest, unless the report is a bluff,  
Is the pay-as-you-leave.

I know not what the truth may be,  
But tell it as 'twas told to me.

Two steps in the proper direction are these,  
The ideal soon will be hit—

The car that we're certain will everyone please  
Is the pay-as-you-sit.

Beatrice: "Why do you wish to know my age?"

George: "I merely wish to know at what age woman is most fascinating."

Tutin: "I always go by the motto: 'If you want a thing done well, do it yourself.'"

Ainley: "Say, what happens when you want a hair-cut?"

Miss Sampson: "What is velocity, Woods?"

Leslie: "Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with."

A fool there was and he stayed out late,  
Even as you and I.

All he did was procrastinate,

Even as you and I,

And every night he would celebrate,

Even as you and I.

Until exams made him hesitate,

Even as you and I.

A fool there was, and he studied late,

Maybe as you, not I.

And did not loaf or dissipate

Maybe as you, not I.

With no one would he associate,

He tried the teachers to imitate,

And all his grades were ninety-eight

Maybe as you, not I.

Heard in Chem. laboratory: "I can't get into this test tube with a towel, Mr. Downey."

"Dorr, why didn't you go out for track practise yesterday instead of going to see Ruth?"

"Oh, a miss is as good as a mile."

"Look pleasant, please." Doesn't it sound familiar?



## THE RIGHT SORT OF A FELLOW

You may know the fellow  
 Who thinks he thinks,  
 Or the fellow who thinks he knows;  
 But find the fellow  
 Who knows he thinks—  
 And you know the fellow who knows.

## 1917

## CLASS STONES

Freshman—Emerald.  
 Sophomore—Blarney stone.  
 Junior—Grind-stone.  
 Senior—Tomb-stone.  
 Be prepared, Juniors!

## HOW WE CAN TELL THEM

Olson by his neck tie.  
 Neilan by his sock.  
 Ramsay by his lady friends.  
 Chamberlain by his walk.  
 Boyd by his foolishness.

Hayes: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Travers: "I would shine them."

Poor Boyd is in the hospital  
 He'll experiment no more.  
 What Boyd thought was  $H_2O$   
 Was  $H_2 SO_4$ .

## "BEIN' GOOD"

What's the good of bein' good.  
 There is no good I say,  
 I'm always blamed for everything,  
 You see it doesn't pay.  
 I went to bed at six last night,  
 I must be sick, Ma said,  
 She went and gave me castor oil,  
 I spilled it on the bed.  
 Our cat ate up my Ma's best jam,  
 Of course Ma said 'twas I,  
 She went and licked me awful hard,  
 And almost made me die.  
 So what's the good of bein' good,  
 When no one's good to me,  
 I'm always blamed for everything,  
 For bein's good's can be.

*Florence M. Brodie.*

Everything is marked down after Easter—  
 Even report cards.

Miss Putnam: "How did they discover iron?"  
 Davis: "They smelt it."

Sanborn: (at a football game) "Why do they cheer when a fellow gets hurt?"

Jack: "Why, just so that you can't hear what he is saying."

Hart said he saw a crow that flew on to the telephone wire and was electrocuted. (He told it on Friday.)

A lively young fisher, named Fisher,  
 Fished for fish on the edge of a fissure.  
 A fish, with a grin,  
 Pulled the fisherman in,  
 Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

*By "Fisher's" Little Brother.*

"Conroy, I read a composition about you yesterday."

"What was the name of it?"

"A Funny Thing."

Miss Wall (pondering over U. S. History):  
 "Say, but this country acted awful when it was young, didn't it?"

## BOTANY

Mr. Coolidge: "Where do these bugs go in winter?"

MacNaugher: "Search me."

## 1918

"Oh, Alice, my little dog committed suicide yesterday."

"How?"

"He put his tail in his mouth and said, 'This is the end of me.'"

English Teacher: "What do you mean by compromise?"

Miss Barber: "E-r-r-r, oh, fifty-fifty."

Mr. J——: "Why are liquor and tobacco taxed?"

Dick Gerould: "Because they are luxuries and everybody uses them."

Some Sophomores give strange derivatives from Latin words.

Miss Bradbury: "Can anyone here give me a word derived from 'cupiens?'"

Miss Sweet: "Cupid."

When Miss Carr asked for an English derivative from "sol, solis," one bright boy volunteered, "Solarplexus."

Miss Bradbury, "Brag, give the meaning and derivation of 'abdo.'"

Brag, who never fails, readily gave "abdomen."

Miss Butler: "What figure of speech is, 'He was a brick.'"

Long: "Metonymy, for it suggests a person with red hair."

According to Austin Ford, a flivver is a small black insect inhabiting the civilized countries of North America that depends on gasoline for its chief sustenance.

#### ODE TO FLAX

There was a young boy in our school  
Who said he would not be a fool;

So he studied all night, but woke with a  
fright

And found he was sleeping in school.

To the teachers: Long live the teachers. Even  
as long as the lessons they give.

Verdant little Freshman

Running to and fro,

Whither little Freshman

Are you bound to go?

I'm looking for my class room,

I've lost my Latin Book,

I cannot hang my hat up

For I cannot reach the hook.

The seniors look so cross,

They scare me most to death;

The juniors, oh, they stare so

They take away my breath.

I'm afraid of—

Oh, dear! somehow or other,

It's such an awful mix-up

I want—I want—my—Mother.

Blue and Gold.

#### MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS

Popular Mechanic—The Janitor.

Scientific American—Polak.

The Bookman—Hardy.

Little Folks—Cassidy, Bowlby, O'Connor, Gilbert.

The Country Gentleman—Donahue.

The Youth's Companion—Mr. O'Neil.

The Menace—Hudson.

The Musician—Lakschewitz.

The National Food Magazine—Charak.

The Outlook—King.

The Mexican Repository—Travers.

Cartoons—McDonald.

Life—Hurd.

The Rambler—Neilan.

The Flaming Sword—Reedy.

*Ralph W. Allen.*

#### ALUMNI NOTES

Georgiana Wardwell, '14, was recently married to the Rev. David A. Pearson at Miss Wardwell's home. After the honeymoon, they will make their permanent abode in North Conway N. H., at the pastorage of the bridegroom.

#### HARVARD EVENTS

T. R. Pennypacker, '13, ran on the mile relay team which recently established a world's record for that distance at the Penn. Carnival.

C. Wyche, '14, unfortunately broke his ankle while on the southern trip with the varsity baseball squad, and as a result he will be unable to play until some time in June.

S. A. Freeman, '14, has been chosen as alternate on the freshman debating team which is to meet Yale.

Fred Whitman is rowing No. 2 on first freshman crew.

Pete Coleman is rowing No. 4 on second freshman crew.

Eddie Whittemore is rowing No. 2 on fourth freshman crew.

"Jim" Henderson is holding down center field in splendid style for the freshman baseball team.

Rawson Cowen, '12, has been engaged to coach the U. of N. Carolina next fall. Virginia has beaten U. of N. Carolina for the last eight years, so the latter hopes that by installing the Houghton system (with R. Cowen, as the instructor) that the tables will be reversed.

The following candidates ran for the various offices of the C. H. L. S. Harvard Club:

President—Waldo Long, '17; Walter Monrowe, '17.

Vice President—Summer Toye, '18; Harold Plummer, '18.

Treasurer—Merril Darling, '19; Stanley Coleman, '19.

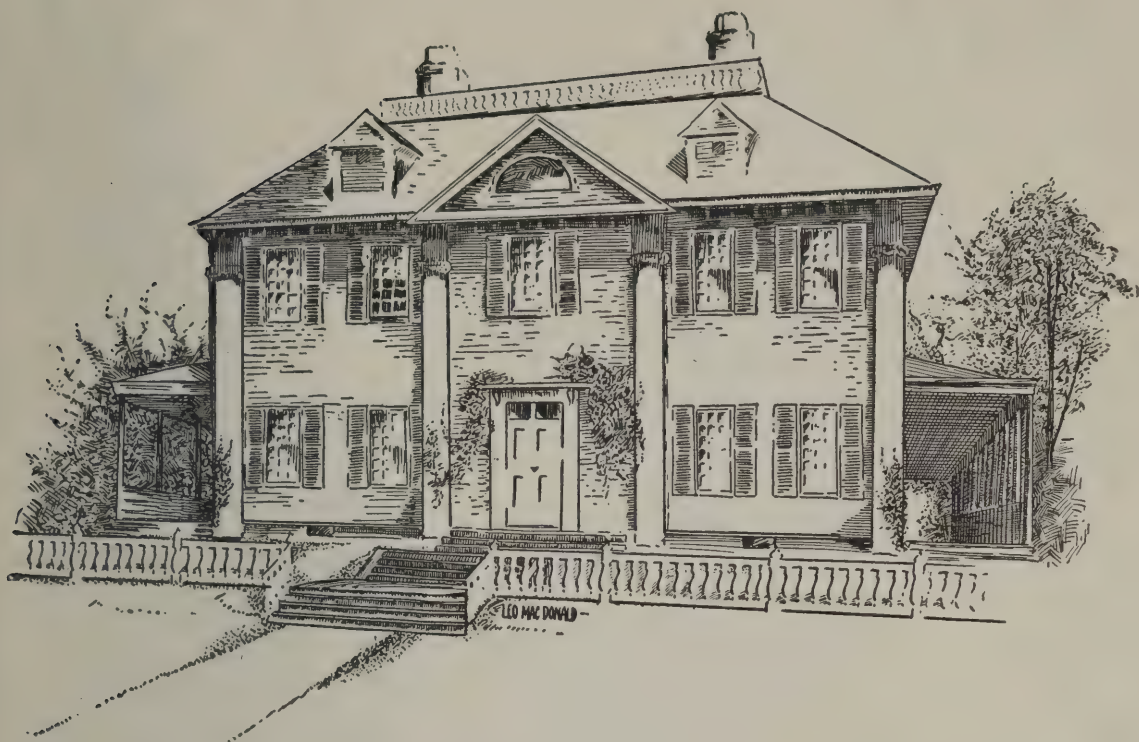
The results of the election were as follows: President, Walter Monroe; Vice President, Summer Toye; Treasurer, Stanley Coleman.

#### RADCLIFFE NOTES

Carol Smith is one of the translators of the original play to be presented by the "German Club" and she also has a part in the play accompanied by Gladys Telfer.

Bessie Rudd is a member of the Committee for the Junior luncheon which is to be tendered to the Seniors.





LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, WHERE THE OLD VASSAL MANSION STOOD

### RADCLIFFE NOTES

Sylvia Carter and Carol Smith have been appointed to teach in the Radcliffe vacation school in the North End of Boston.

Margaret Carver is taking part in the play to be presented by the Cercles Francaises of Harvard and Radcliffe at the Copley Theatre.

The following members of our alumni were elected officers of the Idler Club: Vice President, Margaret Carver; Secretary, Grace Wardwell; Treasurer, Esther Lammon.

Ruth Blackman had a part in the last Idler play, "Gypsy Heart."

Constance Wiener has written the play to be presented by the Sophomores on May Day.

"Green Stockings," the play which the Cambridge Latin School Club of Radcliffe presented in the Agassiz House theatre, was a great success. Dorothy Sands, C. L. S. '11, as "Celia," the leading lady, acted marvelously; and Rosemary Hogan, C. L. S. '12, played the part of gruff old "Admiral Grice" to perfection. Her

old man's sneeze made the "hit" of the evening. Mary Sands, C. L. S. '13 also played her part exceptionally well. Other members of the cast who had graduated from C. L. S. were Margaret Carver '14 and Margaret Black '15.

Rosemary Hogan, C. L. S. '12 and Mary Sands, C. L. S. '13, were elected members of the Radcliffe Dramatic Committee for next year.

Rosemary Hogan, C. L. S. '12, was elected chairman of the Radcliffe Sophomore Harbor Trip Committee.

Rosemary Hogan is one of the four debaters who are to take part in the second debate of the Radcliffe Civics Club. Miss Hogan also debated on the winning side in the first Civics Club debate. Her wonderful style and delivery speak well for the training she received at Cambridge Latin School.

Dorothy Wilson, C. L. S. '14, Marcia Holt, C. L. S. '14, and Helen Garrity, C. L. S. '14 were also elected members of the Radcliffe Sophomore Harbor Trip committee.

# ATHLETICS

## BASEBALL

The baseball season has gone by rapidly for C. H. L. S. with its usual ups and downs for our team. Up to the present time the team has about broken even on the number of games played, the most important of which was that with Newton, which was lost to our team by the score of 4-1. Comick, Newton's star pitcher, opposed Vickers on the mound. The first inning was disastrous to C. H. L. S. as Newton scored twice, mainly on errors and hit batsmen. Poor decisions by the umpire in the eighth inning lost our team's only rallying chance to score. Braintree High, a very weak team, was defeated in twelve innings, 11-10, mainly through poor playing on our part. One of the best games played was at Melrose which we won in the tenth round, 5-4, after Melrose had tied it up in the ninth. Wellesley had the usual jinks on us and for the third time in three years we were defeated by an inferior Wellesley team, 10-5. Huntington School defeated us in 11 innings, 7-6, our team losing at the finish after leading all the way. Boston Latin defeated C. L. S. by the score of 6-5 after twelve innings, mainly through poor pitching and fielding on our part. Nashua was defeated 8-7, in a closely contested game in which Stanley Johnson's pitching in the 9th inning featured.

Pollack has been doing most of the catching and has developed rapidly through constant coaching. Stephen Johnson and Sullivan have alternated with him. Sullivan has the best throwing arm of the three, but his work behind the bat has not been so good. None of the catchers have shown any batting strength as yet. The pitching burden has fallen on the shoulders of Vickers, Mills, and Johnson for the most part, the former doing most of the work and improv-

ing daily. The infield has undergone some changes as Duffy has been shifted to first base and Furniss placed in left field. "Tobie" O'Connell is holding down second, "Jess" Burke is at short, and Donovan on third. O'Connell has been hitting well, but the hitting of the others has been discouraging. Furniss has been banging the ball on the nose and leads the hitters. Bolger, Connors, and Martin have alternated in right field.

The undoubtedly big games which are coming will prove fatal to C. H. L. S. unless better fielding is done by the infield and outfield. Vickers is one of the best pitchers ever developed here, but has had miserable support in almost all the games he has pitched. He has a great deal of speed and plenty of stuff, but has been put in miserable holes continuously by poor fielding.

## CREW

The crew has shown a decided improvement under the capable leadership of Capt. Kelly. The Browne & Nichols race proved fatal to C. L. S. as we were defeated by two lengths. The reason for this was that the Cambridge crew rowed in the wash of the Harvard crews. Another race is being looked for with Browne & Nichols in order that we may retrieve our defeat. The crew took a decided brace, when Bearden took Worcester's place in the first boat. Bearden has shown remarkable improvement since he went out for crew, and his hard work has won him a position. The first crew defeated Tufts 2nd, while the second crew defeated English 2nd. This served as a great encouragement to the school. The first boat is rowing in the following order: Capt. Kelly, stroke; Morash, 3; Bearden, 2; Dinan, bow; Sands, coxswain.

## C. H. L. S. TRIUMPHS OVER RINDGE

On Monday, May 29, C. L. S. met Rindge in the usual baseball game which turned out to be the biggest success, athletically, that we have had for a number of years. The final score of C. L. S. 6, Rindge 3, tells better than anything else the way our team fought against the hoodoo Rindge has held over us so long. Rindge, as usual, was the favorite to win by big odds, until C. L. S. gained a four run lead in the fifth and sixth innings. Metivier was on the slab for Rindge, and held us hitless until the fourth inning. By

the seventh inning we had safely stowed away the game.

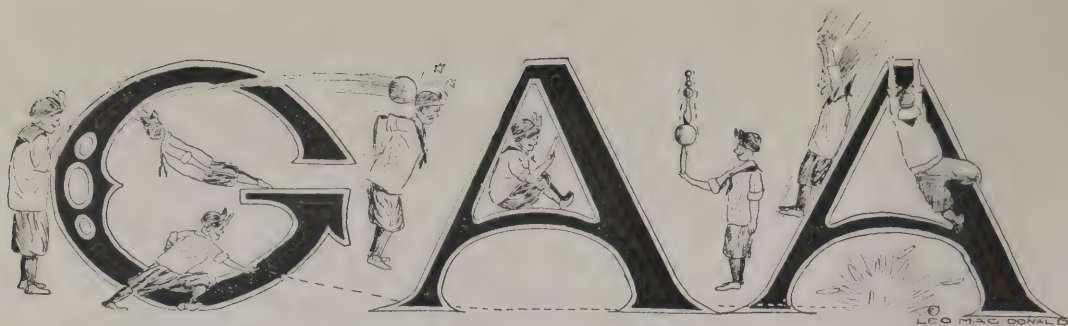
Vickers pitched the biggest game of his short career with the best of success. Rindge was clearly at his mercy all the way through. There is great praise for every Latin School man, but particular praise is due Duffy, O'Connell, Donovan, Vickers and Furniss.

Misjudgement of fly balls by the Rindge outfield was the prime factor in losing the game, whereas Vickers was well supported at all times.





CREW—1916



OLGA CLARK

ANNIE DAY

### BASKET-BALL

On March 24, the Varsity played its return game with Newton in our own gymnasium. It was one of the finest and hardest fought games ever played on our floor; but in the last few minutes Newton surged ahead, winning by a score of 35-31. The line up was as follows:

C. H. L. S.	Newton
I. Churchill, c. f.....c. g.,	H. Kennedy
E. Whiting, r. f.....r. g.,	E. Chester
M. MacNaugher, l. f.....l. g.,	V. Barry
M. Walsh, c.....c. a.,	Myers
M. O'Connor, s. c.....s. c.,	F. Dennett
P. Collins, s. c.....s. c.,	C. Carter
G. Wall, r. g.....r. f.,	N. Gulians
A. Kelley, l. g.....l. f.,	L. Perkins
A. Day, c. g.....c. f.,	E. Brown (Capt.)

### Freshman Game

On March 28, the School Team met the Freshmen Champion class basket-ball team in a game which, naturally, resulted in a victory for the Varsity at the rate of 36-14. However, excellent material for future school squads was shown up in the match.

Varsity	1919
I. Churchill, G. Hammond c. f.	c. g., L. Bolger, Capt.
E. Whiting, r. f.....r. g.,	Harlow
R. Carr, l. f.....l. g.,	Hammons
M. Whiting, c.....c.	Johnson
P. Collins s. c.....s. c.,	S. Biggane
M. O'Connor, M. Renton, s. c.	s. c., Burnham, Rosencranz
M. Baldis, r. g.....r. f.,	Collett
G. Wall, E. Richardson, c. g.....c. f.	Dwyer
A. Kelley, l. g.....l. f.,	D. Gay, B. Nolan

### Alumni Game

The Varsity ended its season in the usual manner by playing a game with a team composed of girls of the Alumni. The game was a fine, close one, ending in a 27-26 victory for the Varsity.

C. H. L. S.	Alumni
I. Churchill, c. f.....c. g.,	H. Boyce
M. MacNaugher, r. f.....r. g.,	S. Biggane
E. Whiting, l. f.....l. g.,	M. Mahoney
M. O'Connor, s. c.....s. c.,	Anna Kelley
F. Collins, s. c.....s. c.,	G. Chandler
M. Whiting, c.....c.,	H. Callahan
A. Kelley, c. g.....c. f.,	B. Jones
E. Richardson, M. Baldes, r. g.	r. f., M. Edwards
A. Day, G. Wall, l. g.....l. f.,	C. Smith

The results of the elections for next year's officers are as follows:

President—Elizabeth Dee  
Vice President—Polly Collins  
Secretary—Constance Boyer

At the Easter meeting of the G. A. A. on April 18, Mr. Cleveland awarded numerals to the members of the class teams, and Cs to the following members of the School Basket Ball Squad:

I. Churchill	A. Kelley
M. O'Connor	M. MacNaugher
E. Whiting	A. Day
P. Collins	M. Walsh
M. Whiting	E. Richardson
	G. Wall

### THE INDOOR MEET

The indoor meet was held April 26, 1916, in the gymnasium. The results were as follows:

- 1st, Dorothy O'Neil, Gold Medal
- 2nd, Elizabeth Brantley, Silver Medal
- 3d, Ruth Aylward, Bronze Medal
- 4th, Anna Biggane, Harriette Gordon, Numeral
- 6th, Olga Clark, Numeral
- 7th, D. Bresnan, Numeral
- 8th, H. Brown, Numeral
- 10th, E. Barry, Numeral
- 11th, R. Coolidge, M. Baldes, Numeral
- 12th, H. Whiting, Numeral





OFFICERS OF THE G. A. A.—1916



The number of exchanges this month has depreciated to some extent, but those which we have received are most generously appreciated. As this is the last Review published for this school year, we wish to thank all the schools which contributed to our Exchange column, and at the same time wish them success in their future work.

"The Advance," Salem High school. You certainly possess a most clever exchange editor.

"Review," Newton High school. A fine magazine.

"Record," Newburyport.

"Grotonian," Groton school. Clever stories.

"Review," Central High school, Washington, D. C. Well arranged departments and very neat.

"The Blue and Gold," Malden High school. Why not a few cuts and a title page?

"Oracle," Edward Little High school, Auburn, Me. One of the most interesting books received.

"The Megaphone," Country Day school, Newton, Mass. Why not a few more of your good stories?

"The Phillips Bulletin," Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

"Columbia Alumni News," Columbia University, New York.

Marist College, Atlanta, Georgia. A well written book.

"Bulletin," Worcester Academy. Fine cuts.

"Botolphian," Boston College High. One of the best books received.

"Beacon," Chelsea High school. Splendid short stories.

"Radiator," Somerville High school.

"The Sagamore," Brookline Mass. Attractive cover design.

"Clarion," Arlington High school.

"Register," Boston Latin school. Good looking cuts.

"Clarion," Everett, Mass.

"Enterprise," Roxbury High school.

"The Gazette," Lynn Classical High.

"Chronicle," Burlingham, England.

"The Recorder," Winchester, Mass.

"Chronicle," Hartford, Conn. Good stories and fine class notes.

"Voice," Concord High school. Good poems.

"Orange and Black," Marlboro, Mass.

"Beacon," Boston University, Mass. Well written up throughout.

Culver Military Academy, Culver Indiana.

### EXCHANGES

Prof. A—(illustrating action of sodium on water) "What makes water move about on a hot stove?"

Brilliant Pupil: (aside) "I guess anybody would move about on a hot stove." "Oracle."

Oh! Why were those prose books ever written? Give us Caesar, or give us nothing! Ex.

Mr. —: "Who wrote Milton's 'Paradise Lost?' And they say the best granite is found in Quincy. "The Blue and Gold."

"Dear teacher: Please excuse Horatius for his absence. On the way to school he fell in the mud.

Hoping you do the same, I remain, Mrs. — "Blue and Gold."

Bulldog for sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children. "Blue and Gold."

Mother: "What are you feeding the baby yeast for?"

Young son: "Well, he swallowed my fifty cents and I am trying to raise the 'dough'." Ex.

### FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

Though they had never met b 4

What cause had she 2 care.

She loved him 10 derly because

He was a 1,000,000 aire. "Enterprise."

Freshman: "Did you ever read 'Looking Backwards?'"

Soph: "Yes, once in an exam, and I was suspended." Ex.

"Oh," cried a summer boarder as a couple of calves trotted across the field, "What little cow-lets!"

"You're mistaken thar, mum," replied the farmer, "thim's bul-lets". Central High school.



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